
H E N R Y;

IN TWO VOLUMES.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

PRINTED

H E N R Y;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ARUNDEL.

VOL. I.

*Ficta voluptatis causæ sint proxima veris,
Nec quodcunque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.*

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

IT is a custom with some authors to introduce their works by a prefatory appeal to the candour of the Reader, and circumstances may undoubtedly combine to justify the measure; but when a man acts from his own free motives in resorting to the press, how can he be warranted for intruding on the Public without a proper confidence in his powers for entertaining them? True respect to the Reader refers itself to his judgment, and makes no attempts upon his pity. The purchaser of these volumes would have just reason to complain of his bargain, if he were to find nothing in them but a sample of my modesty in the Preface, and a long dull story at the end of it; and I should only prove that I thought more meanly of his taste than of my own talents, were I to presume that he could be well pleased with a production, of which my own opinion was so very humble, as to stand in need of an apology for presenting it to

him : I therefore hold it as fair dealing to premise, that, if these volumes do not merit his approbation, they have small claim upon his candour, forasmuch as they have been carefully and deliberately written, some years having passed since the first hand was put to them ; during which no diligence has been spared to make them worthy, both in style and matter, of that generous Public, who are so justly intitled to every grateful exertion on my part, and to whose future favours it is my best ambition to aspire.



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HENRY.



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H E N R Y.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

The high Dignity, Powers, and Prerogatives of the Novel Writer.

ALL the world will acknowledge the superiority of works of invention over those of compilation. The writer of novels, therefore, will take rank before the writer of matter of fact, and rest his title to precedence upon his proofs of originality. Possibly this may be ill relished by the historian, who holds himself as an author of a high class; and, indeed, it seems to bear a little hard upon his prerogatives, who, generally speaking, can boast as good a share of invention as those who more immediately profess it.

The accounts which historians favour us with of the early ages and origin of nations would be novels, if fiction alone could make them such; but having only the improbabilities, without the amusing properties, of Fairy Tales and Arabian Nights, they cannot rank even with the lowest works of fancy.

The histories of the heroic ages are better entitled to be considered as romances: the adventures of a Hercules, a Theseus and a Jason, afford some little entertainment to the reader, but it is a compliment to call them the *Quixotes* of antiquity.

The writers of the lives of illustrious persons, like the novelists, generally make their own hero; but not often with the same attention to nature: the lying legends of Pythagoras, Abaris and Apollonius would not pass upon the world in any fiction, that did not avowedly bid defiance to credibility.

The liberty some writers take of embellishing their histories with florid speeches and declamations, put into the mouths of people who, probably, never uttered a single sentence as it is set down in their parts, is a palpable intrusion on the province of the dramatist or novelist, who, building fables upon old foundations, with the help of a few historic characters and facts, give an air of truth to fiction. Here I might instance those amusing fabrications in our own times, entitled Parliamentary Debates, where truth and short-hand have no share with invention, and the senator's best historian is he that is least faithful to his words.

In short, there have been, and still are, many more novelists in the world of letters, than have taken credit to themselves for it, or perhaps ever suspected they were entitled so to do.

After all, it is only in the professed department of the novel that true and absolute liberty is enjoyed. If I was now writing the history of Alexander the Great, who, as every body believes, died of a drunken fit, let me do what I will with him in the career of his victories, drunk he must be at last, and drunk he must die. With the hero of my



my novel it is otherwise: over him I have despotic power; his fate and fortune, life or death, depend on my will; and whether I shall crown him with length of days and prosperity, or cut short his thread by an untimely stroke, is a question within my own choice to determine; and though I must account to nature and probability for the regularity of my proceedings, no appeal lies to truth and matter of fact against my positive decision in the case. I have those powers in my hand which the historian, properly so called, hath not; I am not tied down to any incidents and events which I cannot over-rule; I may deal punishment to the evil, and reward to the good, which he whose pen must record the dispensations of Providence, rarely hath in his power to do: for the moral of my story therefore, I am fairly responsible, and no less for the purity of the narrative; for though the real scenes of life can hardly fail to contaminate the page that records them, the writer who invents impurities is without excuse.

I know that the privileges of the novelist are more than can well be defined, and his range wider than that portion of created nature which is known to us; yet I do not meditate to stretch my rights so far, nor shall put my privileges to their full exertion: it is not my ambition to run truth out of sight, or put credulity out of breath by following me; I do not propose to make any demands upon my hero that he cannot reasonably fulfil, or press him into streights from which virtue, by its native energy, cannot extricate herself with ease; I shall require of him no sacrifices for the sake of public fame, no pedantic, ostentatious apathy; for his lot is humble, and his feelings natural; I shall let him swim with the current, and not strive to to whim against the stream of probability.

I know that I could play my puppets after my own fancy, for the wires are in my hand; that I could make them declaim like heroes in a tragedy, or gabble like a gang of gypsies under a hedge; that I could weave my fable, as the Turks do carpets, without counterfeiting the likeness of any one thing in earth, sea, or air; produce beings out of nature, that no sober author ever dreamt of, and force beings into nature, that no well-bred reader ever met with: but I have lived long enough to see wonderful revolutions effected by an intemperate abuse of power, and shall be cautious how I risk my privileges so precious upon experiments so trivial.

I am not sure that I shall make my leading characters happy enough to satisfy the sanguine, serious enough to suit the sentimental, or beautiful enough to warm the imagination of the animated reader. Some may think I have not been sufficiently liberal to them in point of fortune, others may wish I had favoured them with a few more casualties and misadventures. I am aware that, in a novel, travelling the road is very hazardous, that even taking the air does not secure the company from a sudden overturn in their carriage, and that few adventurers ever set foot in a boat without a soaking in the water; but I have not yet found out the wit of being mischievous. I perceive that broken bones are considered as becoming appendages to young gentlemen when in love; that faintings and hysterics are expected of young ladies upon all tender occasions; and that a burning hot fever, with a high delirium, is one of the warmest topics we can strike upon, and heightens the charms of a heroine beyond any other expedient that can be started for the purpose. All these weapons I know are within my reach, and the

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the use of them I know; but it is a cut-finger business at best, and I think them safest in the sheath.

One thing, however, there is for me to do, that cannot be dispensed with, though I shall, probably, hold it off as long as I can—I must make love, and I am far from sure I shall make it in a style to please my readers. I wish to my heart I knew what sort of love they best like; for there are so many patterns, I am puzzled how to choose what shall please them. I have been sometimes told, that the author of *Arundel* was not far from the butt; if so, I hope I am as good a marksman as he is. This, if I rightly remember, was rather point-blank firing; now I am inclined to think I shall give my piece a certain elevation that will send the shot upon a range: but it is no matter how I manage it, so it does but reach the heart at last.

Precedents in plenty are before me; heroes and heroines of all tempers, characters, and descriptions; love-suits as long as Chancery-suits; hearts conquered at a glance, surprized by treachery, or stormed by impudence—yet where to fix I know not.

I will ask advice of Nature, and rule myself by her report.

CHAPTER II.

The History commences.

IT was in a summer-evening, whilst the sun was yet above the horizon, when Doctor Zachary Cawdle, practitioner in physic, surgery, and man-midwifry, gently ambled across the market-place of a certain town, upon the eastern coast of this happy island called England. He was on his road homewards from a patient, whom he had left in that situation which every good wife will naturally covet, and every prudent spinster would do well to avoid: he was in high good-humour with his day's work, for his task had been easy, and his reward liberal: He had touched a handsome fee in ready cash from the husband of his patient, for which he had only given him a draft upon time, in the person of an infant heir; and how many chances and crosses a venture, dependant on the contingency of twenty-one years credit, must be liable to, let those, who have staked their happiness upon such expectations, declare.

Zachary, who was indebted to the courtesy of his neighbours for putting Doctor before his name, which by their favour was a title not without profit, as well as honour, no sooner made his entry into this place of public resort, than he was recognized by so many of his friends and customers, that, having no present call upon his time, and being withal a man of a social quality, he was induced to make a halt, and to enter into parley on the saddle. The annual custom of hiring servants upon this-day had brought the farmers together in considerable numbers, and, business being over, the

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the market-place was clear of the human cattle, with which it had lately been stocked; so that had Zachary been in search of a stout hind to do the drudgery of his house, there was none such in his eye.

One solitary youth, the refuse as it should seem, and outcast of the market, was standing in a corner of the square, where the conservators of the public peace had erected a whipping-post, embellished with figures in bas-relief, more to be admired for the moral of the design than for the gracefulness of its execution. Upon this instrument of correction the aforesaid youth was leaning in a most disconsolate posture, in the listless act of twirling the point of a hazle switch between the crevices of the pavement, and so intent was he upon the melancholy task, that Doctor Zachary Cawdle, the treading of whose palfrey was none of the nimblest or least noisy, had brought the head of old Betty nearly in contact with his breast, before he either raised his eyes from the ground, or stopt the circumrotatory operation of his hand.

Zachary, who might well be credited for his skill in judging of the human form, having handed so many of his fellow-creatures into the world, and doubtless dispatched not a few out of it, had now, with the eye of a connoisseur, taken measure of the object who seemed so insensible to his scrutiny; and if the honest farmers had this day staid at home, and sent their dames on the errand, it is more than probable this unlucky candidate, now rejected on all hands, would not have been the last on the list; but different services require different qualifications, and he stands but a poor chance for his election into the offices of carter or ploughman, who has nothing to recommend him but the graces of his person and the harmony of his features.

His

His apparel, though neither sumptuous nor superfluous, being nothing more than a short close waistcoat or doublet of blue cloth and breeches of white ticking, was such however as gave a fair display to the perfect symmetry of his form: an artist would have taken him in his present habit, in preference to the robes of the garter.

Zachary, now raising himself on his stirrups, and leaning forward upon the neck of his palfrey, roared out with the voice of authority, "Hark-ye, fellow, can you chuse no better place to rest your back against than the whipping-post? Gramercy, lad, you'll find him but a treacherous companion, if you trust your carcase to his keeping; he has made many a lazy back smart before parting, for hugging him so closely as you do."

The youth, thus accosted, raised his eyes from the ground, and fixing them on the countenance of the speaker, seemed as if he would have said, "What is your pleasure, sir? I do not understand your raillery,"—at the same time he lifted from his head the scanty remnant of a hat, and presented to the eyes of Zachary a countenance, upon which Nature had engrossed in her fairest and most legible characters—*Your jest is misapplied: let the bearer pass unsuspected!*

It can hardly be supposed, that a person of Zachary's sagacity, and one withal who professed himself a physiognomist, could overlook or mistake what was so plain to be seen and understood. The many specimens he had met with of nature's hand-writing, before hypocrisy had marred the characters, could not but qualify him to read without error a text so fair as was now laid open to his view; and certain it is, he proceeded to question the youth in a milder tone, "Why he stood there idle, when the market-place was empty, and all business

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business over?"—"Because no man had hired him, and he had no where to go," was the answer to this question. "Had he no parents?" the poor lad shook his head and was silent. The question was repeated: it produced nothing but the same silence, and the same melancholy action; he had again rivetted his eyes upon the ground, and was beginning to renew the operation of the hazel twig, working it into the joints of the pavement; when Zachary, whose curiosity was now roused, muttered to himself, "There is a mystery in all this;" and then, addressing himself to the lad, added, "Well, well! if you do not chuse to answer my question about your parents, I suppose you will not scruple to tell me whether you have been in service before, who was your last master, and what employment you are fit for?" To this the youth replied, "That he had been for a very short time in the family of a grazier, in a distant county; but as it was his first place, and his service in it so short, he could not say that he was expert in any menial employment, but he hoped upon a trial he should be found willing to learn.

"That is sincere at least," cried the Doctor; "but as you say your late master dwells at a distance, and do not tell me his name, I shall hope you can produce a good testimony under his hand to your character."—"I am sorry to say I cannot," he replied. "How so, how so?" quoth Zachary; "hast left it behind thee, child? or would not he give thee any character?"—"Not so," answered the youth, "he is free enough to give me a character; but it is such an one as will never recommend me to another master."—"And do you confess it?" rejoined the other, somewhat petulantly; "if such be your character, no wonder you are

out of place; nay, I should rather say you are in the only place proper for you; you are in the right to make friends with the whipping-post, for I perceive you are in a fair train to find employment there, and no where else."—"I am in a likely train to be starv'd," cried the poor lad, with a sigh, "if my master's word is to be taken for truth; but I hope I shall not be corrected for what I never committed: 'tis punishment enough to be deprived of the means of earning my bread; 'twill be hard if I am to be flead into the bargain; but God's will be done! I am a helpless creature, and must submit to my hard fortune. I was born in misery, and in misery I must die."

There is a voice, a look, a tone in truth and innocence, which holds a sympathy with the hearts of those, on whom their evidences light, irresistibly impressive: what honest Zachary wore in his bosom, under his left ribs, was fairly made by Nature, of real flesh and blood, and not of flint or adamant, or any such impenetrable substance as she sometimes puts in the place of better workmanship and softer materials, whereby the owners become as it were casemated and bomb-proof against all besiegers, of which number pity and compassion, though in appearance the most gentle, are in fact amongst the most importunate and persevering; insomuch that the said Zachary had no sooner heard these words, and reconnoitred the signs and symbols of truth and innocence, which accompanied them, than he felt something like a string or chord vibrating and tingling in the aforesaid region under his ribs, which running along the ducts and channels that communicated with his tongue, put that little member into motion, and produced the following words:

"Though

"Though it has never been my practice to take any one into my service, without a testimony as to character, yet I am strongly tempted for once to wave my rule in thy favour. If thou art a knave, I am no physiognomist; it behoves thee therefore to be honest, for my credit as well as thine own; and now tell me, in the first place, what is thy name?"—"Henry," replied the youth—"Henry!" cried Zachary, "so much for thy christian name; but thou hast another?"—"I pray you," rejoined Henry, "to know me by none other, and I will obey you and serve you as faithfully by that one name, as if I had a hundred."—"Heyday!" exclaimed Zachary, "what is all this? not tell your name, firrah! What good reason can you have for concealing that?"—"What bad one can I have," replied Henry, "since I might so easily have imposed a false one upon you in its place, but that I scorn'd to answer your question untruly?"—"That's well, that's well!" cried the Doctor; "it cannot be denied; so let it pass for the present. and now tell me with the same sincerity, what business you are fit for, what is it you can do?"—"I can write and read," said he, "and tolerably well keep accounts, if I were entrusted with them."—"So far so good," quoth the Doctor, "what besides?"—"I can play a little upon the flute, if I were owner of one; and upon occasion make shift to sing psalms after a fashion; at least, I can chime in with those that are better at a stave than myself."—"Humph!" cried Zachary, "this is no great matter, for I have no ear for a pipe, and seldom, if ever, any leisure to attend the church; but go on."—"I have been made to tend the poultry, help pen the sheep-fold, and do a little with my hough at the turnips."—"But I grow no turnips," quoth Zachary,

Zachary, "feed no sheep, and harbour neither cock, hen, nor capon."—"The worse luck mine," replied Henry: "I am well used to horses, and can follow the hounds."—"So cannot I," muttered Zachary.—"I can upon a pinch worm the puppies, cut their dew-claws and round their ears."—"The devil you can!" cried the Accoucheur, somewhat out of humour; "and what are all these things to me? I never suffered puppy to be about my house; I have plagues enough without such companions. Is there nothing you can do in my way? Let us have the whole."—"The whole then," said Henry, "must be comprised in a willing mind; I can pretend to nothing else, unless it be any recommendation to me that I can turn my hand to the distilling of elder-flowers and mint-water, and in a common way to the picking of simples; but of this I make little boast, for indeed I am no great proficient in this or in any thing else."

"Enough," quoth Zachary, "you have at last hit the nail on the head; and nothing now remains but to clinch the bargain."—"Feed me, and clothe me," said the poor lad, "and I shall be well content to serve you to the best of my capacity."—"Say you so," replied the Doctor, "then come on, my good fellow! we have not above two miles to my home, and you shall hoof it, whilst I jog gently on: I'll engage you can keep pace with old Betty on a pinch; and as for your baggage, I suppose it is all upon your back."

This said, the Doctor applied his left heel, which was the only one that carried arms, to the ribs of his mare, and provoked her into a gentle shuffle, whilst Henry gave a flourish with his sapling, in token of triumph, and sprung forwards with a light heart and empty stomach, as nimble as a roebuck.

CHAPTER III.

A Duck disturbs the Tranquillity of a Doctor.

IF Nature, when she moulded the person of Doctor Zachary Cawdle, had been aware of the profession to which Fortune was in future to devote her bantling, it may be presumed, she would not have forgotten that expedition is one main requisite in the business of an accoucheur: but unless rotundity be a mark of speed, even the person of Jeffery Gambado of immortal memory had not less resemblance to a light horseman, than what honest Zachary now exhibited on the back of old Betty, upon which he sat astride with two legs, in shape not unlike the balustrades of a bridge, strutting out from the ribs of his mare, wide as the fork of a pair of compasses, when stretcht upon a globe.

He wore a full suit of cinnamon-colour cloth, with boot cuffs and buckram skirts. A vast bushy perriwig, close clipt and finished, like a yew-tree hedge; with an enormous three-cornered hat, mounted peak upwards from the back of his head, which, like the gnomon of the dial, might have served to mark the hour of noon upon his forehead, had the sun been in his meridian. The animal that carried him was of a piece with her rider, a thick unwieldy clod, of cart-horse pedigree, slow-paced, short-winded and a huge feeder. No wonder, therefore, if Henry on his feet was more than a match for his master in the saddle.

A little book, that bounded the parish in which Zachary lived, pretty equally divided their whole line of march, which we have before observed did
not

not exceed two miles. Over this stream there was a foot-plank, that afforded a passage for Henry, whilst the doctor proceeded through the ford, where, according to custom, he halted to indulge the old mare with a draught of the limpid element, which her unsophisticated palate preferred to all the fabricated compounds in her owner's shop, or even in his cellar itself.

At a short distance down the stream, was a mill, which this water turned. Now it so chanced, as old Betty was moving up the brook instinctively, in search of a clearer run, her flouncing in the ford disturbed a duck, who was hovering her young under the bank, and now flew up from her nest, quacking and flapping her wings in a most clamorous manner. The din she made, and the suddenness of the alarm, were too much for the philosophy even of old Betty to put up with, though few beasts could boast of nerves less irritable than her's; but truth must be confessed, the surprize so totally overpowered her natural phlegm, that having given a vehement plunge in the water, by way of warning to her rider, and following this up rather too precipitately with a sudden toss of her head, whilst he was stooping forwards to give her the rein, the respective skulls met each other with so much good will, and such a hearty welcome, that Zachary's hat and wig, not being fixtures, rebounded from the concussion, and proceeded to float down the stream very lovingly together, as friends should, towards the mill wheel, till they were arrested in their progress by Henry, from the foot-bridge, who fished them up with his hazel switch, as they were fairly on their way towards their last home, calling out at the same time to his master—"Have a care, Sir! hold fast, or you'll get a sowing"—a caution, which was by no means
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unseasonable, as the attitude Zachary was then in, upon the crupper of his startled beast, was exactly such as exhibited *symptoms of falling* in their most prominent character.

The duck, who had a friend at home, took her flight towards the mill, vociferating most incontinently by the way, till she had called out the miller's dog, who sallied forth in her defence with all possible alacrity, bristling every hair with ardour for revenge, and rushing to the ford, where the flouncing and dashing of the water directed him to the scene of action. Without a moment's hesitation, this amphibious animal plunged into the stream, at the very moment when Zachary's fate hung upon the balance, and the nymph of the brook was preparing to receive him in her arms. His head, according to the principles of action and reaction of elastic bodies, had taken a tour through the segment of a parabola, and was now in its declination towards the crupper of old Betty, when the avenger of the duck seized the skirt of his ~~and~~ and spite of all impediments, which ~~he~~ took so fast a buckram could oppose to his ~~grasp~~, took so fast a hold, and gave the luckless *Accoucheur* so hearty a tug in the crisis of ~~oscillation~~, that he came backwards into ~~the~~ pool—and terrible was the fall thereof.

The dog kept his hold, and Zachary, who was bodily immersed in the pool, had swallowed more of that beverage at a draught than had served him for a twelve-month before; so that had he kept his present quarters but a few moments longer, he might have set the Humane Society and all its experiments at defiance; and *the child that is unborn* might have *rue'd* the woeful event of this day: when Fortune, or more probably the tutelary goddess *Lucina*, sent a messenger to his rescue, in the person of Henry, who had no sooner redeemed hat and

and wig, those ornaments of his person, from the cogs of the mill-wheel, than he flew to snatch their principal from the teeth of the mastiff. Having set his master on his legs, the valorous youth instantly seized the furious animal by the throat, and griped him with so strong a hand, that at length he threw him, with lolling tongue and eyes rolling in death, breathless on the bank; he then returned to render his further services to poor Zachary, who presented a most piteous spectacle, in his cinnamon-coloured suit, alas! how changed, with every pocket full of water, his bald pate covered with duck weed, dripping down his shoulders, being in caricature the very model of a Dutch river-god: upon the shore lay his flaxen perriwig, a melancholy wreck, and beside it old Betty, the origin of all evil, browsing insensibly on the bank, as if nothing had happened, and regardless of all other concerns than what affected herself.

CHAPTER IV.

Strength is overthrown by Skill.

IT was happy for the Doctor, in his present plight, that he had a house of refuge so near at hand: the miller, Thomas Weevil by name, no sooner heard of his misfortune, than both he and his dame sallied forth, to tender him all the assistance needful in his distress. Dry cloaths and fresh linen were instantly provided, and all the rights of hospitality duly performed by the master and mistress of the family, who neglected nothing that could shew their good will and gratitude for past services,

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services, Zachary having been the happy instrument of ushering eight sturdy bantlings into the world, in succession, without a single slip or miscarriage by the way.

The eldest of this groupe, a sturdy youth about the age of Henry, had left his father to do the honours of the house to the Doctor, whilst he was applying himself to the recovering of his favourite dog. When all the efforts which his art could suggest proved fruitless, with rage and disappointment equally inflamed, he turned furiously upon the author of his calamity, and seizing him by the collar, swore vehemently to be revenged: a struggle ensued, the young miller striving to drag Henry towards the water, with an intent, no doubt, to make atonement to the manes of his canine friend, in the very spot where he met his death.

Henry, who had command over his temper, and only sought to pacify the anger of his assailant, opposed himself with calmness to the attack, expostulating meanwhile on the injustice of assaulting him, for what it was his duty to do in defence of a fellow-creature; and very properly demanding, if the life of a Christian was not of more value than the life of a dog? Young Weevil, who was not at leisure to lend a patient ear to arguments of this sort, and who probably ascribed the coolness of the dog-slayer to the wrong motive, seemed only to gather fresh resentment by what ought to have appeased it, and now redoubled his attack with such fury, that our hero found it high time to resort to other defences than words; and having, by a sudden jerk, extricated himself from the grasp of the enraged aggressor, seized him in return, and having the advantage in skill as well as agility, kicked up his heels, and, pitching him flat upon his back, committed him with so good a will to his mother earth,

earth, that if the emblem of man's life is but dust and ashes, it was never more strikingly exemplified, than in the cloud which now ascended from the mealy frock of the prostrate miller. Stunned by his fall, and extended at his length, the champion and his dog lay side by side, till Henry, who did not wish to have more lives than one to answer for, began to fear they meant to keep company together to the shades of death: a few moments however relieved him from that anxiety, when the fallen combatant, getting upon his legs and giving himself a shake, by way of enquiry if all was right and in its place, surveying the person of his conqueror from heel to head, as if he had been taking measure of a meal-sack, and spying there no bones or sinews, which he was not conscious of possessing in greater outward proportion himself, vociferated in a furious tone, that he was a cowardly rascal, and no fair fighter; adding, with a hearty oath, "Bar tripping, and I'll box you for a crown."

Henry calmly replied, "That what he had done was in self-defence, and not with an intent to hurt him, which he was glad to see was not the case; therefore" added he, "be satisfied with what you have got, and don't provoke a worse mischance, by compelling me to handle you after another fashion."—"You are a sneaking puppy," cried the miller, "and no man; all your play lies in your heels: but I'll make you take to them in another guess manner, before I quit you; if I had you in a ring, firrah, I'd *make a frog of you* in half a dozen rounds, so I wou'd; I'd maul you like a raggamuffin as you are."

"You had better let me alone," answered Henry; "I have other business than to fight battles, and as for your abuse, I don't regard it. Go to your
your

your work, friend, and leave me to mine; I am the Doctor's servant, and have no otherwise affronted you, than by defending my master; so let us shake hands, and there's an end of it."

"You lie!" retorted the clown, who had again misconstrued the calmness of his antagonist, "there is no end of it, and I'll shake hands with no such shirker as you are. I tell you once again, bar tripping, and I'll box it fairly out with you to-morrow noon, upon the Town Green, foot to foot; and because I know you for a shy cock, and a trickster at the game, I'll have no tumbler's play; neither party shall drop without a knock-down blow; so here's my crown upon the battle, if you are worth so much, if not I'll fight you for love, and give you a belly-full for nothing: there's an end of the matter, I am your man—strike hands with me if you dare."

"If I dare! replied Henry; "don't mistake me for a coward, because I am not a bully. I am not afraid of my own risque, but I have no quarrel with you, and besides that have no money to stake against your's. As for the Town Green, I know not where it is, for I never was in the place I am going to: I am a perfect stranger in these parts, and had rather live in peace with you as a neighbour, than turn out against you for a trifling object, that is not worth wrangling about. However take your own course; if your stomach is not down by to-morrow's noon, and your fall has not disabled you, you know where to find me at the Doctor's; and though I do not wish to seek a quarrel, be assured I have too much spirit to keep out of your way, or put up with an insult."

This said, they parted, Henry to attend upon his master, and Tom Weevil to perform the funeral ceremonies of his mastiff.

CHAPTER V.

*There are more Cordials in the World than Philosophy
has found out.*

WHEN Doctor Cawdle had, with old Weevil's assistance, dried his rigging and repaired his damages, he began to put himself in sailing trim, not forgetting first to swallow a precautionary cup of Nantz, by way of fortifying the vitals, and keeping the foe out of the citadel. A gracious nod, which he bestowed on Henry, gave him to understand that his services were well received; but when old Betty presented herself at the door, led thither by one of the younger fry of the mill, darting a reproachful glance upon her, he exclaimed—"Oh! thou bitch of Babylon! is it thus thou servest me after all my kindness? Could'st thou not be content to swill that paunch of thine in peace, but thou must frisk and frolic in thy cups, till thou had'st tumbled me into the stream, at the peril of my life? Never shalt thou sip more at the ford, or wet thy lips whilst I am on thy back, though thou had'st journeyed as long without drinking as a camel, when she traverses the desarts of Arabia."

This denunciation ended, and no other answer returned but a grunt from old Betty as her ponde-rous jockey seated himself in the saddle, Zachary snook hands with the hospitable miller, and putting himself under an easy sail, steered for the harbour of his own mansion in the neighbouring village.

As soon as he got out of ear-shot of the miller, he began to vent his bile against the whole race of
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dogs and ducks, heartily consigning them to the devil and his dam. He next proceeded to vindicate his own talent for horsemanship, in which he roundly asserted no man ever exceeded him; and then turning to Henry, who was close at his stirrup, he resumed his natural good-humour, and, with many commendations of his courage and address, drew forth a guinea, and, forcing it into his hand, bade him take it as a small gratuity for a great service, and as an earnest of future favours; "Which," added he, "if you go on as you have begun, you will richly merit. Some difficulties, however, you will have to encounter in my family, and it behoves me to caution you against them: there is a lady at home, whom I have not found it very easy to live with, neither will you; Mrs. Cawdle has a few constitutional failings, that are rather troublesome to deal with; a great ambition to be thought a saint, and a strong propensity to make herself a beast; in other words, she will cant and tittle from noon till night. Now there is another passion, concomitant of enthusiasm and inebriety, which I forbear to mention, though it is exactly that, Henry, which I think you are most likely to be hampered with: I shall only hint to you that the saints are very loving in their cups; and reason enough why they should, as in that case they are quickened by a double dose of the spirit. You are a comely lad, have a care, therefore, that your flesh don't catch fire when her spirit begins to flame. Amongst the many accomplishments you enumerated to me, psalm-singing, if I well remember, was one: you may safely confide that talent to my secrecy, for I never wish to hear a single stave of Sternhold or Hopkins while I live; but if you breathe a word of it to my *Jemima*, farewell to
your

your lungs, depend on it she will make you tune your pipe to some purpose."

More would have ensued, for Zachary was now in the communicative vein, when old Betty came to a full stop; and Henry, looking up, perceived a neat brick house within a court, the gate of which was flanked by two stone piers, emblematically crowned with gallypots, or, as a virtuoso would have stiled them, cineral urns, supporting a scroll, carried in an arch from one to the other, on which was displayed, in letters of gold, upon a bright blue ground, "*Zachary Cawdle, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man Midwife.*"

An old woman presented herself at the gate, and led the mare to the stable, followed by Henry, who modestly contested with her the prerogative of the bridle, but to no purpose. Zachary entered the house; and having peeped into the parlour, where he descried his beloved in her easy chair fast asleep, drew his conclusions and quietly retired to his chamber.

Mrs. Jemima Cawdle, the spouse of Zachary, was a comely, corpulent lady, of about forty years of age, and had pass'd the best part of her youth in the capacity of house-keeper to a wealthy baronet, who died a bachelor, and from whose bounty she enjoyed an annuity of two hundred pounds, bequeathed to her in recompence for her long and faithful services. Zachary, whose frequent visits to the deceased left him uninformed of no one particular relative to Mrs. Jemima's character and circumstances, might possibly have withstood her personal charms, seeing they were somewhat in the wane, and not a little obscured by sundry flaws in temper and reputation; but he was irresistibly attracted by the charms of the legacy aforesaid, jointly with the intelligence he had obtained of sundry other pickings and gleanings, which that prudent

prudent damsel had amass'd by her œconomy and good conduct : upon these solid grounds of affection, not referring himself to the blind guidance of a certain hood-wink'd deity called Love, Doctor Zachary lost no time in posting himself on the ground which the baronet had left, and soon opened his honourable trenches before the mournful legatee. Sorrow is a great softener of the human heart, and within two little months, *nay, not so much, not two*, the fair *Jemima* yielded up her virgin hand, and was admitted into the sacred mysteries of Hymen.

It cannot be disguised that Public Fame, who is too apt to busy herself about other people's affairs, circulated an idle insinuation that Doctor Zachary had been serviceable to this lady on a former occasion, in relieving her from an indisposition, with which she had been annoyed for the space of eight or nine months, and for which his art found a cure in the very crisis of her distemper ; but not to dwell any longer on these silly rumours, which are below the dignity of this history, suffice it to observe, that Mrs. *Jemima* did not come empty-handed to the Doctor, and that, fully conscious of this, she had too much sense of her own dignity to give up her right and title of indulging herself in those innocent habits, and recreations which she had been accustomed to in her state of celibacy, particularly that of applying to a certain specific against qualms and tremors, which she kept at hand, within the precincts of her own closet ; and though the said specific was not a medicine to be found upon Zachary's file, nor what perhaps he would have taken on himself to recommend, yet long practice had so reconciled her to the use of it, that her constitution seemed now to call for it, and I cannot doubt but she had strong reasons for preferring it to every thing the *Materia Medica* could offer in its stead.

Now

Now it so chanced that Mrs. Cawdle, in her spouse's absence, had cheered her heart with a comforting portion of this specific, and in the moment of her good man's arrival was, by the operation of the aforesaid dose, fast locked in the arms of *Somnus*. All this was perfectly intelligible to Zachary at the first glance, who thereupon contentedly betook himself to his cabin, like a Dutchman when he smells a storm, and quietly turned into his solitary crib, a resource which he kept in petto for these and other occasions incidental to his profession.

CHAPTER VI.

A Saint not sober.

THE domestics of the family, into which Henry had now entered, consisted of an ancient matron, Bridget by name, who officiated in the kitchen, and Susan May, daughter of a widow woman, an inhabitant of the village, who waited upon the person of Mrs. Cawdle. Doctor Zachary had recommended Henry so strongly to the care and good graces of these kind creatures, that they received him very courteously, and did the honours of the kitchen with much hospitality. Bridget had recollected a cold gammon of bacon, that was standing idle in the cupboard, and Susan had put a fresh faggot on the fire, where she was boiling the water for her mistress's tea. By the light of a chearful blaze she had now an opportunity of reconnoitring the young stranger with more accuracy than hitherto she had been able to do; when,

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when, having scanned him over with an eye that betokened something more than pity, gently stroking her hand over his head, she gave a sigh, and said—"Alas! poor fellow, thou art cold and hungry, I'll engage for thee;"—and then proceeded to other questions, which Henry either answered or evaded, as he thought fit. She now filled out a bason of tea, and repaired with it to her mistress in the parlour.

Susan, who was not bred in the school of Harpocrates, waked her mistress from her slumbers, by the noise she made upon entering the room; whereupon *Jemima* accosted her as follows;—
 Why, what the devil, wench, will you never be taught to open a door softly? Do you consider, mawkin, the wretched state of my poor tortur'd nerves, trembling, quivering, tingling all over me, at every shock you give them? Do you see the quandary you have thrown me into? Then you tread as heavy as a cart-horse, and bawl so loud, that my brain splits with every word you speak."
 —"But I have not spoken a word yet," cried Susan; "and here's your tea, so pray drink it, and compose yourself."—"Compose myself, child!" replied the mistress in a softer tone; "I don't expect I shall compose myself sufficiently this night to be able to reach my bed-room without help; I perceive I am relapsing into my old tremors. Mercy upon me, how my hand shakes! Indeed and indeed, my good girl, you must be cautious not to flutter me when I am in this way."

She now took the tea, and whilst she was sipping it, her waiting-woman began to tell her about the Doctor's accident, and how he was rescued from the teeth of the miller's dog, which in Susan's narrative made as tremendous a figure as an Abyssinian hyæna: that good-natured girl having

coloured her description of her master's danger to the height, that she might set off the heroism of Henry to the greater advantage.

The sedative beverage having in some degree allayed the trembling of Jemima's nerves, she made many pious apostrophes upon the Doctor's escape, which she hoped would be a warning call upon him to repentance, and a better life: she bewailed the reprobate state he was in; and candidly observed, that as he led the life of a heathen, she should not have been surprized, had he perished by the teeth of a dog. In the mean time, she hinted her astonishment in pretty strong terms, that he could have the assurance to bring a strange fellow into her family, picked up at random, without consulting her opinion and approbation in the first place. To this Susan replied, "A strange fellow, do you call him, Madam! You would not say so, if you saw him: notwithstanding his poor apparel, I'll be further if he is not a gentleman born; aye, and the handsomest in my opinion that ever I set eyes on."—"What tell you me of handsome," exclaimed the mistress; "is he holy, humble, devout?"—"He was wet and hungry," replied Susan, "so we warmed him and fed him, that's all I know of the matter; as for the rest, it's no concern of mine: I only did by him as I would be done by in the like case." This said, Susan left the room without waiting for an answer.

This good lady, who properly put so high a value upon the piety of a servant, and so slight an one upon his person, had in times past led a course of life not perfectly reconcileable to the rules and doctrines of that religion, which is preached by the ministers of the established church; and being naturally indisposed to hear of failings, which it

was

was inconvenient for her to dismiss and repent of, she determined no longer to be annoyed with their sermons and exhortations, and, striking out of the regular road, took a shorter course for quieting her conscience, without disturbing her enjoyments. By this new method of compounding for defaults in practice, through the help of a strong imagination and a glowing enthusiasm, *Jemima* had fairly brought all past reckonings to a balance, and at the same time kept a mental salvo in reserve against future ones. She was correct in all small matters of form, regular at her love-feasts, dealt the kiss of peace with a fervency most edifying, washed the dirty feet of the brethren, had a pious reverence for salt, and as zealous a detestation for blood-puddings as any saint in the sect, of which she stood forth a bright and shining example, professing to believe every mystery of the Christian faith, and fulfilling no one moral duty, which the Scriptures teach.

She was now exactly in that state of fermentation, when the spirit was most apt to boil over; and having understood just so much from *Susan's* report of *Henry's* youth and simplicity, as suggested to her an occasion for making a display of her zeal, she began to arrange her thoughts in the best order she could for the undertaking. Having thrown herself back in her chair, and shut her eyes to assist meditation, she had nearly fallen into another doze from the soporific effects of intense thinking, when having raised herself upright in her seat, and being seized at the moment with a swimming in her head by the suddenness of the motion, a huge pyramid of gauze, which by her late recumbent posture was thrust forward out of its place, came in contact with the candle, and immediately caught fire. Her screams in one instant brought

Henry to her assistance, who so nimbly rescued her from her danger, that her cap was off and extinguished before one hair of her head had been singed by the flames.

When her terror had subsided, Mrs. Cawdle cast her eyes upon the person of her deliverer. The alarm had perfectly dissipated her somnolency, and in great part even the cause of it. The ideas, that had floated in her brain, and on which she had been pondering, lost hold of her imagination, and enthusiasm began to give way to impressions of a different sort: she had no longer any wish to make a saint of one, who seemed to her already to be an angel. As the traveller, whose eye has been jaded with long dwelling on the loathsome fens of Essex, feels unspeakable recreation when, having crossed the Thames, he mounts the beautiful hills of Kent, and thence contemplates nature in her fairest shape—such was the delightful sensation *Jemima* now experienced, whilst she gazed upon Henry, and compared his animated and graceful form with the listless and misshapen lump, that the fat partner of her heart presented daily and hourly to her weary sight. He had his hand upon the door, so that no time was to be lost, when, with an eager accent, she called out to him to stop; then bidding him shut the door, she began as follows:

“ You are the young person, I presume, whom the Doctor has taken into his family, and your name is Henry: you give a good sample of your services, Henry, not only in the care you had of your wretched master in his fall, but no less so in the attention you have now shewn to me in my alarm; in short, between fire and water, you have been fully employed this day in the rescue of us
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both in our turns, and you well deserve to be rewarded for your performances."

"I am amply rewarded," replied Henry, "by your kind acceptance of my duty in the first place, and next by my master's liberality, who gave me as much as I have occasion for, and more than I had any right to expect."

"Your master, indeed!" cried Jemima; "your master knows neither how to rate your services, nor to reward you for them; I'll engage he has hir'd you for no other purpose but to beat the filthy mortar, and do the dirty work in his dirty shop: but you shall do no such thing; you shall wait upon me; I will take you to myself. With me your work will be easy, and your life happy, with him you will be a drudge, and the lacquey of a drudge; for his very shopman, the old Highlander, will make you fetch and carry on his scrubby errands: from me you will hear none but pious and edifying conversation; from them nothing but balderdash and blasphemy in an outlandish dialect: of me you will gain good instruction; they will lead you to your ruin, and render you in the end, what they are themselves, lost souls in a state of reprobation, and totally cast out from the lot of the righteous."

"Heaven forbid!" quoth Henry.—"Don't say so, don't say so," resumed the saint; "don't shock my ears with a single word in their favour: true zeal feels no pity for the wicked."

"Not pity them!" exclaim'd the youth with eagerness; "I could almost find in my heart to pity the devil himself."—"The devil you cou'd!" cried the saint, with horror in her countenance; "from what part of the world are you come? who are your unhappy parents? and in what anti-christian principles have you been educated? Pity them,

them, indeed! No, no, that were a sin as heinous as what they commit; but the elect cannot sin, and consequently have no pity for sinners."—"I beg pardon for my boldness, Madam," replied Henry, "but if this be so, I must take leave to dissent from the elect."—This said, he quitted the room, and left the inebriated zealot to digest his doctrine as she could.

CHAPTER VII.

A timely Rescue.

THE next morning Henry arose with the lark, and finding nobody stirring within doors, went into the garden, and there began to employ himself in reforming the borders, that were in a very neglected condition. Whilst he was thus occupied, he observed a tall stout man, whose swaggering gait and important air bespoke him a person of some authority coming across the adjoining field, and making directly for a little wicket in the garden hedge, that communicated with the said field. Here he was no sooner arrived than, discovering Henry, he stopt short, and in an angry tone demanded—"Who are you, Sir, and why are you at work in this garden?"—"Because I am servant to the owner of it," Henry replied, "and have nothing else just now to employ myself about."—"If you are servant to the owner," said he, "betake yourself to his shop, and tell Kinloch to send the medicines to my house, that are ordered to be made up."—"And to whose direction must they be addressed?"—

"My

"My name is Blachford; you must be new in these parts, not to know me."—"I am a stranger, it is true, in this place," rejoined Henry, "and have not the honour of knowing you, but I shall obey your commands."

After a few minutes Henry, finding nobody up in the house, and the shop-door locked, returned to make report to his sender, who was now standing close under the eaves, in earnest conversation, as it seemed, with somebody at a window: the casement was quickly shut upon his appearance, but not so nimbly as to prevent his discovering to a certainty that Susan was the party to whom Blachford's conversation was addressed.

The look, that gentleman now bestowed upon Henry, gave him sufficiently to understand how unwelcome his company was; and before he could well explain the reason of his sudden return, Blachford's rage had burst forth both in words and actions, so far at least as his courage suffered him to proceed, by brandishing his cane in a threatening manner, and telling him to be gone from his sight, for he perceived he was a very impertinent prying fellow, and would have nothing to say to him, "And depend upon it," added he, "I will have my eye upon you; if I catch you tripping, and once lay my hands upon you, you shan't easily get out of them."

With these words, which Henry answered only with a look of firm undaunted innocence, Blachford strode away, and was soon out of sight: the casement was then opened, and Susan in a low voice desired him to come into the house, for she wanted to speak to him: as soon as they met, she began with some degree of embarrassment to apologize for appearances. She told him Mr. Blachford was a very rich gentleman, lived in a handsome

some house near at hand, and was very kind to her mother, an aged widow, who inhabited a small cottage close to his gate; that the occasion of her speaking to him from the window, was simply to thank him for some favours he had bestowed upon her mother; she hoped that Henry had said nothing to give him offence, for that he was a proud man, and would not put up with an affront from any body, much less from his inferiors: moreover he was a justice of peace, and dealt so rigidly with those that came under his hands, that all the parish and neighbourhood round about stood in fear and terror of him.

"He may be a justice," replied Henry, "but I'll take upon me to say he is not a gentleman. As to his business with you, Susan, or your's with him, trust me I am not curious to be informed of it: it was mere chance and accident threw me in the way to interrupt it, which if I have done to your detriment or regret, I am heartily sorry for it. As for his blustering and threatening, I fear him not, neither did I provoke him by any language improper for me to make use of to a person of his sort; I was as humble towards him, as becomes any one human creature to be another in the like circumstances. I respect him, however, for being kind to your mother; I only hope it is pure kindness, and that he does not look for it to be repaid by any sacrifices from you: whilst you make no other acknowledgments than you can convey to him from a window, all will be well."

This was pointed with a certain expression of look and accent, that brought the blushes into Susan's cheeks. She hoped she could not be suspected of favouring such a great, black, ugly thing as his worship, and an old fellow into the bargain; she trusted she understood herself better, than to

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give her company where she could not bestow her liking; in saying which, she conveyed a glance to Henry's eyes, which simplicity itself could not fail to decypher, and nothing less than predetermined virtue could be able to encounter; for, without attempting descriptions, which we do not wish to engage in, we desire the reader to take it on our word, that the aforefaid Susan May, in form and feature, was positively one of the most dangerous objects, that strong passion and weak resolution could possibly come in contact with; she had health, youth and beauty to allure desire, and tell-tale eyes, that threw out signals of encouragement to hope.

"Upon my word, Henry," said she, "you are very considerate of my reputation, which is more than I should have expected from a handsome young fellow like you, who I dare say have sly sins enough of your own to answer for; but, to tell you the truth in one word, there is not a being upon earth I so abominate as that surly brute Justice Blachford: I believe he is as base in heart as he is black in person; therefore, with your leave, we will put him aside, and talk of something that is more to the purpose. What have you done to my drunken dame, I would fain know, that has set her in such a tantarum? There was she, foaming and fretting after you had been with her, like a mad thing: surely you did not put on that preaching face to her, as you did just now to me: you'll never have a moment's quiet in this house, if you don't keep well with the tipsey shrew that rules it: she'll ferret you out in a twinkling, take my word for it, if you thwart her, and it is not the Doctor that can save you; but if you'll coax and humour her, you may pass your time to your heart's content; and for my share,

share, short as our acquaintance has been, so much am I prejudiced in your favour, that as far as I can contribute to your happiness, be assured nothing in my power shall be wanting to make your life pleasant whilst we are together."

It was a look, a smile, a gentle pressure of his hand in her's, whilst she uttered these words, that gave them a grace and energy, which but for these accompaniments had not belonged to them; Susan, though not eloquent, possessed the orator's best attribute in an eminent degree; in her action she was irresistible. I know not whether I am to call it Henry's good or evil genius, that now appeared in the person of old Bridget, to draw him off to his master in his bed-chamber. He had begun a stammering kind of acknowledgment to Susan, that meant to convey something between courtesy and caution, but expressed neither one nor the other distinctly, when the plea of duty helped him out of the dilemma for this turn, but left a memento behind it, plainly intimating that flight was his best defence against such weapons as nature had bestowed on Susan: she in the mean time was not slow to discover, both where his weakness lay, and in what her own strength consisted; what he could not term a victory on his part, she had no right to consider as a defeat on her's: chance had broken up the conference; opportunity could not be wanting to renew it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A sudden Attack upon an unguarded Conscience.

WHEN Henry entered the Doctor's chamber, he found him still between the blankets, where he had provoked so copious a perspiration, that there is little doubt but he had paid interest through his pores for every drop of water he had borrowed by his throat in his rencounter with the duck. Instead of giving a strait answer to Henry's enquiries, he began to hold forth a learned lecture, upon the use and efficacy of sudorifics, reprobating in the strongest terms the vulgar error of pouring in hot liquors upon cold stomachs, which he pronounced to be a diabolical practice, and little better than slow poison, just then forgetting the glass of brandy at the miller's. In the course of this harangue, he instanced the bad habit of Mistress Cawdle as a case in point, who he roundly asserted was dramming herself out of the world; adding, with an oath, that if Jemima was a saint, he would be bold to say she was the most drunken saint in the calendar.

Observing that Henry made no reply to this, except by a significant shake of his head, he added — "Well, well, you are a discreet lad, I perceive, and know how to hold your tongue upon occasion, but I'll bett a good wager she has been preaching to you over her cups: it is always the case when the spirit flies up into her head; but don't let her make a fool of you, one saint in a family is one too many: mind your business, ply the mortar, and leave religion to those who get their living by it: you and I, my lad, have something else to think of."

"I hope,"

"I hope," replied Henry, "I can mind my business without neglecting my religion."

"Hark-ye, child," cried Zachary, "you talk like an ignoramus, if you suppose that we of the faculty can have any other religion than to take care of the health and constitution of our patients. Every man in his own way, the parson for the soul, the physician for the body. What have we to do in a church, whilst there is one man under our care in a sick bed? why, it were a shame for any of us to be seen there; it is all one as to confess that we are totally cut out of our practice; and to do my brethren justice, I must confess they seldom, if ever, come into a church but with a view of being called out of it: but that is a stale trick, and begins to be blown upon, so that every gentleman of character in the profession, who does not wish to be thought a mountebank and a quack, never lets himself be seen within the walls of a church, unless indeed he should chance to follow the corpse of a customer thither."

"And when his own corpse is carried thither to its last home," said Henry, "what will become of him then?"—"Heh! how! what is that you say?" demanded Zachary, starting up in his bed—"I say, sir, under favour, that I am little able to argue with a person of your science; but I must think this a very serious question, and what every one of us ought to put to ourselves in good time, 'Can any man expect to find pardon after death, who has done God no service when alive?'"

"What are you talking about?" cried the Doctor: "I tell you, child, that I, Zachary Cawdle, with these very hands, have usher'd two thousand living souls into the world; and do you call that doing God no service? How many others I may have stopt from going out of it, in the course of

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a long and successful practice, the Lord above only knows, I have kept no account of them. I hope you don't mean to make any comparison between such a man as I am, and an idle fellow in creation, who does nothing but preach and pray."

"Far be it from me," replied Henry, "to offer at any comparison between professions, which I cannot pretend to judge of; but as I presume a good Christian is the greatest character a man can have, I humbly conceive a good and faithful minister of God's word to be no man's inferior."

"Be that as it may," rejoined Zachary, "I have had the handling of their carcases in my time, and have found some rotten wethers amongst the flock, that would hardly bear the touch: but I perceive, young man, you have got a twang of the conventicle about you, and will forfeit my ears if you have not been canting with that boozy babe of grace my wife; but I tell you at a word I will have no saints in my service; I did not hire you to sing psalms; if you do it as well as king David, it is no recommendation to me; I told you so at first; and as to your talking to me about the other world, I forbid you ever to name it to me again; 'tis a subject that always hips me when I hear of it."

I believe I have already hinted that Zachary was somewhat inclined to the irascible, and as he had now started a topic that was apt to give certain twitches to his conscience, which were not over pleasant in their operation, he had flounced and floundered about at such a rate in his bed, whilst this busy intermeddler was at work, that he had by this time effectually repelled the perspiration, and began to be sensible of certain symptomatic innuendoes, that argued an intention in Nature to make a sudden turn from hot to cold, and in one
of

of her freaks and fits. of variety treat him with a taste of the other extreme. His teeth now began to make music, his spirits sunk, and he huddled up his head in the bed-cloaths, sighing from the bottom of his heart, as well knowing by the tuning of the instruments before-hand what the full concert would be when it struck up in earnest.

"The Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed poor Zachary, "what is going forward now? I was as well but now as heart could wish; I thought no more of being taken so suddenly than the man in the moon: never trust me but I shake from head to foot; I can't stand it, positively I can't stand it, if I am to be seized in this manner. I know my own constitution to a tittle; I'm a plethoric man, the worst subject in nature for an ague and fever: *Doctor Doublechin* went out of the world in the same way, he took a short leave and was off; 'tis a lost case, Henry, 'tis all up with your poor master, if I can't drive the foe out of one door or the other before he gets footing in the house. For the love of Heaven, put your hand in my waistcoat pocket, and give me a small paper in a blue wrapper, which you'll find there; it contains a medicine which I never administer to my patients, because I scorn to go out of the regular practice with my friends, but when a man's own life is at stake, there is no joke in dallying: *Doctor James* must do the jobb, or I must beat a hasty march out of this world, and be gone."

Henry gave him the paper and some warm liquid, in which he mixed the life-restoring dose and swallowed it, giving order for some barley-water to be made, and other fit preparations for its operation.

No sooner had his attendant left the chamber than Zachary, now alone and at leisure for meditation,

tation, began to entertain serious apprehensions for the consequences of this sudden attack. The rapid progress of a fever in better constitutions than his own he had frequently been a witness to: it was an enemy whose strength he had fully experienced, having baffled him over and over; death was a consummation, which in his own case was devoutly to be dreaded, though he could contemplate it with all due serenity in the case of others; the flippant and contemptuous stile, in which he had just then been talking of the duties of religion, recoiled upon his thoughts so strongly, that his present sudden and unexpected attack struck his conscience as a judgment, and most heartily did he wish he could recall what he had been saying to Henry: in the mean time the cold fit shook him worse and worse, whilst the active medicine ran through his veins with awful omens of a crisis coming on: he knew too well that the battle between Death and him must be a close one and a short one, for, alas! he was too fat for flight, and too fair a butt for such a marksman not to hit. Vanity might have held him up in the presence of a second person, but he could not impose upon himself; and after a deep sigh he broke forth into the following melancholy soliloquy:—"What poor miserable mortals are we, who cannot foresee what may befall us for a moment to come! Here am I shivering and shaking, and perhaps upon the bed of death, whereas but a few minutes ago I thought no more of death than I did of the pope of Rome. But, to be sure, when a man is in perfect health, it is natural for him to keep such dull thoughts out of his head: it cannot be expected that one should be musing and pondering upon the other world, when one sees no present chance of going thither; whilst things are at a distance, it is not necessary
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to think about them. Ah! poor Zachary, thou hast enjoyed a brave state of health and kept a merry heart till this sad moment; but art thou not an ass and a blockhead, not to recollect that all flesh is mortal? Hast thou not had dealings with Death to be aware of his slippery tricks? How many hundred times has he made a fool and a false prophet of thee, by snapping up thy patients in a twinkling, when thou, silly Doctor, wast hugging thyself in the credit of a cure, and hadst pronounced them out of danger? And why, above all things, shou'd I be vapouring with this poor lad, and shewing off my courage at the expence of religion, which is about as wise a thing to do, as it wou'd be to pluck a sleeping bear by the beard. I know my wife to be a slut and a sot, and no more of a saint than Judas Iscariot, but what then? Because she professes more faith than she has, why should I make a boast of believing less than I do? Lord have mercy upon us! nobody knows how soon he may be call'd away; and what a misfortune would it be to be taken off just in the flush and flower of my business! If it would please God to take my wife first, it would be some comfort: I might then lead a quiet life, leave off practice, and begin to think seriously of my latter end; but alas-a-day! I have now so many customers dying upon my hands, that I cannot in conscience neglect their affairs to look after my own. Of a certain, death is a serious thing at the best, and I have always look'd grave at the funeral of a patient; but when it comes to be one's own case it is interesting indeed! Zooks! what a twinge in the bowels was there! Aye, aye, I feel it at work; the powder begins to stir; 'tis all for the best: the enemy is shifting his quarters. How many people might I have cur'd with this drug, if I had not had

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had too much honour to dabble in quack medicines! If I can but shake off this fit at once and get well, I shall have plenty of time to turn over these thoughts at my leisure."

He now applied himself lustily to the bell at his bed's head, for reasons that argued the necessity of dispatch. Old Bridget heard the summons, but was not in the same necessity to obey it: when at last she presented herself at the door, the Doctor, whose anger had been up long before she was, greeted her with a salutation not very courtly, demanding why she would hobble up stairs so slowly, when she might well conceive what a hurry he was in—"Well, said she, "and now your hurry is over, what is it you want?"—"Barley-water and a bucket," cried Zachary, "as quickly as you can, for a greater turmoil than is now in my stomach the duck herself could not make, if I had swallow'd her alive when she flew out of the bank and sours'd me in the brook."

CHAPTER IX.

Doctors differ.

THERE was an old Scotchman, Alexander Kinloch by name, who officiated in the like capacity under Doctor Cawdle as *Whackum* did under *Sidrophel*. The care of the poorer patients in general devolved upon this deputy doctor, who, being an old limb of the faculty, was become so stubborn withal, that it seemed a point with him in practice constantly to take any road but that which he conceived his principal would pursue.

No

No sooner had he been informed by Henry of his master's situation, and the medicine he had administered to himself, than, having taken two or three hasty strides about the shop, as if to give vent to his choler, he snatched down an old plaid night-gown, which hung upon a peg, and having girt it round his loins with a green worsted sash over a black cloth waistcoat, to which he had stript himself for his work, he bade Henry look to the shop, and immediately ascended the stairs to the chamber of the invalid.

If Death had been disposed to have complimented Zachary with a visit, I question if he could have taken a better figure for his purpose than what Alexander now presented to the sick man's view, standing at the feet of his truckle bed, arrayed in his rusty plaid, tall, squalid, begrimed with the dust of the mortar, a perfect skeleton with a skin on, and staring upon him with two lack-lustre eyes, that seemed buried in their boney sockets. A stronger contrast could hardly be found in human nature than might here be seen between master and man; Zachary presenting to the eye of the spectator a rotundity of figure, which, though in the horizontal posture, as now displayed, lost little, if any thing at all, of its perpendicular elevation from a given plane; Alexander, when erect upon his feet, being in the proportion of a foot to an inch in point of altitude, when compared with the aforesaid Alexander extended on his back; in few words, the one stood in like relation to the other as the spiggot does to the tun.

Zachary had no sooner caught a glimpse of Alexander's visage over the hillock of human flesh, which intercepted nearly all the rest of his figure, and being now under the impression of a terrified imagination, than he shook in every joint, and though

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though he recognized his old acquaintance sufficiently to be satisfied that Death was not actually present in person, yet he was far from certain that he had not visited him by proxy; and in justice to Zachary it must be confessed, that a better proxy than Alexander, Death could no where have found, nor one to whom, upon long experience of past services, he could more safely have confided a commission, either general or special.

The deliberation with which Alexander had proceeded in his survey, (for it was a custom with him to let the sick man make his own complaints, by which he spared himself the trouble of finding them out) gave the Doctor time to rally his spirits so far as to assume an air of some composure, whilst he addressed his visitor as follows:—"Ah! Sawney, you find me here in a sorry pickle."—"Aye, aye," quoth the Scotchman, "I can well enough scent the pickle you are in; you have been scrubbing your intestines with that damn'd powder of poison, which I will maintain to be the vilest dust that ever devil blew into the brains of a mountebank."—" *Verbum sapienti*, friend Sawney," replied the Doctor; "I believe I know something, and I believe you are convinc'd I do; but surely you forget to whom you are talking. What you say is very right, only you say it to the wrong person: every professional man, like you and me, will hold for the regular practice, and cry down quackery; 'tis his duty so to do, and as for these powders, I believe neither you nor any man living can say I ever administer'd them to patient of mine since I was master of a mortar; living or dying, my customers have been always handled by me *secundum artem*: but the cook is not bound to eat his own porridge; neither am I, Zachary Cawdle, compell'd to take my own physick; 'tis a foolish landlord,

landlord that thinks to drive a trade by drinking out his own barrel."

"Well, Doctor," replied Death's image, "since you are not to be advis'd, I shall only remind you of the old saying, 'Physician, cure thyself.'—" "And I've good hope I shall cure myself," returned the Doctor, "and speedily too, for I find I am wonderfully lighter since the powders operated."—" 'Twou'd be wonderful if you were not," quoth Alexander, "considering how much of your cargo you have thrown overboard."—"Better do that than let the ship sink," rejoined Zachary; "that's a resource, friend Sawney, which we, who are full laden, have, and you, who are in ballast, have not."—"Yes, truly," quoth Sawney, "you have broke bulk with a vengeance, but by the ill favour of the hold I should doubt if you have clean bills of health on board yet. Marry, joy go with you, master of mine; if a swollen paunch, short neck, and wheezing lungs are symptoms of long life, you are blest with them to your heart's content; but I am of Aristotle's mind for that; I agree with the old sages, Hippocrates, and Galen, and Doctor Nicholas Culpepper, who, in his *Last Legacy bequeath'd to his dear Consort, Mrs. Alice Culpepper, for the Public Good*, recommendeth to such as be fat to eat three or four cloves of garlic every morning with bread and butter, and fast two hours after it; and he further saith, 'Let their drink be water, wherein fennel hath been boil'd, and in a very small time it will ease them.'

"What tell you me of Nicholas Culpepper?" cried Zachary; "he was nothing better than a star-gazer and a quack. Will he give me a receipt to know whether a sick man like me shall live or die of the malady he is afflicted with?"

"That he will do," cried Alexander, "by three

three several modes of process, and you may take your choice of which you like best."—"Let us hear'em, let us hear'em all," said the Doctor.

"*Primo*, replied Kinloch, "'Shave the crown of your head, and lay upon the shaved place rue stamped with oil of roses, binding it on; and, if you sneeze within six hours after, you shall live, else not."

"Let him carry his own fool's noddle to the shaver for me," answered Zachary; "I'll have nothing to do with his rue and roses.—What next?"

"*Secundo*. Let green nettles be steeped in the urine of him that is sick, twenty-four hours. If they remain green and fresh, the sick will live; else it is all up with him."

"Let him go to the devil with his nostrums," quoth the Doctor, exalting his voice; "I hope I shall live to steep the nettles upon his grave; and now, Sawney, for the third and last, and then let us have done with Nicholas and his nonsense."

"Well, well," said Sawney, with much gravity, "there are more secrets in nature than you and I have hitherto found out, but you may take them or leave them. I shall tender you but one experiment more; and let me tell you, master of mine, I should be very unwilling to put it to the proof in your case, for reasons, that I do not think it necessary to explain."—"Say you so, say you so?" cried Zachary, somewhat startled with this preamble; "then I perceive you think worse of my case than I do; but what is your experiment?"

"This it is," answered the journeyman doctor; "I give it you in Nicholas Culpepper's own words—"*Tertio*, Take the grease of a hog, and rub the body of any that is sick against the heart and the soles

“soles of the feet, then throw the grease to a dog;
 “if he eat it, the sick will live; if not, he will
 “surely die.”

“Are you sure,” quoth Zachary, “that you have been correct in the particulars of this notable nostrum?”—“Perfectly correct,” replied Kinloch; “I can shew it to you in his book.”—“Then I must own to you,” said the Doctor, “it is an experiment I should not like to pledge my life upon: but some dogs have stronger stomachs than others; does he give no directions in that particular?”—“None,” replied the North Briton, “he speaks of dogs generically, not specifically.”—“Then he is a booby and a blockhead for his pains,” rejoined Zachary; “would he have me throw such a pellet to a lady’s lap-dog, that is fed upon boiled chicken and sugared milk? The very thought of it has set my stomach a working. Get thee out of my room, good Sawney, make haste and be gone, and pr’y thee give me some chance for recovery by forbearing to prescribe to me.”

The deputy doctor now departed in a huff, and left Zachary to solicit, with the help of Doctor James, a kind turn from the only better friend in sickness, sleep; but alas! though these two friendly *restorers of tir’d Nature*, have been seldom found at distance from each other, yet in the present case Zachary’s temples could take no rest; he was tormented with a racking head-ach and a throbbing heart: all his terrors now returned, and he again applied himself to the bell at his bed’s-head, ringing it with might and main.

“Law! Sir,” cried Susan, as she entered his room, “what a ringing you keep! as sure as can be, you’ll wake my mistress, and what will become of us then?”—“Your mistress, quotha!” exclaimed the Doctor; “your mistress is a sow
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and a fot; because she went boozy to bed over-night, am I to lie and perish next morning for fear of waking her? I care not if she never wak'd again, so I were out of this torment: Pr'ythee, my good girl can'st thou not think of something to ease me of this racking head-ach?"

"I never had the head-ach in my life," replied Susan.—"I wish from my soul you had it now for the first time, and I was quit of it," quoth Zachary. "If it plagues you so," cried Susan, "why don't you lay your head down on the pillow and go to sleep; that's the way I get rid of all my troubles."—"Get you gone for a goose," cried the Doctor in a rage, "and send old Bridget to set the room to rights."—"Foh!" quoth Susan "as she went down stairs, your head may well ach 'o' my conscience."

"If one of my patients," said Zachary to himself, "consulted me upon a head-ach like this, I should make nothing of it: my business would be to give nature a fair field, and let her fight her own battles: cooling drinks, with endive, succory, purslain, lettuce, or barley-water with a little cinnamon, is the most I should administer; but for my own part, I wish to be well at once; for I have no time to spare, and I hate pain.

During this meditation, Bridget had been employed in removing nuisances; when the Doctor, recollecting nothing in his own practice, that would serve the present purpose, and that old women frequently had nostrums that make quick work of what they undertake, repeated the same question to Bridget, that he had put with so little success to Susan. Proud to be consulted by so great a man as her master, the old wench immediately demanded on which side of his head the pain laid. "On every side," quoth Zachary, "and all over it."—
 "Then

"Then I can do you no good," replied Bridget: "had the pain laid on the right side, I could have cured it with a comb made of the right horn of a ram; if on the left, with one made of the left horn of a ram."—"Begone for an old fool," cried the Doctor; "if ram's horns could have cured me, I should have been well long enough ago."

Alexander Kinloch now re-entered the chamber, and with a solemn countenance informed the Doctor that he had been sent for to Mrs. Cawdle, whom he had found in her bed, grievously afflicted with the head-ach accompanied by a high pulse, dry tongue, and other febrile symptoms. "I am glad of it with all my heart," exclaimed Zachary; "and what have you administered to her?"—"Nothing," replied Alexander, "till I consulted you; but upon inspection of the patient, I should humbly conceive there is nothing so effectual to remove her complaint as evacuation and refrigeration."—"Then set about it thyself, friend Sawney," quoth the Doctor, "for I am in no condition to do either one or the other."—"I have noted with some concern," resumed Alexander, "that the cephalæa, or head-ach, of which Madam complaineth, lieth not in the pericranium, or outward skin of the scull, but in the pia mater, or in other words in that membrane, which knitteth the senses together, and lieth round the brain within the dura mater: now it is a point agreed both by ancients and moderns, that there are various sorts and descriptions of head-achs; some possessing the whole head, others only half of it; some coming of heat, others of cold; some of dryness, others of moisture; some arising from plethory or plenitude of blood, others from choler."—"Which will certainly be my case," cried the Doctor, interrupting him, "unless you bring your discussion

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discussion to a point."—"I am hastening thereunto," replied Sawney: "there are also head-achs, which proceed from windiness; there are others caused of the stomach; there are head-achs symptomatic of fevers; and lastly, there are head-achs originating from drunkenness, to which denomination I pronounce this of Madam Cawdle's indisputably to belong."—"Who doubts it?" cried Zachary: "then why the devil didn't you come to it at once?"

Alexander gave no attention to the Doctor's impatience, but proceeded after his own manner—"Now the causes of this kind of head-ach are evident enough; for hot wines, strong waters, and inflaming potations, fill the brain with vapours, and the brain of Madam Jemima so much the more, inasmuch as I conceive it to be hot and adust by nature, having noted upon examination that her os triquetrum is close shut, and her sutoriums not remarkably open; the beating or pulsation therefore is the greater in a skull so constructed, and of course the pain: the cure therefore consisteth, as I before said, in these two things, evacuation and refrigeration."—"Humph!" echoed Zachary, with a grunt. Alexander proceeded: "Now of the former there are various modes whereby to administer relief, the choice of which I refer to you, as presuming you best know which process of evacuation is most consentaneous to the habits and constitution of Madam your spouse."—"I beg to be excused from giving any opinion at all in the case," said the Doctor. "As for the latter," continued the nostrum-monger, "namely refrigeration, the use of which is to drive back the vapours as they ascend to the head, I would recommend oil wherein ivy-leaves have been boiled; with which to anoint the head, the temples, and

the forehead."—"With all my soul," repeated Zachary, "I approve much of your iyy-leaves; they will be in their proper place upon her temples, for by my faith, Sawney, Jemima is as true a Bacchante as ever brandished a thyrsus."

Alexander had not yet run out his whole tap, and resumed his discourse once more:—"Now to prevent drunkenness in those, who are addicted to drink, is a grand desideratum in physic; yet there are many medicines bequeathed to posterity by the ancient sages for this purpose."—"But I hope you are not going to enumerate them," quoth the Doctor, "for I am out of all patience already."—"Be it so!" answered he; "then I will confine myself to one alone, which is simply this: 'Let the person so addicted eat six or seven bitter almonds every morning fasting, drink a draught of worm-wood-beer before any other potation; and let there be infused therein a small portion of the ashes of swallows burnt in a crucible feathers and all.'"

"Wormwood and burnt swallows!" cried Zachary, elevating his voice; "what devil of a doctor put that dose into your head? But make her take it, my good Sawney, and I'll honour you for ever."—"I fear," replied Sawney, without paying any regard to the Doctor's raillery, "that swallows being now out of season and a bird of passage, we shall be defeated in the main point of our experiment."—"Then catch an owl," rejoined Zachary, "and put him into your crucible: my life upon't he'll do the jobb as well; and harkye, Sawney, if you take a little modicum of the powder'd owl yourself, it may help your wits and promote wisdom."—"I'll see what can be done," quoth Alexander gravely, and departed.

CHAPTER X.

One more Dose than is to be found in the Dispensary.

THE medical understrapper, who was indebted to Doctor Nicholas Culpepper's *Last Legacy* for every one of those nostrums, upon which he plumed himself so highly in spite of his master's irony, immediately set to work upon his embrocation of ivy-leaves and oil, a business of no great difficulty, as there was a certain mansion in the garden overgrown with that simple, and no scarcity of good Lucca oil in the cupboard near at hand: but when he came to meditate upon a succedaneum for the burnt swallows, even Zachary's proposal of the owl as a locum-tenens was a staggering consideration, as being a bird of night, whereas it was now unfortunately broad day. In this dilemma seeing Henry in the shop, he abruptly demanded of him if he was a good hand at catching an owl: the youth, supposing he was bantering him, stared him in the face, and, without giving any answer, went about his business. The compounder of medicines in the mean time cast his eyes round the shop, as in despair of finding any substitute for his purpose, when in a lucky moment fortune threw within his ken a dried lizard hanging from the beam, which for time immemorial had been the humble companion of a stuff alligator and the egg of an ostrich.

"Aha! my little crony," cried Alexander as he ey'd the lizard with transport, "you and I must have a word together: come down, for I have spied thee in the very nick of time." This said, he unhook'd the little animal, and examined him

from head to tail: he was as dry as the mummy of a patriarch; no crucible could have done the job more effectually; he was a perfect deodand in the hands of an experimentalist. "Thou wilt pulverize most featly," quoth Sawney, "when I have thee under the pestle; but before I consign thee to the mortar and reduce thee to dust, let me ponder upon thy properties, and do nothing without forecast and circumspection. Poisonous thou can'st not be, for though I have never eaten of thy species myself, I know that others have; I have read that thou art a delicacy, a tit-bit as I may say, at the tables of the Chinese, and if thy flesh be delicate, thy dust cannot fail to be wholesome; nay, I doubt not but it is medicinal, a drug to my very purpose, an absorbent, a repeller, an antidote to drunkenness, for the Chinese are the soberest nation upon earth. I'll begin upon thee incontinently. But hold, hold! whither am I running? Thou hast other virtues, if I could but recollect them; there is something more about thee; something I have read in learned authors of the back-bone of a lizard; and thine, Heaven be prais'd, I perceive is perfect and entire; but whether it is recorded as a provocative to incontinency, or as a preventive, I cannot for the blood of me to a certainty recollect: upon second thoughts, I suspect thou art a stimulative; as I'm a sinner, I suspect thou art of a stirring quality, for thy tail betokeneth it. Be it as it may, I will venture upon thee, for thou art a loving little creature, and fam'd above all the reptile race for being the friend of man: therein thou wilt assimilate in property with thy patient, for truly Madam Jemima is of an amorous and most incontinent propensity."

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This said, he took the animal by the tail, and with an air of triumph hurl'd it into the mortar, covering it up, as well to conceal his treasure from discovery, as to preserve it against injury. He now turn'd his hand to the refrigerating embrocation of oil and ivy-leaves, which having put into a phial, and properly labell'd, he consign'd to Susan, directing her how to apply it to the temples and forehead of her mistress: his next business was to take six bitter almonds out of the drawer, and inclose them in a writing paper labelled according to form, and these he deposited upon the counter, reserving them as an introductory kind of preamble to his grand arcanum now in actual projection, for old Bridget had in charge to prepare the wormwood-beer, so that all hands were now busy and the work was in forwardness.

Whilst Alexander was belabouring the lizard, for it was a tough morsel, Susan had performed her part, and so plentifully had she bestowed the unction on the temples of the rubicund Bacchante, that Jemima's face, thus varnished, presented to the beholder an intire mask of crimson foyle, with the contrast of a pair of ferocious dark eyes, sparkling under the shaggy canopy of two enormous brows of the same subfuscian hue with the eyes they over-arched.

Her malady, it is true, was considerably abated, but whether it was owing to the refrigerating mixture, or to a cordial dose of aniseed, which she had just taken, is not for my purpose to enquire. Alexander now called lustily for Susan to administer the bitter almonds, but Susan was not to be found; she had walked into the village: Bridget was busy with the wormwood-beer, and as for himself, he was still in warm action with the lizard, who shewed great antipathy to being pulverized, and

and made a notable defence against the incessant battery of mortar and pestle.

What was to be done? Henry was the only person unemployed, but Henry had strong objections to any errand that was to carry him into Jemima's bed-chamber. "If such be your scruples, at starting," said Kinloch, "I pronounce at once you will never do for us in our way of business: we must go to all patients, and the sex of a sick person is the last thing in our thoughts: are you afraid of risking that smooth face of your's in your mistress's room, and have you the conceit to think she will play the part of Potiphar's wife?"—"Stop your raillery," cried Henry, "and spare yourself the pains of a very clumsy attempt at being witty, till I know what my duty is, and then I shall obey it."

He stepped softly up to Zachary's chamber, but finding him asleep, shut the door with great caution, and returned. Unwilling to renew an altercation with Kinloch, and finding that Bridget made altogether as light of his scruples, he took the packet of almonds, and having gently given notice at Jemima's door, was no less gently invited to enter it.

"I am ordered to bring you this medicine," said he, "which Mr. Kinloch has prepar'd, and recommends you to take."—"Give it me into my hand," said the dame, and at the same time taking it with one hand, and clasping his wrist with the other, she cast a look of kindness upon him, and said she did not doubt it would do her good, when tender'd to her by him, though she had no faith in any thing of Sawney's prescribing.

So saying she unfolded the paper, and to her utter surprize found that it enveloped only half a dozen almonds. "What does the fool mean by this?"

this?" cried she; "what good are these paltry things to do me? Let the old ape eat them himself," and with that she flung them away; "But you, Henry, you do me all the good in life; your presence is a cordial, that revives my drooping spirits, and whether your master lives or dies, depend upon me, and you will have nobody to blame but yourself, if I do not prove the best of friends to you;" in the same moment she raised herself on the bolster, reaching forth her arms, as if she intended him the favour of an embrace.

Henry, who saw her eyes flashing, and her face red and shining like a ball of fire, supposed that she was in a high fever fit, and delirious: he gently entreated her to be more composed, whilst he ran down and called up those, who were better able to assist her. "Stop, I conjure you," she exclaimed; "if you fancy me in such a state of danger, can you have the heart to leave me?"—"I will only leave you for a moment," he replied, "till I fetch Mr. Kinloch."—"Are you in your senses," said she, "to suppose that I can be comforted by the sight of such a scare-crow as old Kinloch? I want neither him, nor his master, nor any of their notions, which I loath and detest, and hold to be the vilest trash upon earth. Had I any body about me with half a grain of sense or feeling, I should want none of their assistance. You, Henry, have a heart, or I am mistaken; you can understand what I must endure in a family like this, and can pity me; Cou'd I bind you to me by confidence, by favours, by affection, there is nothing I would not do to recompense and reward your attachment."—"Madam," replied Henry, "so long as I receive the wages of Doctor Cawdle, you are intitled to every service I can render you, consistent with honour and my duty to him."

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"What honour and what duty do you owe to him, which you are not in an equal degree bound to fulfil towards me? Nay, if you are not lost to every manly feeling, you will own that as a woman I have a superior claim to your attentions: if you are swayed by interest, can you hesitate between me and him? If you are capable of being touched by a more generous passion, where can you more worthily bestow it, than on one who has no scruple to confess the impression you have made upon her heart?"

"On your heart!" cried Henry, "is it possible you can be serious in this declaration? or am I only to regard it as the wandering of a feverish delirium?"—"Regard it in no other sense," she replied, "than as the frank confession of a woman, who is above the mean practice of disguising what she feels, and whose mind is made up to the conviction, that what nature dictates must be right."—"If that be your rule, Madam," quoth Henry, "you cannot be offended with me for adopting it; therefore, as my nature dictates to me the impropriety of holding any further conversation with you upon this subject, you will pardon me if I cut it short and take my leave."

"Perverse, provoking, obstinate, hard fate!" exclaimed the disappointed fair, as soon as he had departed; "thus is the patience of the saints for ever exercised by trials and temptations. But, thanks to the Spirit, through the assistance of grace, I have withstood the importunities of the flesh; I have wrestled with the wicked one, and obtained the victory. Now, Jemima, thou may'st rejoice and triumph"—here she burst into an agony of passion, sobbing and weeping after a piteous sort, the tears trickling off her greasy cheeks like water from the feathers of a duck.

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Before this paroxysm was well over, Kinloch presented himself at her bed-side, gorgeously arrayed in his robe of plaid, with the dose of worm-wood-beer and lizard powder, ostentatiously held forth in his right hand, whilst with the left he drew back the curtains, as if to give a greater pomp and richer flow of drapery to the introduction of his person, and of the precious contents, with which his goblet was charged.

"I have brought it," quoth the vaunting empiric, "with my own hands: a medicine of the rarest virtues; the paragon of wonder-working art; a panacea to restore exhausted nature, though she were at her last gasp?"—"Is the fellow mad?" cried Jemima: "what is it you are talking about?"—"No matter, no matter," replied Alexander; "taste and try!" with that he put the dose into her hand. "What nastiness have you given me?" cried she; "and what is it to do?"—"It is," said he, "an anti-inebriating julep, a sheather of the spicula, with which inflammatory liquors transfix the vitals: I don't quite say it will make you immortal, but it will keep off death, though he were at the door."—"Then take it yourself, you skeleton," cried the dame; and forthwith vollied the whole contents of the potion in Alexander's face, who instantly fled out of the room, covered with the filthy mixture, sputtering and swearing he would sooner prescribe to the whore of Babylon, than such a drunken vixen as she was.

CHAPTER XI

Meditations in a Kitchen.

WHEN Jemima was left to reflect seriously upon the rebuff she had met from Henry, and found it no longer possible to turn it to her credit by any sophistry or self-delusion that her vanity could suggest, nothing remained but to soothe herself with schemes and projects of revenge; and in the course of these meditations it naturally occurred to her, that whilst she kept so fine a girl in her service as Susan May, she would never be without a rival in her own family; and as this was not the first mortification of the sort she had encountered since that girl had been about her person, she began to think that in good policy she could not be too quick in getting rid of her. The question however had its *con* as well as *pro*, for Susan was a decoy-duck that brought game to the net, as in the instance of the afore-mentioned Justice Blachford, who found it worth his while to bestow many courteous attentions upon the mistress, by way of masque to his approaches in another quarter.

Although few gentlewomen in Mrs. Cawdle's circumstances would have had the condescension to be so explicit with a servant just hired into their family, yet that gracious personage, mindful, no doubt, of the time when she herself took post in that low order of society, had neither that pride of virtue nor that delicacy of sentiment about her to be wounded by reflections of this sort; faithful to her antient habits, she was in the practice of plain dealing on those occasions where other ladies

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use finesse, and by making her wishes well understood, was sure of bringing them to a speedy issue at all events, and avoiding that most painful of all situations, a state of expectation and suspense. At the same time when those wishes were crossed and thwarted, the good lady had a due sense of her own dignity, and resented a disappointment with as much spirit as her warmest admirers could wish her to have; and never was this spirit more thoroughly called forth than at the present moment by Henry's unaccountable neglect of her most gracious advances; a circumstance that seemed to run counter to all calculation; for who so unlikely to withstand temptation as a creature destitute of every thing, and without a friend upon earth? The greater therefore must be her mortification to find her wishes thwarted and her favours rejected by one so circumstanced, and that in a stile so peremptory and determined, as left her no hope of succeeding in any future attempt. She could not of course fail to see how much it was for her repose, as well as for her dignity, to put him out of sight by an immediate dismissal, in which she had little fear of being over-ruled by her husband, who could hardly be said to have even a secondary authority in the affairs of the family.

Whilst these resolutions were forming in the bosom of the indignant dame, Henry's thoughts were employed upon measures for anticipating their execution by a voluntary secession, for it seemed to him inconsistent with propriety to remain any longer in his present service: his mind, trained in the principles of honour, and uncontaminated by impure connections, revolted from the idea of taking wages from the husband, and bribes from the wife: his experience of adversity, though short,

short, had been severe; it had pleased Heaven to plunge him at once into distress and poverty, against the force of which his former habits and education had not furnished him with any of those resources, which men taught to labour from their birth are provided with; and of the world at large he had as little knowledge as any being could well have, who had lived in civilized society for his term of years: still he was resolute to preserve his integrity and combat his hard fortune as he could; and whereas the very same difficulties had now fallen upon him in this his second service as he had encountered in his first, he saw no encouragement to seek a place in any family, where he was liable to be entangled in the snares of the fair sex; to put himself therefore effectually out of their reach, there seemed no way so honourable as by enlisting himself in the first recruiting party he could meet: here he foresaw that those gifts which Nature had bestowed upon him would no longer lead him into embarrassments, but on the contrary might operate to his advantage: to the service of his king he determined to devote that person, which, in his present course of life, seemed likely to involve him in a continual series of struggles and perplexities; when crowned with the cap of a grenadier, he flattered himself he should be no longer courted by any mistress but glory, and to her solicitations he might safely commit his honour and his conscience.

In the pursuit of these meditations he had already passed some solitary minutes, whilst old Bridget was occupied elsewhere; when Susan May came in from her walk to the village, and took her seat beside him. In the course of the conversation that ensued Henry did not disguise from her his intention of quitting his present service, though

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of his motives he did not speak; these however Susan was at no loss to conceive; the experience she had of her mistress's character, and the manner in which Henry evaded her questions, assisting her conjectures so as to give her a sufficient insight into the real cause of his disgust. She felt too strongly in her own heart the emotions which a person like Henry's was capable of inspiring, not to credit her mistress for the like sensations; she spoke of her without reserve, and pronounced upon his motives with such confidence, as soon as she understood he had attended upon her with her medicines, that though she could not bring him to confession, she took his silence for assent, and proceeded without interruption till she had exhausted her eloquence on the subject.

When he told her of his intention to enlist, she sighed, and said she knew too well what hardships a soldier suffered, for she had had a brother in the army, as fine a young man as ever was seen, but he was now no more; he was killed at the siege of Gibraltar, in a sally upon the Spanish lines; she hoped that Henry would not run such a desperate course; for her part she did not see the necessity there was for his leaving the Doctor's service merely because her mistress had whims in her head, which, when she was more calm, would probably subside; she must own it was extremely natural that so handsome a young man should be admired by the women; it was what he must expect, go where he would, but then it was always in his power to return it or not, as his inclination prompted him; and though it was against nature to suppose he could ever throw away his regard upon such an object as her mistress, yet had it been a case where ages were suitable, and love was on both sides, she took for granted the same scruples would

would not have operated; for an attachment of that sort she observed was quite another thing from selling himself to such an old cat as her mistress.

"Foh!" cried Henry, "all the money in the world would not pay me for such a sacrifice."—

"No, to be sure," replied Susan, "love makes all the difference in life: every kindness that does not come from the heart costs one a pang; but to the man we love, Oh! Henry, that woman's heart must be as hard as marble that can refuse him any thing."

As she said this she leant her hand carelessly on his shoulder; it was one of those movements that intend a great deal and profess to mean nothing; but whilst she was sitting in this attitude, enveloped in the contemplation of one of the finest countenances in nature, behold! on a sudden one very little resembling it, the property of Alexander Kinloch, presented itself to her view, that learned person having silently crept into the kitchen and surprized them in their conference.

"Aha! my young spark," quoth the interloper, "is it thus you pass your time, whilst I am toiling like a galley-slave at an oar till my fingers cling to the pestle? I have been wanting you in the shop; here are medicines to take out, and plenty of business to be done, when you are at leisure to put your hand to it; but at present I perceive you are engaged, and in a way, let me tell you, that is more likely to make work for the Doctor than to do any."

Susan turned her eyes upon the speaker, and with a smile that would have softened the heart of Herod, apologized for Henry by taking all the blame to herself.—"I was telling him," said she, "what a kind soul you are, and what a world of knowledge he may gain from your instructions, if he

he will but stay amongst us; but indeed and indeed, my good Mr. Kinloch, I am afraid there will be no living in this house for any of us long, if my mistress is to go on at this rate."

This was touching the very master-string of Kinloch's mental machinery, who hated Jemima as cordially as he loved to hear his own praises. Susan had ingeniously contrived in a short compass to give him a small remembrance of both; the consequence was an instant truce between him and Henry, who was nevertheless constrained to be a patient hearer of a long and furious philippic from the journeyman doctor, in which he belaboured poor Jemima without mercy, and not the less virulently for the affront she had so lately put upon him, when she returned the potion upon his hands, which he had compounded with such care and skill. Not that his oration consisted, like some that might be named, of one continued strain of invective, for on the contrary it was relieved every now and then with a strong dash of the panegyric, of which he was himself the sole hero, on all which occasions he took especial care to contrast the brilliancy of his own character by throwing that of his master Zachary into shade; and in truth there was no other way of bringing the weight of their respective abilities to any thing like a balance but this which Alexander adopted for making his own scale equiponderate, by borrowing from that which else would have caused him to kick the beam.

When he had pretty well exhausted the catalogue of Jemima's failings, and added a few more items to the account of his own perfections, than a less partial calculator would have discovered, the tempest of his wrath subsided into so perfect a calm, that he began to rally the young people in a strain which he mistook for humour; and when
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he understood from Sasan that Henry meditated a hasty retreat, he heartily joined her in persuading him not to quit the post he had taken, where such mighty advantages might be reaped by a diligent attention to the instructions he should give him, and by the opportunities he would have of seeing the art practised in its greatest perfection: —“ I own to you,” said he, “ that there is something to get over before you can submit to serve a woman like your mistress; for whether it is your lot to fall into her good graces or her ill ones, she is equally intolerable. As for the Doctor, poor man, he is a mere cypher in the house, and pretty nearly so in his profession; the weight of that rests upon me; so that with him you will have little to do and less to learn; with me you will have enough of both: but you well know there is no learning without labour, as Aristotle wisely observes; therefore courage, my good lad, think no more of the troublesome woman above stairs, who has thrown away the only chance she had for a longer stay in this world by rejecting a medicine that might have wrought wonders in her constitution; but she was unworthy of it, and 'tis happy for the world that I had reserv'd enough of the inestimable drug of which it was compounded to make experiment on another patient, whose case exactly tallies, being as great a sot as herself, and as far gone in the disorders incident to that fatal propensity.”

Alexander now produced a phial containing the ashes of the lizard steeped in wormwood-beer, and delivered it with many charges to Henry, directing him the strait road to the George and Dragon ale-house, where he was to give it into the hands of Dame Dunckley, the hostess, whose stomach, after all the hard services it had gone through in the course of her profession, was now destined to

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With this important commission Henry set forward towards the ale-house, and Susan, at the summons of the bell, to attend upon her mistress.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER. I.

Reasons for writing as fast as we can.

THOSE rules which a well-bred man lays down for himself, when he engages in the difficult task of telling a long story about persons unknown to the circle he is in, may with equal propriety be adopted by an author in the conduct of a novel: both pursue the same object, and both incur the same risque of failing in the pursuit, which certainly requires a considerable share of management and address to succeed in.

A story will infallibly disgust if it is told in vulgar and ill-chosen language; if interlarded with affected phrases, or florid descriptions, that advance no interest; if it is delivered in a pedantic laboured stile, unsuitable to characters in familiar life, if it substitutes dull jokes and ribaldry in the place of wit and pleasantry; if the teller either digresses too often from the main subject, or dwells too long and circumstantially upon matters not sufficiently important or amusing: in short, if it fails in any of those requisites that should keep the
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attention wakeful and alert, it is a bad story, and the teller has wilfully brought himself into disgrace with his hearers by cheating them of their expectations and abusing their indulgence.

So is it with the novel-writer; the same faults will be punished with the same contempt.

Be the matter ever so interesting, which falls to the task of any one man to relate in public company, he will naturally be ashamed of keeping their attention too long upon the stretch; and if he cannot prevail upon other tongues to move, yet in good manners and common delicacy, he will contrive to make some breaks and pauses in his narrative, which may give relief to the ear, and some degree of relaxation to the mind. This seems generally understood by the novel-writer, who, by the distribution of his matter into books and chapters, tenders to the reader in his several stages so many inns or baiting-places by the way, where he hangs out a sign that there is rest at least to be had for the weary traveller.

An eminent author, whose talent for novel-writing was unequalled, and whose authority ought greatly to weigh with all, who succeed him in the same line, furnished his baiting-places with such ingenious hospitality, as not only to supply his guests with the necessary remissions from fatigue, but also to recruit them with viands of a very nutritive as well as palatable quality. According to this figure of speech, (which cannot be mistaken, as alluding to his prefatory chapters) he was not only a pleasant facetious companion by the way, but acted the part of an admirable host at every one of the inns. Alas! it was famous travelling in his days: I remember him full well, and despair of ever meeting his like again, upon that road at least.

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Others there have been, and one there was of the same day, who was a well-meaning civil soul, and had a soft simpering kind of address, that took mightily with the ladies, whom he contrived to usher through a long, long journey, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, weeping and wailing by the way, till he conducted them, at the close of it, either to a ravishment or a funeral, or perhaps to a madhouse, where he left them to get off as they could. He was a charming man, and had a deal of custom, but the other's was the house that I frequented.

There was a third, somewhat posterior in time, not in talents, who was indeed a rough driver, and rather too severe to his cattle; but, in faith, he carried us on at a merry pace over land or sea; nothing came amiss to him, for he was up to both elements, and a match for nature in every shape, character, and degree: he was not very courteous, it must be owned, for he had a capacity for higher things, and was above his business: he only wanted a little more sauvity and discretion to have figured with the best.

With these I shall stop; for another step would bring me into company with the living, and of my partiality for my contemporaries I am too conscious to put my judgment to the risque of criticism, which may not be over-indulgent to mistakes of the heart. Them and myself I implicitly resign to the favour and protection of those public spirited inspectors of literature, who undertake the laborious task of reviewing every thing we write, and who understand so well the policy of the wise Lacedæmonians, that no sooner do they light upon a deformed or ricketty bantling, but they charitably strangle it outright, and don't let it survive to disgrace us with posterity. This is mercy to the
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age at large, though any one of us, upon whom it falls, is apt to call it cruelty, when we are sent to the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook to drive the best bargain we can for our property, before it is turned over to the worms, who then only take us into reading when nobody else will: but such is our obstinacy notwithstanding, that it seems as if we spitefully wrote the more in contradiction to our real friends, who fairly tell us we cannot write at all.

However, at the very worst, we can always draw this consolation from our faults, that our kind correctors have had infinite pleasure in finding them out; for surely if the discovery gave pain, no man would voluntarily engage in the search.

There is also another cheering reflection we have to feed upon, which is, that those authors, who shall follow us in point of time, will fall short of us in point of merit. Homer himself tells us this, who, as an Epic poet, was surely interested to hold up his heroes as high as he could, and yet is compelled to confess that the pelting they bestowed upon each other was but children's play compared to what their fathers could do at that sport. Now it is clear, that from Homer's day to the present hour there has been a gradual falling off in the human powers, mental and bodily; from which I infer that the novel last written may always be presumed the worst that ever was written; and therefore that it behoves every writer, and myself amongst the rest, to write as fast as ever we can, for the longer we are about it the worse it will be. And this reminds me that I ought to bring this chapter to a conclusion, and attend to the history, which, in the mean time, has been standing still, and cannot profit by a pause.

CHAPTER. II.

The History goes to the Alehouse.—Bella, horrida bella!

AT some distance from the house of Doctor Cawdle, and in the centre of the village, there was a spacious green, round which the cottages were scattered in irregular groupes, and amongst these the habitation of Alexander Kinloch's patient, conspicuously distinguished by the effigies of the heroic saint of England bestriding an enormous dragon: Hither Henry bent his course, charged with the inestimable potion, and casting a look upon the sign for security's sake, thought himself sufficiently warranted to enter the house without further enquiry, all possible scruples being satisfied by the information of the following ingenious distich:—

*Nathaniel Dunkley liveth here;
Turn in, good friend, and taste my beer.*

He found the host and hostess in the kitchen, with three or four guests assembled over their liquor: the lady, who was destined to entomb the ashes of the lizard, was seated in a wicker chair by the chimney side, contemplating a few weeping sticks, that were bewailing their sad fate on the hearth. When Henry was certified as to the person of the patient, and had discharged himself of his commission by delivering the dose into her hands, he was called upon to give answer to a string of enquiries, which the curiosity of the good dame prompted her to make upon the sight of a stranger,
for

for whose appearance as servant to Zachary she could not account, the news of that event not having reached her ears. How long had he been with Doctor Cawdle? Where did he come from? What was his name? The very little intelligence she gathered from these questions did not discourage her from still going on to ask—If he knew what the stuff in the phial was? Did he make it up, or did Kinloch?—Kinloch made it up, and he knew nothing about it.—By this time she had drawn the cork, and was smelling to it.—“Phoh!” cried the dame, “a dog would not swallow this: what does he mean by sending such poisonous stuff? carry it back to the old Scotchman, and bid him take it himself, for I’ll have none of his nastiness.”—“Pardon me there,” replied Henry; “I carry out physic from the Doctor, but I bring none back.”

“No, no,” cried Nathaniel, the landlord, “that would be carrying coals to Newcastle, as the saying is; you are in the right there, my lad: I see you are a knowing hand, and have got your lesson already. Pr’ythee, where did you live before our doctor hir’d you? I warrant you are a Londoner.”—“I suppose it can little concern you to know from whence I come,” replied Henry, “but I am no Londoner: I have done my errand, and I believe that is all that need pass between you and me for the present.”—“By the living,” repeated Nathaniel, “you are a deep one; I warrant me you have been at question and answer before now, and will be again ere long; but have a care our justice don’t lay his fingers upon you; ’fore George, you’ll find it no easy job to get out of his gripe.”

Amongst the people, who were drinking, there was one in a sailor’s jacket, who went by the nickname of Bowsey, a bold and resolute fellow, who occasionally

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occasionally used the sea, and at intervals returned to his parish to make waste of his earnings, and raise what contributions he could upon the neighbourhood, by snaring game, or any other pilfering and illegal depredations, which he could turn his hand to. This Bowsey was the terror of all his industrious neighbours, and the favourite of all the idle ones. No man handled a fighting cock like Bowsey; and at the country races he hawked about lists of the sporting ladies with universal applause; at fairs and markets he cried gingerbread and sung ballads with equal eclat, at boxing matches he was in his element, and bottle-holder general to all bruisers; in nine-pin allies, foot-ball, hustle-cap, and every drunken gambling sport or fray, Bowsey was without an equal.

This ingenious person, whose attachment to Justice Blachford was pretty much of the sort with what the devil is vulgarly said to have to holy-water, had no sooner heard the landlord out, than turning to him with an angry look and surly voice, he reprimanded him for his contemptuous treatment of a stranger, who had given him no offence, demanding of the company round, if any man had a right to be called a rogue, till he was found out to be one.—A nod of assent from the tiplers present encouraged him to proceed.—“And who but a scandalous fellow would go about to blast a poor lad’s character for nothing but because he would not plead to your damn’d impertinent questions? And why threaten him with Justice Blachford? We all know what he is: many an honest man than himself has he committed to prison.”—“Have a care, Master Bowsey,” quoth the landlord, “what you say of Justice Blachford; keep a good tongue in your head, if you are wise, for his worship, let me tell you, has long ears.”—
“Yes,”

"Yes," cried Bowfey, "and sharp eyes after every young wench in the neighbourhood; we all know well enough that he has his lurchers and spies about day and night, so that a man can't stir a hand, but he has his setters upon him; if you said a word, friend Dunckley, he would stop your licence, and rob you of your livelihood, therefore you are in the right to be wary; but I value not his favour at a rush; what I say, I'll say to his face." Then turning to Henry, who stood beside him, he exclaimed, "Come, my hearty fellow, don't be cast down by any thing they say; keep a good heart, and set them at nought, for I am your friend, and let me see the man, who dares to affront you."

These words were scarce out of his mouth, when a company of young men entered the ale-house kitchen in a riotous manner, amongst whom was Tom Weevil, the miller's son, whom Henry had the scuffle with at the ford. The death of his dog, and the disgrace he fell into on that occasion, still rankled in his mind, and he had now set out with a full resolution to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist, for which purpose he had brought a parcel of his cronies to back him: with these fellows he had been taking a cup to give a spur to his courage, and put spirits in him for the encounter. No sooner, therefore, had he set eyes upon the object of his resentment, than he began to assail him in the most opprobrious terms, bestowing many hard names upon him, and challenging him to fight it out fairly on the green before the door.

The meekness of Henry's expostulations had no other effect, than to provoke a torrent of oaths and defiance, repeated in language the most insulting, and echoed by his colleagues, who played the part of chorus to the leading strain. Nathaniel

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Dunckley, the host, who had been an approving hearer of all the foul words, which the miller had so liberally bestowed upon the unoffending stranger, and who was well disposed to put the worst interpretation upon his patience, now began to triumph in his turn, and to plume himself on his sagacity in having spied out the traces of a rogue in the most innocent countenance in nature. In the mean time Bowsey, who had not the smallest objection to a battle, especially where he was not to be principal, began to exalt his voice amidst the uproar, and to bluster in behalf of the weaker party, whom he now declared to be his friend, and one that he would second, if he wou'd turn out against Weevil, whom he retorted upon with the more acrimony, as owing him an old grudge on past accounts.

The young miller, who found himself in a strong majority, and well backed by every body about him, answered Bowsey in his own strain, telling him, that he knew well enough why he was so spiteful against him, because he had caught him at his pilfering tricks, and destroyed the trimmers and thief nets he had set in the river; "but I give you fair warning, my master," added he with an oath, "that the very next time I trap you at that sport, you shall swing for it like a rogue as you are."

Bowsey, not the less galled by this charge for knowing it was true, grew furious with rage, and shaking his fist at him in a threatening attitude, bade him take heed what he said, for though he was now in the midst of his myrmidons, the time would come when he should find an opportunity to make him repent of his vapouring, which, he might depend upon it, should not go unrevengeed. "Shame upon you!" cried dame Dunckley, from

the chimney corner, "would you go to murder the young man for speaking the truth? Take notice, neighbours, and remember what he says: 'tis a pity but the justice heard it." The justice did not hear it, but there were some who did, and as his house was no further off than across the green, the hint, if well understood, had not far to travel, and there is reason to think it found the road thither very speedily, and without any loss by the way.

Henry, who found himself unintentionally a witness to conversation, for which he had no relish, was in the very act of retiring out of company, when his challenger caught him by the arm, and in a bullying tone peremptorily demanded if he would turn out like a man, and set to upon the green, or sculk like a coward from a fair proposal, and be kick'd about the house. This was seconded by a loud shout from the party, and even Bowsey seemed abashed, being awed into silence by the prospect of half a score stout cudgels, brandished in the air, and ready to execute any kind of vengeance, that might be required of them by the champion of the gang.

"You may quit your hold of me," said Henry to the miller, "for I shall not run away from any man, who threatens me with a kicking. If you really mean to put it into execution, I hope these gentlemen at your back will leave you to yourself, and not assist in the doing it: they may shout on your side, and brandish their sticks as much as they please, but even that is not very manly, considering I am here a stranger, and without a friend, except this single man, who seems to have drawn himself into danger and ill will, by taking part with the weaker side, and standing forth in my defence. Whether I deserve this treatment for what

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pass'd between us at the mill, you may ask your own conscience; I shall make no appeal to a company like this, who seem determin'd to bear me down, right or wrong, by noise and numbers. Take notice, Mr. Weevil, that if I was one of those, who make boxing a science, I shou'd be warrant'd in declining your challenge, for you are in all respects above my match, heavier, and stronger, and taller than me; but nevertheless, if you are determin'd to have me out, don't be at the trouble of kicking me, for that may be fatal to one of us in a room like this, and probably not very pleasant to the mistress of the house: go forth into the green, chuse your ground, and I'll take my chance for a beating rather than be kick'd into courage, which is a discipline I am not us'd to, and have no stomach for."

A murmur ran through the crowd, that would have been applause, if there had not been something nearer to their hearts, than justice or generosity. The young miller stept forward, and drawing a canvass purse out of his pocket, emptied it's contents upon the table, in gold and silver, to no trifling amount, and vauntingly called upon Henry to stake all, or any part, of the amount upon the battle. When this was altogether declined on the part of Henry, he gathered up his cash again, while dame Dunckley from her wicker chair, like the Pythia from her tripod, prophetically exclaimed, "What shou'd you fight for, ye foolish boys? mind, if you don't draw the justice out of his den upon you both." The voice of divination was not heard; the die was cast for battle, and forth rush'd the whole company upon the green.

Now Bowsey was in his element: provided with a bottle of water in one hand, a coloured handkerchief and a lemon in the other, he sallied forth

upon the field of battle, taking his champion under the arm, and as they walked apart from the crowd, whispering many sage instructions in his ear, where to place his blows with the best effect, and pointing out certain vital parts, where a well-directed stroke might effectually disable his antagonist, and ensure the victory. In this however the professor and the pupil did by no means agree: vengeance rankled in Bowsey's breast; courage and humanity held divided empire in the heart of Henry. "Be content," he replied, "I'll foil him without maiming him; he is more than half tipsy, and will be out of breath in a few minutes; t'wou'd be a sin to hurt him: boxing has been a kind of boyish exercise with me, and I never yet practis'd it in wrath, much less with mischief and rancour in my mind: my aim will be to avoid his blows, and let him beat himself."—"Don't make too sure of that," replied Bowsey; "I know his way of fighting, for I have taken a round or two with him myself; he strikes as hard as the kick of a horse."—Henry now took off his jacket, and recollecting a large clasp-knife, which he wore in the side pocket of his breeches, delivered it to Bowsey, observing that it might hurt him in his falls: and being now divested of all weapons but what nature had given him, he advanced cheerfully to the ring, where his brawny opponent, like another Goliath, stood encircled by his Philistines, and whom he now approached with a complacent smile, tendering him his hand, and saying,—“Come, miller, let us be friends before we set to; I hope you bear no malice, and will shew yourself a brave fellow by giving me fair play.” Insensible to the humanity and mildness of this address, the other, with a savage ferocity, bade him take his ground, for he should give his hand to no such vagabond as he was.

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The temper of our hero, milky as it was, could ill brook this aggravating insult : the colour mounted to his cheeks, his spirit sparkled in his eyes, and darting a contemptuous look at his antagonist, he silently stepped back to his ground, and posting himself in the centre of the ring, with clenched fists, braced muscles, and frowning brow, the juvenile athletic, terrible in his beauty, presented to the sight of the surrounding rustics a figure and attitude, which the statuaries of Greece, in the brightest æra of the art, might have been emulous to study.

The onset now began, which was to bring the contest between brutal strength and skillful agility to an issue. The sturdy blows of the miller, which seemed to menace his opponent with extinction, were so artfully warded that they served no other purpose, but to waste his strength and exhaust his breath. Furious and implacable in his rage, he still continued to advance, and press upon his more wary antagonist ; till Henry, who kept a steady eye upon every movement of his foe, no sooner spied an opening, than he sprung within his guard, and with a blow, which seemed to have the force, as well as swiftness, of lightning, laid him prostrate on the turf. Bowsey leapt upright and smote his hands for joy : the hostile phalanx gave a groan, whilst their fallen champion was slowly raised from the ground by his seconds. Had not Henry's patience been urged by the insult above related, it may well be doubted if he would have plied his advantage either so forcibly, or in a part so sensible to injury as the throat ; but repeated provocations had roused his spirit, which could hardly be said to have a tincture of gall, and he now contemplated his fallen foe with pity and regret.

The miller, however, did not keep him long in
painful

painful suspense; the blood, which flowed freely from his nostrils, by the violence of the shock upon the ground, relieved him from the stupor that at first possessed his senses, and by the assistance of his seconds he was again upon his legs, and in a posture to renew the battle; but so miserably crest-fallen was this vaunting braggart, and so confused and off his guard, that the generous victor, though repeatedly urged by Bowsey to follow up his advantage, would not avail himself of it to the utmost; so thoroughly was his resentment allayed, that he warned him more than once to keep a better guard, or give over fighting: and now not only Weevil's seconds, but his whole party, grew outrageous, and kept no order in the ring, thronging round the combatants, and shouldering Henry in a most unfair and riotous manner. It therefore became necessary for him, in self preservation, to make a short battle of it, and a second blow, placed centrically between the eyes, laid his adversary a second time at his length upon the ground, totally disqualified for another onset.

An uproar of voices now ensued, some running to the beaten party, whilst others were laying about them with their sticks, and would probably have demolished both the conqueror and his second, had not peace been proclaimed by the authority of the worshipful Justice Blachford, attended by his second, the constable, who instantly proceeded to fulfil his orders, by arresting the only innocent person in the affray, dragging Henry to the stocks, who, being sprinkled with a pretty large portion of the miller's blood, and surprised in the very act of knocking him down, might have biased the judgment of a more equitable magistrate than he had now to deal with.

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against Blachford, was sentenced also to the same place of durance with his principal, though he made many efforts to assert his innocence, which his worship lent no ear to, delivering him over to his sentence with the voice of authority, whilst he went growling, like a bear to a stake, amidst the hisses and hootings of the whole village mob, who were there assembled.

CHAPTER. III.

A story gains by telling.

THERE is not a minister of state, general, or potentate upon earth, who keeps so many couriers, or employs them so much, as a certain busy body called *Fame* : to all quarters of the compass her emissaries fly at one and the same instant ; there is no stop with them for the penning of dispatches ; they want no written evidence of the news they carry, but away they post with word-of-mouth intelligence, which gathers as it goes, every tongue that repeats it adding something to the tale, till such a cluster of falsehoods are wound and woven round one small atom of original truth, that you may as soon find a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, as search for fact amongst the fictions that envelope it. It was however so short a stage from the village-green to the house of Zachary, that the courier, who came post with the tidings of Henry's fight, had so little time for his invention to work in, that he had done little or nothing to the improvement of the truth, except killing the miller, and sending Henry to prison in fetters for the murder.

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With these slight advantages in point of effect the story found its way to the ears of Alexander Kinloch, just as he was in the act of punishing the sins and offences of a rotten grinder in the jaw-bone of a patient, by lugging out its guiltless neighbour, which being found and strong, and an useful servant withal, came so unwillingly out of his socket, that he brought part of it away with him as a proof of his attachment to his duty.

Alexander had a gift of foreseeing things after they had come to pass, which I take to be a true definition of the *second sight*; he therefore heard the tidings of Henry's fate with no other remark, than that he thought how it would be; but as the operation he was engaged in was a work of charity, and the patient of course not entitled to a grievance, he left him to reconcile himself to the mistake as he could, and retired into the kitchen, where old Bridget was occupied in her culinary concerns.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish, o' my conscience," cried Alexander, as he entered the kitchen. — "What's the matter with the fish?" replied Bridget, as she was flaying an eel; "I'm sure they are all leaping alive, and will hardly let me strip their skins off, foolish things, wreathing and wriggling about at such a rate." — "I told you how it would be," continued the prophet. — "I have no need to be told of that," quoth the dame; "they are always the plague of my life, teasing creatures!" — "When the Doctor brought this no-name fellow amongst us, I predicted what would follow, and now he has murdered a man, and must swing for it: Justice Blachford has sent him loaded with irons to the county gaol." — "What are you talking of?" cried Bridget, (laying down her knife, and leaving the poor eel under operation in much the

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the same mangled state as Alexander had left his patient) "is our young Henry a-going to be hang'd?" This drew forth the whole narrative, revised and corrected, with notes, and an ample commentary, by the editor, Alexander Kinloch. — "Well, for a certain," said Bridget, at the conclusion, "there was something in his look that boded ill luck, and now it is come out. As sure as can be, he'll be hang'd in chains at the door, and then who can live in the house, (not I for one) when he is dangling on a gibbet in full view of the windows?" Then, feigning to listen, she exclaimed, "Hark! sure I hear my mistress's bell," and immediately posted up stairs.

As soon as she set foot in her mistress's chamber she began — "What a terrible thing it is to take fellows into a house that nobody knows! Wou'd you believe it, Madam! this lad that master pick'd up at the statutes, and that kill'd miller Weevil's dog in such a barbarous fashion, has now kill'd young Tom, the owner of the dog." — "What do you tell me?" exclaimed Jemima. Susan was in the room, but struck with horror, stood in speechless amaze — "I tell you what is true," answered Bridget; "the murdered man is at this very moment lying stone dead at his full length upon the town-green; they say there was never beheld so shocking a spectacle: Kinloch saw him with his own eyes; and there are the poor unhappy father and mother weeping and wailing over the corpse, and tearing their hair off their heads for very madness. Every body says that the murderer will be hang'd at our door in chains, and that you know is a dismal sight, and will drive every soul, gentle and simple, from the house; but what can be done? the law will take its course, and Justice Blachford has pronounced sentence of death upon

him already, and sent him loaded with iron fetters, hand and foot, in a hangman's cart, to the county gaol."

Here Susan gave a deep sigh, sunk down upon a chair, pale as ashes, and threw her apron over her face.

"What ails the fool?" cried Jemima, "was he too one of your sweethearts, that you take on so about him? Can no young fellow show his face within the house, but you must be instantly laying out to make prize of him? I warrant you fancy yourself a beauty! a pretty fancy, truly! a precious conceit, o' my conscience! But hark ye, Bridget, you have not told me how this murder came to pass."—"Why, that's the worst part of the story," replied the news-carrier, "for every body allows that they quarrell'd about the dog, and that poor Tom Weevil spoke kindly and civilly to Henry, and wou'd fain have made it up with him, but all to no purpose; fight he would, and swore vehemently that he would have his blood; nothing less than his life would content him."—" 'Tis a lie as false as hell," cried Susan, bursting into a vehemence of speech; "Henry never swore; Henry never thirsted for blood; Henry never strove to take the life away even of a fly, much less of a fellow creature: if ever Heaven created a human being without fault or failing, Henry is that being; the kindest, gentlest, meekest, mercifullest!—Oh, Bridget, you must have a heart of stone to talk in such a stile!"

"How now, minx," cried Jemima; "who talks in a stile to be asham'd of but yourself? And how dare you, I would fain know, insult my ears with your blasphemous oaths and imprecations, telling the poor woman, before my face, that 'tis a lie as false as hell? Have a care what you say about

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about that place of torment; those who are so free to send others thither are generally the first to go to it themselves. I know you, hussy! I know you to be carnal-minded and void of grace; therefore begone, for I will harbour no such reprobates in my house!"

"I do not intend you shall, Madam," replied Susan, "so you may save yourself the trouble of warning me out of your service: you may give me what bad names you please; I hope my character will not depend upon your report; and though I may be void of grace in your way of thinking, I am not void of pity and compassion, which you seem to treat as folly and offence. When you say that you know me, Madam, you certainly mean to insinuate that you know more of me than is good and praise-worthy; permit me to say that I know you also; and though I am not bound to praise you, I shall never violate the duty of a servant by betraying you. As for all that Bridget has been telling you about Henry, I don't suppose she believes it herself; for nobody that had been half the time in his company that she has, short as that has been, could give credit to the tale that she has been relating; and I would only ask you, Madam, whether you considered him as a villain and a murderer when he attended upon you this morning with your medicine: I am pretty well convinc'd you did not treat him as such, nor shrink from his touch, as you would have done, had you thought there was an assassin at your bed side."

This was one more secret in Susan's bag than Jemima was aware of: for a short space her confusion robbed her of words; she even debated within herself whether she would not do well to make a quick turn, and compromise all differences; but before this resolution could be formed,
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the object of it was lost; Susan had vanished out of her sight like a spirit; passions stronger than interest had possession of her heart: indignation, terror, pity, love added wings to her speed, and she ran, or rather flew, to the fatal spot, where Bridget had laid the scene of her fable, resolute to sacrifice every worldly enjoyment, present or in prospect, rather than abandon Henry in his distress.

As she approached the town-green, where the tale-bearer had painted the horrid spectacle of the murdered man stretched on the earth, and surrounded by his weeping friends, her knees trembled under her, her heart palpitated, and her breath was lost: with difficulty she reached the dreaded spot, and eagerly cast her eyes around; but all was solitude and silence; the crowd had dispersed, the stocks were not within view, and nobody was stirring on the green; the prospect was auspicious to her hopes; the improbability of Bridget's report became more glaring, and her spirits gathered strength to support her on her way to the house of the Justice, where she assured herself, that either Henry would be found, or such intelligence obtained as she could depend upon.

Here then we shall leave her to her enquiries, and attend upon our hero in his misfortunes.

CHAPTER. IV.

A Key to unlock the Stocks.

WE now return to Henry, whom we left in a situation of security against escape, being fast locked by the leg, and side by side with his partner

partner in affliction, Bowsey; companions as ill matched as ever fortune brought together in the same predicament. Henry, all patience, unmoved by the mockeries and gibings of the mob, calm and collected; Bowsey, full of rancour and revenge, in sullen silence brooding on the horrid thoughts of robbery and murder, inspired into his mind not only by the menaces of Weevil, but by the sight of the money, which he ostentatiously displayed upon the challenge; at length, after a long meditation, turning a look, in which every evil passion was expressed, upon his partner in disgrace, he began to vent himself in the following manner:—"A pretty son of a b—ch of a justice, to lay us by the heels in this fashion for nothing at all! What have I done to be set in the stocks, whilst that rascally miller goes at large? but it is a true saying, that one man may better steal a horse than another look over a hedge. You would not be advis'd by me, or you would have done that cowardly sneaker's business in another guess way: a villain! to vapor over me; to threaten me with the gallows; but I'll be reveng'd of him before this night's at an end; if once I get my foot out of this hole, I'll be up with him, I warrant me; and if you'll stick by me, my hearty fellow, we'll give him something to remember us by, and be off to sea in a twinkling."

"I believe," replied Henry, "he has got enough to remember us by already; and I should guess he will have no stomach for a second trial of the same sort. If he had not put me out of all patience by his insolence, I would not have plied him with such hard blows, at least not in such dangerous places, be assur'd."

Bowsey here fixed his eyes upon Henry, and with a share of astonishment, exclaimed, "Pr'ythee, friend,

the object of it was lost; Susan had vanished out of her sight like a spirit; passions stronger than interest had possession of her heart: indignation, terror, pity, love added wings to her speed, and she ran, or rather flew, to the fatal spot, where Bridget had laid the scene of her fable, resolute to sacrifice every worldly enjoyment, present or in prospect, rather than abandon Henry in his distress.

As she approached the town-green, where the tale-bearer had painted the horrid spectacle of the murdered man stretched on the earth, and surrounded by his weeping friends, her knees trembled under her, her heart palpitated, and her breath was lost: with difficulty she reached the dreaded spot, and eagerly cast her eyes around; but all was solitude and silence; the crowd had dispersed, the stocks were not within view, and nobody was stirring on the green; the prospect was auspicious to her hopes; the improbability of Bridget's report became more glaring, and her spirits gathered strength to support her on her way to the house of the Justice, where she assured herself, that either Henry would be found, or such intelligence obtained as she could depend upon.

Here then we shall leave her to her enquiries, and attend upon our hero in his misfortunes.

CHAPTER. IV.

A Key to unlock the Stocks.

WE now return to Henry, whom we left in a situation of security against escape, being fast locked by the leg, and side by side with his partner

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partner in affliction, Bowsey; companions as ill matched as ever fortune brought together in the same predicament. Henry, all patience, unmoved by the mockeries and gibings of the mob, calm and collected; Bowsey, full of rancour and revenge, in sullen silence brooding on the horrid thoughts of robbery and murder, inspired into his mind not only by the menaces of Weevil, but by the sight of the money, which he ostentatiously displayed upon the challenge; at length, after a long meditation, turning a look, in which every evil passion was expressed, upon his partner in disgrace, he began to vent himself in the following manner:—"A pretty son of a b—ch of a justice, to lay us by the heels in this fashion for nothing at all! What have I done to be set in the stocks, whilst that rascally miller goes at large? but it is a true saying, that one man may better steal a horse than another look over a hedge. You would not be advis'd by me, or you would have done that cowardly sneaker's business in another guess way: a villain! to vapor over me; to threaten me with the gallows; but I'll be reveng'd of him before this night's at an end; if once I get my foot out of this hole, I'll be up with him, I warrant me; and if you'll stick by me, my hearty fellow, we'll give him something to remember us by, and be off to sea in a twinkling."

"I believe," replied Henry, "he has got enough to remember us by already; and I should guess he will have no stomach for a second trial of the same sort. If he had not put me out of all patience by his insolence, I would not have plied him with such hard blows, at least not in such dangerous places, be assur'd."

Bowsey here fixed his eyes upon Henry, and with a share of astonishment, exclaimed, "Prythee, friend,

friend, are you a quaker, or a methodist preacher? or, in the devil's name, what are you? for I cannot for the blood of me understand what you would be at. You don't seem to want mettle when you are put to it; but you talk as if you had no heart to revenge yourself upon an insulting rascal, who bullies you into fighting with him, and then claps you into the stocks for doing yourself justice. If you will put up with such things, I will not; I know him for a pitiful peaching rascal; that fellow has the spite of the devil in him; if he could, he would hang a man for only taking a gudgeon out of the water; a knave that goes prowling and lurching about all night to pick up informations for the justice, and that makes him such a favourite, forsooth, with his worship; but I'll favourite him if I catch him; I should think no more sin and shame of knocking him on the head, than I should in shooting a mad dog; for why? every body will allow that an informer is the vilest of wretches, and that it is as good a deed as to drink, to put such a villain out of the world.

"Hold there," cried Henry, interrupting him, "for if you know what you say, and mean to execute your threats, I shall not scruple to take upon myself that very character you hold in such abhorrence, and inform against you, as I would against any man whom I suspected of harbouring a design upon the life of a fellow creature: horrible idea! monstrous iniquity! to bear such devilish malice in your heart as to talk of revenging yourself upon this poor fellow by killing him, and that with as little remorse as you would destroy a mad dog, of all animals the most mischievous. Where can be your conscience to meditate upon such wickedness, though I am persuaded you have too much dread of the gallows to carry it into execution?"

execution? What, if he has done you an ill turn with the justice, cannot you forgive it like a christian? cannot you pass it off like a man? But are you sure you did not deserve to be informed against? If he caught you in any illegal practices, ought he not to put the laws in force against you? and which party is in the fault, you that break the laws, or he that enforces them? If the fish of the stream are private property, (which is more than I know) you perhaps knew better, and had no right to take them; in that case it was a robbery, and you subjected yourself to being punished as a pilferer and a thief. Perhaps it is his duty to protect the fishery from plunder; perhaps he is paid for guarding the water upon which he lives; and would you have a servant betray his trust, and turn accomplice with the thief that comes to rob his master? shame upon such principles! if these be the motives for your revenge, depend upon it, this punishment, which you are now suffering, will be the least, but not the last, that you are destined to."

"Damn you for a puritannical preaching son of a b—ch," cried Bowsey, in a rage; "is this your way of treating the only friend that stood by you, when no soul was on your side? Is it thus you serve me like a flincher as you are? For whose sake but your's, I would ask, am I in this hobble, with the devil to it? Who drew me into this pre-munire but yourself, and your curst, sneaking, half-begotten quarrel, when I stood forth on your side, and made you fight it out like a gentleman? Who provoked that thief of a miller to vent his spite upon me, and to threaten me with informations, but yourself? Didn't the blustering rascal draw out his purse in my very face, and throw it full of gold and silver on the table, purposely to vapour

vapour over me with his riches, and to shew me and every body else what he got by his pitiful trade of informing? And do you think any man living can bear such treatment from a purse-proud scrub like him? What do you take me to be? but it's no matter; I have done with you; I wash my hands of such a scurvy companion; I have stood up in your cause, when nobody else would; I have fought your battles, because I thought it the part of a man of honour to take the weaker side; and thus am I treated by you for it; but I am rightly served.—Honour and honesty are but names, and as for gratitude, damn me, if there is such a thing left amongst mankind.”

This dialogue would probably have been kept up some time longer, had it not been cut short by the intervention of a rescue in the person of the constable, accompanied by Susan, who came running out of breath to Henry, with the joyful tidings of his instant liberation. That generous youth had no sooner heard sentence of emancipation pronounced in his favour, and understood that it was not to extend to his fellow prisoner, than he absolutely protested against availing himself of it upon such partial terms. The constable stared with astonishment, and declared it to be a new case; that his powers extended no further than to the person of Henry; and that there must be a fresh application made to the justice, if he persisted in so unnatural a resolution.

“It may seem unnatural to you,” said Henry, “who, perhaps, are of the same opinion with my companion in disgrace, who asserts that there is no such thing as honour or gratitude left in the world; but as my ill fortune involved him in a punishment, that, in the present instance, he does not merit, I scorn to avail myself of any good fortune, wherein

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wherein he does not share; it is therefore to no purpose to unlock your stocks, for I shall sit with my foot in this hole so long as his remains imprisoned in the other, be it for what time it may."— Observing Susan to look disconsolate at these words, he added, "Don't suppose, Susan, I am the less sensible of your kindness, because I cannot profit by it on these conditions; be assured I receive it as a mark of your friendship and good opinion, which I shall ever gratefully bear in mind, whatever may befall me."

Susan turned aside to wipe away a tear, and at the same time Justice Blachford appeared in view on the other side of the green; for the stocks were so situated as to have the green in view, though not discoverable by Susan in her way to the Justice's house. That friendly girl had too much experience of Henry's inflexibility in points of honour not to despair of over-ruling it, so that she instantly set forth in pursuit of Blachford, to make a second effort on his heart, and finish the good work she had as yet but half accomplished. Whether she was indebted to his worship's humanity, or to her own address, for the ease with which she now obtained her suit for the release of both parties, we shall not at present divulge, but certain it is, that Henry's point of honour in stickling for his companion's release was, by circumstances which thereafter happened, employed as one amongst many reasons for involving him in the severest trial innocence could be exposed to.

As soon as Bowsey was set free, he reached his hand to Henry, gave him a hearty shake, and protested aloud with an oath, that he was a brave fellow, and staunch to his friend; adding, that he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and if he had said any thing to the contrary

trary in his passion, he was now convinced of his error, and was sorry for it; then tucking his cudgel under his arm, without a word to any other person present, silently marched away; the constable, with a significant shake of his head, muttering something to himself about evil company and the gallows, which seemed pointed equally at the party absent, and the party present.

There was a disorder in Susan's person and deportment that could not escape the notice of Henry; her dress dishevelled, her cheek flushed, her eyes red and swollen, every thing bespoke the trepidation of her mind. Impatient to be informed of Henry's real situation, she found occasion to put some questions to him in a whisper (for the crowd was now collecting about them) relative to his treatment of young Weevil; but what was her astonishment when she heard the truth expounded to her in a few words, and understood how grossly the affair had been exaggerated, not only by Kinloch and Bridget, but no less so by Blachford himself, who had set it forth to her in most dark and dismal colours: "Oh! the villain! the base treacherous villain!" she exclaimed with uplifted hands and eyes. But now the villagers had got round them in considerable numbers, and kept a watchful eye upon every motion of Susan, whose anxiety for Henry's liberation had roused both their curiosity and suspicion; for as this girl was a poor woman's daughter of the same parish, and had been raised from a very lowly station to such an one, as enabled her to set off a very pretty form in smart and elegant apparel, she had many enviers amongst her own sex, who were ready prepared to let loose the venom of their tongues upon her. This was well understood by Henry, who resolved, if possible, to disappoint their malice, and there-

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fore kept such a guard over his behaviour towards his benefactress, as should afford no grounds for their censure. He therefore declined her invitation to her mother's cottage, and would not enter into any private conversation, notwithstanding all her hints and contrivances for drawing him aside, contenting himself with general expressions of thankfulness, which he took care should be heard by all about him; and though the prudence of this reserve did not meet the warmth of Susan's heart, yet it was well calculated to save her from the taunts of her neighbours: awed as she was by the distance of his behaviour, knowing withal the firmness of his resolutions, she suffered him to leave her without any other effort to detain him than what was expressed in the silent sorrows of the eyes.

He was now once more cast upon the world a helpless solitary wanderer, not knowing whither to direct his steps, nor where to resort for a livelihood by the labour of his hands. A stranger to the country, he knew no road, but that he had passed over to and from the town where Doctor Cawdle had hired him. Resolute to remain no longer in the house with Jemima, he was no less determined not to expose the reasons he had for quitting it. To the neighbouring market-town he therefore proposed to bend his course; from thence he could write a few lines to his master, by way of farewell, and in thankfulness for his favours; there also he had hopes of falling in with some recruiting party in which he might enlist. The pittance he had in his pocket did not promise him any long support, yet it sufficed to keep immediate distress out of sight.

As Zachary's house was by the road side, he took a circuit through the fields, at the back of it,

it, and as he was on his way, chance (whether good or ill, time may reveal) threw him upon the very spot, where Susan was sitting at the root of a tree, in a most solitary place and disconsolate attitude, giving vent to her tears, and meditating upon the very object who now stood before her.

Henry well knew the interest he had in her thoughts; and those reasons that would have led a man of less delicate principles to throw himself in her way, operated upon him for avoiding her. In the present case, this was impossible; surprised into an interview, and in a place where their conference seemed secure from observation, he neither attempted, nor probably had at that moment a wish to escape from her.

CHAPTER V.

An Opportunity not improved.

“**A**H! Henry,” cried Susan, rising from her seat, and casting a tender melancholy look upon him, “how cou’d you be so cruel as to quit me without a word? Am I so indifferent to you, or has my anxiety for your safety made me troublesome? I perceive you are even now uneasy in my company; and ’tis clear that I am indebted to mere accident for meeting you at all.”—She then proceeded to tell him that she had left her service, and repeated the substance of her last altercation with her mistress, which led to that event; she dwelt much upon the shock she had received by Bridget’s aggravated account; nor did she spare for reproaches against Blachford on the like account,

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count, who had tortured her feelings for the mean purpose of enhancing the merit of setting him at liberty.—“But all these sorrows,” added she, “put together, are little to what I suffer’d, when you coldly turn’d your back upon me in the face of the whole village.”—“For that very reason,” replied Henry, “and for that only, because it was in the face of the whole village, I did a violence to myself, rather than expose you to their malice. Think not I can be so ungrateful as to slight your kindness; but when you consider the disgraceful situation, in which you found me, and from which you reliev’d me, you cannot wonder if I was cautious of letting you appear any otherwise interested than in common charity for so mean an object. Recollect, Susan, your advantages over these people in point of person and appearance, and then judge what their envy and ill-nature would have prompted them to say, had I not had the resolution to withstand your flattering advances, and put a force upon myself, by treating you with a cold and distant regard.”

“That is very easy to do,” replied Susan, “when the regard is really cold and distant;—but suppose that I were not indifferent to you; grant for a moment that you was as kind-hearted towards me, as I am disposed to be to you, cou’d you have done as you did?—nay, put the case that you lik’d me only half as well as I like you, Henry, then let me ask you, if you wou’d, if you cou’d, have slighted my advances, though every soul in the village had been present at our meeting?”

Susan, now covered with blushes, hung her head, whilst Henry was little less embarrassed than herself. After a short silence, recollecting himself, and stepping back a few paces, with a serious tone and countenance, he spoke as follows:—“I perceive,

perceive, Susan, that you and I had better shorten this conversation, and part, without explaining more of our sentiments for each other, than is consistent with discretion, and a prudent regard to our respective situations. You, thank Heaven! are not the destitute unfriended creature that I am; the child of mystery and misfortune; the very outcast, as it should seem, of creation. Though you have quitted a profitable establishment upon principle, you are known in the neighbourhood, and your character will recommend you to no worse a service than you have left: I am a stranger, and must wander over the earth, wherever these feet, which you have delivered from the stocks, can carry me, in search of a precarious maintenance, unless some friendly serjeant will equip me with a musket."—Susan started at the word.—Henry proceeded—"Nay, my dear girl, don't be surpris'd, that I prefer the humblest station in his majesty's service to that of being the despicable favourite of our abandon'd mistress. Where can I now resort for another service? Can I step out of the stocks into a gentleman's family? Who will receive a nameless vagrant with a suspected character? I conjure you, therefore, not to waste a thought upon me: for such misfortunes as affect myself alone I am prepar'd; but were I to involve a friend in the same troubles with myself, it would be such a state of misery as I could not stand under."

This was too much for the soft heart of Susan to support: hurried away by the impulse of her affections, and melted by the looks and language of Henry, she fell upon his neck, and burst into an agony of tears: agitated at once by the passions of love and pity, and never practis'd to disguise her feelings, she gave a loose to her fond affliction, generously

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generously declaring that she was ready to meet any difficulties or distresses for his sake; and that, having now quitted her service, she had the world before her, and was as much to seek for a settlement as himself. She next produced her stock of money, which amounted to little less than twenty pounds, and tendering it to him, said, "Look, Henry, here is our joint stock; take it, and dispose of it as our occasions may require; here is enough, you see, to keep off want for a while, 'till we can settle ourselves to our content in some decent family, where we may both find places, and by our joint earnings support ourselves comfortably, and be happy in each other. Oh! my dear Henry, let us never part."

As she spoke these words, she pressed him in her arms. Henry, no less sensibly affected by the generosity of the speech, than by the tender action which accompanied it, had no small struggle within himself, before he found power and resolution to answer as follows:—"Let us recollect ourselves, my dear Susan, and before we yield to passion, hear what reason and discretion say. Your purse, in the first place, I will not touch: the earnings of your industry shall not be applied to my necessities, whilst I have limbs to labour; no distress, that I can singly suffer, wou'd be half so insupportable to me, as the remorse of making you a sacrifice to my misfortunes: let not, therefore, your tender heart be wounded; think me not insensible either to your kindness or your charms, when I declare to you, that in my present circumstances, no power on earth, not even these endearments, so delightful to me and so flattering as they are, can prevail over my self-denial, or betray me into a dishonest gratification of my own interest at the expence of your's; neither will I yield to desires,

desires, however urgent, or opportunities, however tempting, to abuse your confidence and ensnare your virtue. No, my dear girl, this proof of love you have given me, this fair confession, and these affectionate caresses, are pledges for the security of my honour and your innocence, which I will never violate; but though I am certain nothing can debase me to such villainy as I shou'd be guilty of, were I to act contrary to this resolution, yet, as it is a principle that requires no small share of self-command to adhere to, tempt me not any further, I implore you, but generously assist me to conquer my sensibility, by restraining your own."

"Then I am indeed a wretched and forsaken creature," cried Susan, "and life is no longer worth preserving: oh Henry, you have destroyed me!"—"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted youth, "what wou'd you have me do or say to put your heart at rest?"—"Love me as I love you," she replied, "and let us never part; for if you forsake me, I think I cannot survive your cruelty."—"Call me not cruel," he rejoined, "because I am not base enough to avail myself of your generosity, by involving you in circumstances that you cannot fail to regret, when you shall be more capable of reflection than you are at present. Can I give a stronger proof of my esteem, than by taking more care of you than you are disposed to take of yourself? What but misery can ensue from your attachment to a wretched thing like me? Believe me, Susan, there are insuperable objections to our lawful alliance; I cannot marry, and I will not betray you."—Here Susan fetched a deep sigh, and looked earnestly in his face.—"Do not urge me for my reasons," he added, "I must not reveal them; and let it satisfy you, that they are not to be surmounted. it shou'd seem to me that I am
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doom'd to be a solitary wanderer in darkness and obscurity that I cannot penetrate. You started at my saying I wou'd take a musket; what else can I do? Hitherto I have been in two services only, and in both unfortunate. Whither am I next to go? My education has not trained me to any art or handicraft: I have strength indeed for daily labour, but I am a stranger to the practice of it: I can neither wield a flail, nor hold the plough. I have pass'd my days in such tranquillity and retirement from the world, that every scene of active life, much more every trial of adversity, is new to me, and strange. I was never taught to be a servant, and those things which coarser natures are enured to bear, my spirit indignantly revolts from. A man should be made flexible by education before he can submit to be the slave of such a mistress as our doctor's wife. I wou'd starve rather than stoop to her unwarrantable humours; neither cou'd I endure to truckle to such a wretch as Blachford, though my life was in his hands. One friend only I have chanc'd upon in my misfortunes, and that friend by nature the most generous and affectionate, is by her sex, her youth, her beauty and condition, more expos'd to danger, and more in need of protection, than even I myself am. How then ought I to conduct myself towards that tender and too generous friend? ought I to strip her of the little means she has put together as a security against distress? ought I, like a traitor, to steal into her honest unsuspecting heart, and rob it of its innocence and peace? shou'd I take that hand, which I cannot honourably join to mine, and lead her by it into misery and ruin? may Heaven renounce me if I do!"

The look, the action and energy of voice, with which these concluding words were accompanied,

awed the fond afflicted damsel into silence and submission; she drooped her head and wept: the piteous manner of it was more than eloquence; even the firm heart of virtue yielded to a momentary weakness, which nature seized the instant to indulge; he cast a look of tenderness upon her, sighed, and threw his arms about her neck. In the same moment, a shout, or rather yell, of drunken villagers assailed his ears; he sprung with horror and alarm from her embrace, looked eagerly around him, and soon, with infinite regret, perceived that he had been discovered by a party of fellows from an adjoining field, who had set up a cry, or kind of view-holla in token of what they had seen. This unmanly triumph stung him to the quick, and the more so as he perceived it was the party of his antagonist the miller, whose person he distinguished amongst them. His apprehension for Susan's reputation, thus exposed to their malignant raillery, was his chief concern; but on this score she endeavoured to relieve his anxiety, by repeatedly assuring him, that she held their malice in perfect contempt, being determined also upon quitting the village immediately, and seeking a service elsewhere: she told him it was her purpose to walk to the market-town, where he had first met Zachary, and where she had an uncle, who followed the trade of a barber, and was well known, and in good esteem in the place: she pressed him so earnestly to meet her there, that he could not get released from her solicitations, till he had made her that promise, which, having done, and given his hand in pledge and assurance of his faithful performance of it, he was unwillingly let to depart, and immediately set forward towards the party, who had annoyed him by their shouts, and by whom, in delicacy to Susan,

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CHAPTER VI.

He that won't take Caution, must take Consequences.

WHILST Henry was following a foot-path across the enclosures that led him the way which the miller and his comrades had taken, he saw a man at some distance, whom he perceived to be his friend Bowsey, loitering about the side of a coppice; the sight of him in such a place, and certain symptoms that betrayed no good design, brought to Henry's recollection the menaces he had reproved him for venting against Weevil, when they were fellow-prisoners in the stocks. He kept his eye upon him till he saw him creep into the wood, and he then bethought himself that it might not be an unnecessary precaution to furnish himself with some weapon of defence, in case he should fall in either with Bowsey or the hostile party, for his suspicions of his former friend were now become not less unfavourable than what he entertained of his avowed enemies. With this intent he had singled a stout stem of a crab-tree in the hedge; but upon applying to his pocket for his knife to cut it off, he recollected with much regret that he had entrusted it to Bowsey's keeping, and had forgotten to demand it of him after the fight was over. This knife had been the gift of a friend; a plate of silver was inlaid upon the hilt, and the word *Henry* at full length engraven on it. It was furnished with a long and pointed

blade, and was as formidable a weapon in the hand of a villain as a villain could desire. He had every reason to wish it back again in his own possession, and therefore took the straitest course towards the gap in the coppice, where he had observed Bowsey to enter.

In the way thither, and when he had approached near the place, where a narrow path led to a stile at the entrance of the coppice, he chanced upon young Weevil, the miller, who had parted from his comrades and was on his way to the mill, which laid not many furlongs on the other side of the coppice in question. Henry, observing that his head was bound about with a handkerchief, very civilly enquired after his hurt, expressing his regret for the severe blow he had dealt him, protesting that he had not struck in malice or with an intent to maim him. A short and surly answer was all that Henry gained by this friendly address; yet he proceeded to caution Weevil against Bowsey, and to give him some intimations of what had escaped from that revengeful fellow, whilst he was sitting by him in the stocks: he told him that he verily believed he harboured mischief in his heart against him, that he had seen him prowling about the skirts of the wood, that he had entered it a few minutes before over the stile which Weevil had to pass; and as he knew him to be armed with a dangerous weapon, he recommended to him either to go home by another way, or to accept of him as a companion through the coppice.

"Accept of you!" cried the miller, "no, truly I want no such scurvy companion to go with me: keep your distance, and let me have none of your cant, for I don't believe there is the value of a rope's end to choose between your friend and you; therefore march off, if you please, take your

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your own course, and leave me to follow mine: one at a time, and I fear neither of you; but before I pass this stile, let me see you out of reach, and I'll stand to consequences for what may follow."—"Go your way, then," replied Henry, "for I see you are incorrigible; only remember I have given you warning, and am clear in conscience." This said, he turned aside, and was out of sight in a minute.

Weevil paused a while; then, grasping his cudgel, nimbly vaulted over the stile and entered the coppice. A narrow winding path led through the underwood, which was thick and over grown, so as to make his passage somewhat difficult; when, as he was putting aside the hazel-boughs with his hand, a violent stroke on the head brought him instantly to the ground: it was from the hand of the villain Bowsey, who in the same moment springing upon him, and making a thrust at him with his knife, began to rifle him of the canvas bag, which he had so idly displayed in the ale-house, and which was probably the chief incentive to the murderous assault, though it must be owned the rancour of the wretch's heart was black enough, without a provocative, to undertake any infamous act of malice and revenge.

Henry, in the mean time, whom the sullenness of Weevil's manners could not divest of anxiety for his life, heard the stroke as he was still hovering near the spot, for his mind augured mischief. Without a moment's hesitation he rushed into the coppice, and forcing his way through it with a rapidity no obstacles could impede, unarmed as he was, leapt suddenly upon the assassin, seizing him by the throat with one hand, whilst with the other he wrenched the bloody knife out of his grasp, which, together with the canvas bag, and the money

money it contained, fell upon the ground. Apprehensive that the robber might recover the knife, he took occasion in the struggle to possess himself of it again; but whilst he was stooping for this purpose, one hand only being employed in holding Bowsey, the sturdy villain seized the moment for escape, and with a sudden jerk extricated himself from his hold, and fled for life. The exertion Bowsey had made in getting loose was so violent as to cause Henry to step back some paces, who, in his struggle to keep his legs, received so severe a sprain in his ankle, that he became incapable of pursuing him. Sick and pale as ashes with the acuteness of the pain, he stood still to recover himself; a faint cold sweat burst out all over him; at his feet lay the body of Weevil, apparently without life, and bleeding from the side, where the stab had been given him; in the hand of Henry was the bloody knife, and upon the ground the canvas bag; the pockets of the plundered man were rifled, and turned inside out.

In this suspicious posture, and at this very moment, almost fainting with what he suffered, and horror-struck with what he looked upon, our ill-starred hero found himself on the sudden violently seized by the whole party whom he had first despised in Weevil's company, and who now, with one voice, pronounced him guilty of the horrid act. The vehemence with which they sprung upon him brought him to the ground, and in his fall gave him such intolerable anguish, that had they been disposed to listen to his defence, which they were not, he was in no capacity of making it. At length, however, he summoned strength and resolution enough to tell them in few words that his hurt was got in the defence, and not in the assault of the wounded man; that Bowsey was the assassin,

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assassin, and, pointing to the way by which he had run off, earnestly recommended them to set out in pursuit of him.—“ You are in the right of that,” quoth one of them, “ for then you will be off, and so we shall lose you both; as for your sprained ankle, I take it to be a mere sham, so get up, and come along with us to the Justice’s.” This said, they raised him on his feet; and now it must be confessed the figure he exhibited, sprinkled with the blood of the wounded man, the fatal knife in his hand, and his looks ghastly and full of horror, was such as might fairly have staggered minds more equitably disposed than their’s. They had seen him fighting with Weevil, and it was on all hands concluded that malice and revenge had spurred him on, jointly with Bowsey, to perpetrate the bloody deed. Nobody, however, thought of stirring a step in pursuit of Bowsey; contented with their capture, they held him fast, whilst one ran to the mill with the dismal tidings, and all seemed to forget that any attention was to be given to poor Weevil, who to all appearance seemed to be in a state that needed little other service than that of burial.

The main object with the whole posse, appeared to be that only of guarding one disabled man, incapable of escape, which they now manfully set about with no small noise and clamour, hauling him along, though in racking pain, without stop or stay, to the house of the worshipful Justice Blachford, of whom in this place we shall take occasion, with the reader’s leave, to premise a few particulars, introductory of a character, who has no slight part to sustain in this important history.

CHAPTER VII.

A Man may be led to act mercifully upon evil Motives.

ROBERT Blachford, Esquire, who has already been slightly introduced to our readers, was proprietor of a small estate in the village where he resided, which he had lately purchased of the distressed survivor of a family, very antient in the county, and once very respectable. He was rich in money, close in his œconomy, and unencumbered with wife or relations: in his genealogy he was not to be traced any otherwise than by conjecture, it being natural to suppose that he had a father, grandfather, and so upwards, through as many generations as his neighbours, who had kept a better account of them: All that the world in general knew of him was, that he had made a fortune in the island of Jamaica from a very abject station in society, and that his familiars in that quarter of the globe pretty generally complimented him with the stile and title of *Bloody Bob Blachford*.

He was now perhaps fifty years of age or more, of a stout athletic make, with a swarthy atrabilious complexion, strongly leaning towards the cast of the mulatto, with all his passions hot and fiery as indulgence could make them, cunning and self-interested, fawning to his superiors, arbitrary over those he could oppress, unforgiving and unfeeling. As neither his manners nor morals spoke much in his favour, he had been little noticed by any of the neighbouring gentry, till in a recent contest for the county he became so active an agent for the candidate he espoused, and thereby recommended himself so effectually to the leading friends of

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of the party, that he obtained the honour of having the name of Robert Blachford, Esquire, inserted in the commission of the peace, and with very little legal qualification for the office, but great zeal to make himself a man of consequence in the country, he had taken out his *dedimus*.

Before we present our hero at the tribunal of this worshipful distributor of justice, amongst whose failings certainly weak pity had no place, it may be necessary to account for a seeming contradiction to this remark, exemplified in his late treatment of our aforesaid hero, who had escaped out of his hands with a much slighter chastisement, than could be expected from so rigorous a magistrate: but though mercy was not predominant in the heart of Blachford, there was a certain passion in that region, which we cannot dignify by the name of love, and will not stain our page by affixing to it the real title which it merits. Now this passion had a great deal to say in the cabinet councils of Blachford's bosom; it could very easily make him resort to every species of treachery to compass its indulgence; it could even untie his purse-strings in some cases, where nothing else would serve the turn, and now and then (as in the instance alluded to) has been known to put a violence on his nature, by forcing him into measures that had an outward resemblance to charity and forgiveness.

Susan May, as we have before hinted, was eminently endowed with those powers and capacities, that are requisite to put the aforesaid nameless passion of Blachford's into a state of high activity and effervescence; she had also, as our readers must have discovered, a large portion of benevolence, and though this was a pleader, singly considered, that he would have turned a deaf ear to from the bench, yet when seconded by beauty like her's, it could convert a desperate cause into a

good one. Blachford had seen Henry, as our history has related, and neither from the survey of his person, nor from the circumstances of the interview, had he received any such impressions as were likely to favour a suit undertaken in his behalf; when Susan, therefore, betrayed such anxiety and solicitude for his sake, and earnestly demanded a release from the ignominious confinement he was in, the Justice held the balance between two opposing passions with so even a hand, that it was a long while doubtful whether her charms or his jealousy would turn the scale. Nothing could so gall his pride, as her zealous importunity for a rival whom he dreaded and abhorred, but the terror she was in for his safety added such expression to her features, that though they hurt her argument they advanced her suit. Blachford painted the case in such aggravated colours, as alarmed her to the height; and as he took care to insinuate that no hand but his could snatch her favourite object from his danger, the insidious villain secured to himself an interest from her fears, that his whole fortune perhaps could not have purchased from her favours. The bribe of rescuing her beloved Henry, was the only bribe she could not resolutely withstand. Blachford stated that the life of Weevil was in danger, that it was his duty as a magistrate to keep the assailant in safe hold, and he must absolutely commit him to prison, there to abide the issue; that to gratify her partiality for a worthless fellow, by letting him loose upon society, would be a stretch of power on his part, that would put his reputation to risque, and perhaps be attended with very serious consequences; nevertheless, he was ready to run all hazards for her sake, could he but find her disposed to make any return on her part for such services.

services. To this she replied, that all the return in her power to make was gratitude; and of this he might be assured, she would never fail to bear his favour in remembrance.

Gratitude, he observed to her, was so mere a burden to a generous mind, that she would do well to avail herself of the power she had to balance the account at once by favours, which he had long solicited in vain, though he had strove to merit them by constant attention to her, and frequent gratuities to her indigent mother. To this she replied, with proper spirit, that she was persuaded, if her mother, poor as she was, could suspect his kindness to her was only a cover for designs upon her daughter, she would spurn such favours, and despise him for his baseness; adding, that she was no less sure, that such would be the sentiments of the unhappy youth now in his power, did he suspect that his safety was to be purchased by the sacrifice of her person.

"Then keep your person," cried Blachford sullenly, "and let him keep his prison: let him rot, starve, and perish in his straw!"—"Oh horrible!" she exclaimed, "what terrors do you give me! must he suffer this, when I can redeem him? What is it I must do? what are the torments I must suffer to save him?"—"Don't talk of torments," replied the filthy satyr, forcing his savage visage into a smile, "when every thing that money can purchase shall be yours; all the fine things that my purse can procure to set you off; you shall be no longer a servant, but live at your ease and be the envy of every body, so kind will I be to you, and so handsome the style in which I will maintain you."

Here he began to make certain familiar overtures, which she put aside, saying in a peremptory tone,

tone, "Set your prisoner free in the first place; give immediate orders for his release, and let me see him safe and at liberty; 'tis the only favour you can grant me."—With this she turned from him as if to leave the room, when Blachford nimbly interposed, and bolting the door, caught her with a ferocious kind of extacy in his arms; the manner of it more resembled the assault of a ruffian than the caresses of a lover; his age, his person, his black and merciless visage were calculated to inspire terror and disgust: such was the effect they had upon the present object of his desires, who instantly set up a scream so loud and shrill, that it echoed through the house. Had the scene of this rencontre been a solitude, Blachford's courage would most probably have been proof against the outcry; but situated as he now was, in the midst of habitations, with the cottage of Susan's mother near adjoining, the alarm became serious, and to persist was to expose himself to public disgrace. Frighted for his reputation, thought in principle unreformed, he instantly let loose his victim, and fell to intreaties and apologies, begging her to be silent, and promising to comply with her request on the spot, if she would only assure him of keeping secret what had passed. There was enough in Susan's keeping, of which the reader shall hereafter be informed, besides this affair, to have put his reputation, if not his life, at her mercy; we need not wonder therefore if he was glad to seal a peace, and send the constable to release his prisoner in the manner already related.

CHAPTER VIII.

Innocence may, by Circumstances, assume the Appearance of Guilt.

• **T**O the worshipful personage, whom we have been describing, our hero was now carried, and arraigned by the joint evidence of all who had been present at his seizure. The knife was produced, which, upon interrogation, he acknowledged to be his property, stamped with his name. The canvas purse was exhibited, which the witnesses testified to have been taken by Weevil out of his pocket in the ale-house kitchen in presence of the prisoner, and its contents displayed upon the table. The quarrel he had had with the wounded man was notorious to the whole village, and the language Bowsey had addressed to him upon their being freed from the stocks, was perfectly well remembered: the very attitude, in which he was discovered, standing over the body, sprinkled with blood, pale and ghastly, and confused, with every other circumstance that could corroborate suspicion, were stated and described. It was not denied but that Bowsey's disappearance made it highly probable he was an accomplice in the act, which was the rather credited from the conversation above alluded to; and orders were in consequence given for a pursuit, which however were better heard than obeyed, several persons undertaking it, but none setting out upon the errand.

Hitherto the prisoner had not opposed a word to the ceaseless torrent of accusation, that had been poured upon him. The clerk had been
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busied in minuting down the depositions, and the Justice was preparing to make out his commitment; when, taking up the knife, and shewing it to the prisoner, he said, "You acknowledge this knife to be your property?"—"I do," replied Henry—"And with this knife the stab was given to the unhappy man, whose life has probably been sacrificed thereby—With that very knife the deed was done, but not by my hand."—"I understand you," said the Justice, "but for that we shall not take your word; he that does not scruple to commit a murder, will not hesitate to advance a falsehood in his defence."—"True," replied Henry; "but if the wounded man is alive and in his senses, I refer myself to him; let him be my witness, I have none other, except my conscience and my God."—"Mighty well," cried the Justice; "that we shall enquire into hereafter."—Here several voices cried out that the man was dead, others said he was insensible, but nobody was dispatched to make enquiry.—"Your christian name, I perceive," quoth the Justice, "is engraved upon the knife-handle; and what other name do you answer to?"—"I beg leave to decline answering that question," replied the prisoner. "How!" exclaimed Blachford with a voice of authority, "not tell your name, fellow! I would have you to know the law will force you to declare it; the thumb-screw will wring it from you. Hark'ye, clerk, turn to the book, and tell this contumacious fellow what the statute enacts in the case of not declaring his name. The clerk now whispered his worship, and probably informed him that there was no provision to enforce an absolute declaration of his name. The Justice next demanded the condition of his parents, where he was born, and to what place he belonged?—"Those questions," answered

answered he, "I must in like manner decline, for no torture can force me to disclose what I do not know."—"Heyday!" cried the Justice, "you do not know who were your parents, nor where you was born, nor what place you belong to?"—"I told your worship," said one who was the chief spokesman of the party who apprehended him, "that he was a vagabond and a no-nation rascal, when I informed against him for his assault upon poor Tom Weevil on the Town-Green; he would then have murdered him, had not your worship stepped in as you did: I wish to Heaven, when you had him in the stocks, you had kept him there, and not have let that wench Sukey May, who is no better than she should be, have prevailed upon you to release him."

The magistrate reddened at this retort, and was evidently disconcerted. Henry took the opportunity to say, "that he desired that young woman, whom the witness was pleased to describe as no better than she should be, might be summoned, as he believed she would have something to depose in his exculpation, which might tend to solve the appearances that were against him, and corroborate the defence he was prepared to make."

"Aye, aye!" rejoined the aforesaid spokesman, "there is no doubt but that hussy will speak to your character, if she is called upon; for, please your worship, I myself, and these men with me, saw that very wench and this fellow in close quarters together under a hedge, hugging and kissing after a fine fashion; so that there is no question but what one says, t'other will swear to; besides," added he, "Sukey May has run away from her service and fled the parish, which, I believe, you will find to be the case, if your worship thinks fit to enquire of her late mistress, Madam Cawdle."

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The Justice did not wish to make any enquiries of or about Susan May, who probably was the very last person living he at this moment wished to see, or even to be named in his hearing; he therefore briefly observed to the spokesman, that what he had been saying was irrelevant; and turning to the prisoner, demanded if he could call any other witness in his defence. "If Thomas Weevil be yet living," said Henry, "I appeal to him; his testimony alone can clear the fact; if he is no more, or incapable of giving evidence, and if Bowsey, the sole perpetrator of the deed, has escaped, I must rest my defence upon my own single account of the transaction, corroborated, however, by the evidence that Susan May can give of certain circumstances antecedent to it."—"We have heard enough of those certain circumstances," quoth the Justice—whereupon, rising from his chair with much solemnity, and fixing a stern look upon the prisoner, he demanded of him what else he had to offer, before he proceeded to fulfil the duties of his office, by committing him to prison. "I again desire," replied Henry, "that resort may be immediately had to the wounded man; providentially it may so happen, that neither the blow he received on the head by the bludgeon of the robber, nor the stab in his side, are mortal, or, if mortal, not so immediate as to disqualify him from performing one act of justice before he leaves the world, that of saving the reputation and perhaps the life, of an innocent man, who has fallen into this peril by standing forth in his rescue and defence. If I am to be deprived of this appeal, which I hold to be my right, I am still prepared to account for every circumstance that appears to make against me; and if that fails me, ultimately I am provided against the worst that can befall me, for

for God and my own conscience will acquit me; they are my witnesses, and will testify that I am guiltless."

"How dare you, impious wretch as you are," cried the Justice, "to use the name of God in my hearing, before whom you stand accused of murder, and apprehended in the very act, as I may say, by these men, who are credible witnesses and depose against you? And you truly to talk of conscience! who, if you had such a thing belonging to you, or any remorse at heart for the heinous crime you have committed, would ere now have made confession of your guilt, and invoc'd the punishment it merits, seeing you have no one word to offer in your defence, nor any creature to appeal to but a wretch, who is your accomplice, and an unhappy girl, whom there is too much reason to fear you have ruined and seduced, which, though it falls not within the present charge against you, is a crime that cannot be spoken of without horror. And now, having examined you touching the felony in question, and taken in writing the information of those who apprehended you, I shall proceed to commit you to prison for safe custody, the offence of which you are charged being of a capital nature, and in which bail is ousted by statute: your sureties, therefore, must be the four walls of the prison and none else: there you must lie till the next county assizes, when you shall be arraigned before the court upon the inquisition of the coroner.. It now remains that I say something to you upon the strong evidence of the circumstances, in which you was apprehended, and of the heinous nature of the act, of which you stand charged; and this I shall do the rather, because there seems a hardened insensibility and impenitence about you, which are shocking to all
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here present. The crime of deliberate and wilful murder, whereof you are accused, is a crime, from which the heart of man starts with horror, and revolts, and which throughout the world is punished with death. This unhappy object, whom you have sent unprepared to his account, was found by these people present; mortally stabbed to the heart; the fatal weapon, bathed in his blood, was in your hand; a knife of a dangerous and unlawful construction, which you admit to be your property, and bearing your christian name upon the handle, though of any other name that belongs to you, you contumaciously refuse to make discovery, a circumstance, let me observe to you, of a very suspicious aspect. The pockets of the deceased had been rifled, and his purse, containing money to no small amount, was found; not indeed in your hands, but within your reach and under your eye; certain it is, it had been ravished from him by violence, and the presumption is, that it was your purpose to rob as well as murder, but that being surprized unawares, you had not yet actually possessed yourself of the spoils which had tempted you to that horrid act. It has been objected to me by one now present, that I was too lenient in releasing you so easily from the temporary confinement I inflicted upon you, when you broke the peace by an unprovoked and violent assault upon the unhappy party, now no more: to this I reply, that I rather wish I had abstained from punishing at all in the first instance, apprehending, as I do, that your vindictive and cruel rage against the aforesaid party was probably inflamed and aggravated to the height of murder by that very punishment you had on his account incurred, slight as it was. You have, or affect to have, received an injury by a sprain; if so, I must observe that it is but one amongst

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amongst a cloud of circumstances, that bear against you; for what so natural as that a strong and vigorous youth, like Thomas Weevil, should make a struggle for his life, and that you in the assault should not escape unhurt, though fatally too successful in the perpetration of your inhuman purposes? The youth, who fell under your deadly stroke, liv'd amongst us, his neighbours, in good repute, an honest, unoffending, peaceable lad, the son of an industrious father, whose tears are now watering his breathless corpse, and whose cries are sent up to the throne of justice against you his murderer."

Whilst the Justice was uttering these words, the countenance of Henry turned deadly pale, and giving a sigh, he cast up his eyes and fell backwards in a swoon. Though he was surrounded by the men who had apprehended him, there was not one who moved a hand to save him, so that he came with his whole weight upon the floor, where he laid, stretcht at his length, insensible, and to appearance dead. The justice started from his seat, and exclaimed, "Behold, conviction upon the face of it! My words have reached his heart! conscience has smitten him at last, obdurate as he was!"

The triumph of eloquence was painted in his countenance, and he looked around him, as if to demand the tribute of applause from all who had heard him.

CHAPTER IX.

Audi alteram Partem.

THE guiltless prisoner, who had fainted with the agony of his sprain, encreased by standing so long in presence of the Justice, soon recovered, and with the assistance of the by-standers was raised from the floor; he was now indulged with a seat, being unable to keep his legs, and in this posture requested leave to say a few words for himself before he was dismissed to prison.

He began by accounting for his swoon from the natural cause, asserting that it was in his struggle with the assassin, whom he knew only by the name of Bowsey, that he got his hurt; that it was then he wrenched from him the bloody knife found in his hand, which he acknowledged to be his own, explaining how it came to be in Bowsey's possession, when he emptied his pockets before he set to with Weevil on the green: to this fact he feared he had no witness, as no one else would assist or come near him on that occasion. "Hard indeed, is my case," said he, "in this particular, who have none to bear evidence to so material a circumstance but a guilty wretch, who is fled from justice, and whom this hurt which I received disabled me from pursuing."

Here Blachford appealed to the by-standers, if there was any one present who could bear witness to the prisoner's delivery of the knife to Bowsey. The answer was loud and general in the negative. "Then let us have no more arguing on that point," added he, "we shall not take the fact on your single assertion."—"I have done," replied the prisoner; "God knows I speak the truth."

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There was a person amongst the crowd, who had been a silent observer of all that passed, and now stepped forward with much gravity, crying out in an authoritative tone, "I conjure you, Worshipful Sir, for the love of God, and by your duty as a magistrate, sitting here to administer impartial justice to the accused no less than to the accusers, that you suffer the prisoner to proceed in his defence, nay, verily, that you encourage and provoke him thereunto."

This person, by name Ezekiel Daw, was one of those itinerant apostles called Methodists, who preach *sub dio* to the country folks out of trees, and being a man strong in zeal and loud of lungs, was followed with great avidity: his appeal was not unattended to, and the prisoner was ordered to proceed in his defence.

"I must ever lament," resumed Henry, "my neglect in forgetting to demand of Bowsey the fatal instrument I had intrusted to his keeping; but when these facts shall be investigated at a superior tribunal, and I am brought to the bar to plead for my life, I shall call upon these men who now depose against me, to declare upon their oaths, whether they discovered any other weapon in my hand, save only the knife I had recovered from the assassin."

The Justice here put the question to the parties, who jointly answered, that they did not observe any other weapon which the prisoner had. "And what need is there of any other," replied the Justice, "seeing that the mortal stab was given with this very knife."—"Let the body be inspected," said the prisoner, "and you shall find a violent contusion on the head by the blow of a bludgeon; this was the first stroke which the unhappy man received, and this, it is to be presum'd brought him
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him to the ground.”—“How do you know that,” cried the Justice, “unless you was present, and of consequence accessary to the fact? Beware how you criminate yourself. Besides, did not you fight with Thomas Weevil? did you not knock him down repeatedly? and was not his head bound up with a handkerchief in consequence of the bruises he received from your blows? What will any court of enquiry infer from contusions on his head, but that he was indebted for them to you? Once more I tell you to beware how you criminate yourself: *Nemo tenebatur prodere seipsum.*”

“If when I speak the truth,” resumed Henry, “the truth is either so distorted by quibble, or so coloured by circumstance to the complexion of guilt, as to be turned against me, I am indeed unfortunate, but not afraid to meet the consequences, whilst my heart acquits me. Recollect, Sir, that you have called upon me to plead; ought you not then to hear my plea with the patience of a judge, and not to traverse it with the sophistry of an advocate, who is feed for puzzling and brow-beating the party he is opposed to? A bloody and felonious act is committed; I am brought before you as the perpetrator of it; a villain, whom I seized in the commission of it, but who escaped me and is fled, was known to bear enmity against the suffering party, as some here present, if they please, can testify; I saw that villain lurking about the spot where the mischief happened, and had my apprehensions of his evil designs against the person in question; I met that unfortunate person before he entered the fatal place; I made known to him my apprehensions, warned him of his danger, and advised him either to take some other road homewards, or to accept of me as a companion and a guard: he treated my friendly warning with contempt,

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tempt, and absolutely forbade me to accompany him: I retired, but not to a distance, for my fears augured mischief: I heard the blow which felled him to the ground, and without a moment's delay ran to his relief; I found him prostrate, stabbed, and weltering in his blood; I seized the murderous villain by the throat; he had that very knife and the canvass purse in his hands; they dropt to the ground; I stooped to secure the knife in my own defence; in that moment, by a sudden jerk, he extricated himself from my hold, and in the struggle I received this sprain, which disabled me from pursuing him. This is the simple detail of facts, which, unfortunately for me, are so combined as to leave me without a witness to the truth of what I assert, unless the wounded man survives to recollect what has passed: I hear it asserted by some present that he is dead; I hope that is not the case, and that you will think it right to be certified of the fact before you commit me to prison; I have also heard very unjust insinuations against the young woman, whom I am accused of treating with indecent familiarities, Susannah May: I take Heaven to witness that no familiarities, which ought to affect her reputation, have ever passed between her and me: they did indeed see me salute her affectionately at parting, for I hold myself much indebted to her humanity; and if upon that innocent liberty they are malicious enough to found an aspersion on her good fame, I do not envy them their triumph."

He now made an obeisance to the Justice, and ceased from speaking.

CHAPTER X.

Solvuntur Tabulæ.

AS Soon as the prisoner had concluded his defence, the Justice and his clerk retired into another room to consult together upon his commitment. The impression which the foregoing defence made upon the hearers was not in all cases unfavourable to the pleader; some were inclined to believe him innocent, many were staggered by his relation, and not a few of the softer sex were melted into tears by his language and address, though they knew not how to decide upon his argument.

Ezekiel Daw betrayed great agitation, deeply groaning in the spirit, yet refrained from words. In the interim, a poor widow, the mother of Susan May, who picked up a scanty livelihood by compounding a few simple medicines for the poor villagers, had stepped home, and now returned with some stuff in a bottle, which she gave to Henry for his sprain, saying, as she presented it to him, "God knows the truth; thou mayest or thou mayest not be guilty, yet I give it thee in charity, for truly thy hurt is great, and thou art in grievous torture."

This unexpected instance, that there was one humane breast to be found, which harboured pity for his hapless condition, struck him with such tender yet joyful surprize, that with a heart too full for utterance, and eyes overflowing with tears, he took the gift in silence, fixing a look upon the donor, which spake all that tongue-tied gratitude could convey.

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VOL. I.

The poor widow, whom awe and respect had kept silent before the Justice, now addressed herself to the person who had spoke so slightly of her daughter, and demanded if it was not a base and cruel thing to blast the character of a poor girl as he had done, in the hearing of all her neighbours. "As for this stranger lad," added she, "I know him not, God only knows what he may be in heart; but though he were all or more than you describe him to be, he has done justice to my child, and I thank him for it: if he has murdered a man, to be sure it is a heinous and a horrid crime, but it is no less a base and cowardly action in you to slander an innocent poor girl, who has neither father nor brother to stand up for her."

Before the defamer could collect his thoughts for a reply to this appeal, Ezekiel Daw, the preacher, had once more put himself forward in an attitude to speak, and all eyes being upon him, expectation held the assembly mute, when he delivered himself as follows:

"Verily, brethren, the charity of this poor widow to an afflicted stranger, and the word which she hath uttered in reproof of slander, have been a comfort unto my heart, and a refreshment, as it were, of my bowels in the Lord: and thou, John Jenkins, who art hereby rebuked for an evil tongue, humble thyself, I exhort thee, John Jenkins, before this the mother of the damsel, whom thou hast made evil report of, and be humbled in thy pride of speech, keeping a better watch in time to come upon the door of thy lips. Slander, my good neighbours, is a wicked thing; beware of slander, for it is filthy, it is abominable; it biteth sharper than the tooth of the cockatrice; it is more deadly than the tongue of the asp: away with it therefore, away with it from amongst you;

VOL. I.

G

O John

O John, John, knowest thou not the calling whereunto thou art called in this place of trial, where thou art summoned in the sight of God to render up the truth in fair and honest testimony, be it unto the life, or be it unto the death of this thy fellow creature arraigned before the magistrate? What had'st thou to do, John Jenkins to impeach the testimony of that poor damsel, to whom the prisoner was disposed to appeal, because thou didst surprise her in the tender moment of parting from this her fellow-servant, concede unto him the kiss of peace? or what if I should grant it were the kiss of love? Behold, the youth is of a comely visage, and saving this suspicion under which he sorroweth, verily I pronounce him to be of an ingenuous aspect; so art not thou, John Jenkins, for the countenance of the slanderer is not open and erect; he casteth his eyes down to the ground; he lurketh about in secret places, seeking whom he may devour, and of a truth he doth devour them, when he getteth them privily into his net. Brethren, I would feign speak more copiously to you on the heinousness of slander, but neither the time nor place will admit of it; but, on the Lord's day next, God willing, I purpose more at large to descant upon the topic; in the mean time, let the example of this poor widow be unto you a lesson of charity and good works; for she scrupled not to pour oil upon the wounds of the way-faring man and stranger, not examining whether he had fallen amongst thieves, or was himself the thief, but doing it in the very bowels of mercy and christian commiseration, kindly compassionating his anguish, as one fellow creature to another, not pronouncing upon his guilt, as you seem forward to do, but leaving it to God and his country to acquit him, or condemn.—And now, I warn thee, John

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Jenkins, against a certain thing to which thou art no less addicted than to back-biting; I mean mockery, and an idle faculty of turning serious things, and even sacred, into ridicule, gibing and jeering at thy more pious brethren, who are patient of thy taunts; and why? verily, because they despise thee, and hold thee as a very silly fellow: make not thine idle companions merry at my cost; scoff not at me, John Jenkins, nor put thy sensual fancies to my account, as if I had given warrant to familiarities between young people of different sexes: though the kiss of peace, of friendship, nay of love itself, may be innocent and void of offence, yet mark me, neighbours, I recommend it not, especially to the adult; I say unto you, as the wise man saith, "Give not your lips unto women, for in the lips there is as it were a burning fire; for ye know that a whore is a deep ditch, and a strange woman is a narrow pit."

Ezekiel Daw had scarce concluded this harangue, when the Justice and his clerk, having broken up their council, entered the room. The warrant under the hand and seal of Blachford was now completed, and the constable directed to take his prisoner into safe custody, and deliver him into the hands of the keeper of the county gaol. And now his worship was about to break up the assembly, when Ezekiel once more stood forward, and begged leave to say a few words on the score of humanity, touching the condition of the prisoner. "Say on, Ezekiel," quoth the Justice, "but be not long-winded, for we have already devoted much time and pains to the examination of this business."

"May it please your Worship," said Ezekiel, "to be reminded that the day is now far spent, and the county gaol lieth at a considerable distance, wherefore

wherefore I do humbly conceive, seeing the unhappy youth, whom you have thought fit to commit thereunto, is sorely maimed and aggrieved, that you will not find it needful to send him forth upon his way this evening; furthermore, I do with all submission take leave to suggest unto your Worship, that this his wounded and painful condition may move your humanity to recommend unto the keeper of the gaol, not to load his limbs with fetters, one of which is already, by the visitation of Providence, sufficiently disabled to answer all the purposes of confinement, and secure him from escape, which I understand to be the only salvo that the law of the land acknowledges as any justification for that barbarous and else unwarrantable practice. Now, if it please your Worship to empower your poor servant in Christ to signify this your desire unto the gaoler (who, permit me to observe to you, is but of a mereilefs fraternity) I do purpose, God permitting me, to accompany this poor creature unto the prison, yea, even into the dungeon thereof, unless I am otherwise let and withstood in such my purposed visitation; which being permitted, I will then and there impart unto him such your worship's charitable admonition, and also do my utmost to move his bowels of mercy till he shall thereunto accord."

"Ezekiel," cried the Justice, "I have heard you with great patience, but I shall not think fit to make more waste of my time in listening to a methodist's sermon, which has nothing to do with the business in question, now dismissed and done with: the fellow must go to gaol, and it must be left to the discretion of the gaoler how to deal with him when he is there."

"I am unlearned, Worshipful Sir," replied Ezekiel, "and easily persuaded of my own deficiencies, yet I had hoped you would have been dis-

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posed to pardon my poor manner of speaking, feeling that I spoke humbly as I ought, and in christian charity for a fellow creature, whom, if guilty, we have no right to torture, if innocent, every call to protect and spare; but if these words are offensive to your Worship's ears, and the motives such as your Worship does not approve, I will be no longer tedious unto you: I stand corrected, and am silent."

At this moment Henry cast a look upon his humble advocate, which guilt never counterfeited, and sensibility could not exceed; it was as much as heart could say to heart; the words which accompanied it were few and simple.—"God reward you for your goodness!"—was all that he could utter; and let my reader ask his heart if there was need of more.

The Justice now retired; the constable and his assessors laid their hands upon the prisoner, and a cord being provided for securing his arms, they were proceeding in a very rough manner to apply it, when Ezekiel, who kept a watchful eye upon their proceedings, cried out in a loud tone of voice—"I take God to witness against you; if you treat him with any wanton cruelty: he is your prisoner, it is true, but the law holds no man guilty till conviction. The truth will come to light! the truth will come to light!"

In the very instant, whilst these prophetic words were on his lips, behold Alexander Kinloch hastily entered the room, and calling out to the people, who were handcuffing the prisoner, bade them to desist from meddling with that guiltless person.

Astonishment seized the whole company. Ezekiel Daw could not contain his joy.—"Beautiful are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace," he exclaimed in a transport.—"What talk you
you

you of the feet!" cried Alexander, "beautiful indeed is the hand of the surgeon, beautiful is his art; aye, and you may think yourselves happy that I am here living amongst you to dress your wounds, and heal your hurts, and snatch you as it were out of the very jaws of death, as I have done by Thomas Weevil. A beautiful figure any one of you would make with a deep gash in the skull, and another in the ribs, if there was nobody but Mother May to dress your sores; foregad, she would cook a dinner for the worms before the parson could say grace to it; but *ars medendi artium ars est*: now there is none of you knows what that means, and yet they are Hippocrates's own words, and he that finds them out, finds out more than any here will have the wit to discover. A pretty set of heads truly are your's, my wise-neighbours, to let the villain go loose, and tie up the innocent man. Why, Bowfey is the rogue that did the job for Tom Weevil; this poor lad was his rescuer and defender; aye, and would have saved him from all manner of hurt or harm, if he would have listened to his warning; but then, indeed, I should not have had the credit of bringing him to life again, nor he the pleasure of being cured by my hands. And now, master constable, you will do well to betake yourself to his worship, and move him to revoke his mittimus, for here comes old Thomas Weevil himself, and he will verify every word that I have been telling you."

The miller made his appearance, and entering the justice's private chamber with Kinloch, there gave such an account of the affair, from the authority of his son, whose head, though roughly treated, had not been deprived of recollection, as made it necessary for Blachford to give orders for setting Henry at large.

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Great was the joy and exultation of Ezekiel Daw upon this occasion, and not the less for the credit he took to himself in having given proof of his superior sagacity in discovering the innocence of the suspected person, in spite of all the circumstances urged against him. It is, however, to be lamented, that the stir and bustle of the crowd was now too great to admit of Ezekiel's being heard, who had so fair an occasion of displaying his eloquence; but though he frequently called for attention, crying out,—“Hear me, neighbours, hear me I beseech you; I am a man of few words,” yet all was in vain, they neither gave ear to his words, nor is it quite so certain that they would have been only a few, had they given ear to them; so the matter dropt, and his eloquence was strangled in the birth.

CHAPTER XI.

When the Heart is right, the Man will be respectable, though his Humours are ridiculous.

WHEN old Weevil returned from Blackford's chamber with the order of release, he came up to Henry, and taking him cordially by the hand, declared before all present, that it was to his courage and humanity he owed the preservation of his son's life; he lamented the hurt he had got in his defence, offered him his house, purse, and every assistance in his power; confessed that the whole blame of the fray on the green rested with his son, and added with an oath, that he had been cruelly dealt by, both then and in the present case, and that he had told Justice Blackford

ford as much to his face,—“For why?” cried he; “’tis a sin and a shame, to give evil for good to this poor lad, who in the short time he has been a stranger amongst us, has saved his master from drowning, and my boy from being murdered; and what has he got for it?—why truly, he has been stocked, maimed, and imprisoned.—Shame upon such treatment! say I; nay, I’m not afraid to say, and I care not who hears me; shame upon such justices! and now they tell me,” added he, addressing himself to Henry, “your master has turned you away; if so, my lad, come to the mill, and so long as there’s a wheel that turns, you shall never want a day’s work, and a day’s pay.”

Henry thanked him for all his offers, but desired to set him right about his master, from whom he had received the kindest treatment; and as for leaving his service, that, he assured the miller, was entirely his own act and deed, for which he had certain reasons, that by no means applied to the person of Doctor Cawdle.—“No, no,” said Kinloch, “we know well enough which way those reasons look, and that person, I can tell you, is in a terrible taking at your leaving us: as for the Doctor, he will give you a hearty welcome; and for my part, my good lad, I have such a soft side towards you, that if you will buckle to the business, and observe what I shall teach you, I will make a man of you, and perhaps enable you in time to perform as great a cure as I hope to perfect on the body of neighbour Weevil’s son, who, by the Doctor’s indisposition, is happily fallen under my hands.”

The crowd now dispersed, and evening being advanced, Henry’s ankle withal in no condition for journeying, he was constrained to forego his engagement to Susan, and accepted the friendly invitation

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invitation of Ezekiel Daw, to pass the night at the cottage of Mother May, where that good creature took up his abode.

When Ezekiel had refreshed his guest with such humble viands as his store contained, and Goody May had again fomented his ankle, Henry, having now appeased two importunate solicitors, pain and hunger, began to make those grateful acknowledgments which his heart suggested, till he was stopped short by both parties at once, who silenced him by protesting they would not be thanked for doing nothing more than common humanity required of them to do.—“As for me, said Ezekiel, “I declare unto you in verity, that this hath been unto me an occasion of triumph and ovation, and if thou, Henry, had’st turned out other than a true man and an honest, I would hardly have been persuaded to put faith in the index of the human heart any more; but thou hast verified the handwriting of nature in thy features, and my bowels did not yearn towards thee without reason. Truly, young man, my heart rejoiceth in thy deliverance, and great is my joy that thou art found innocent in the sight of thine enemies; therefore will I sing and give praise with the best member that I have; and thou, Goody May, although thy pipe is but feeble, shalt bear thy part in the melody.”

This said, the good man uttered a dolorous hum, by way of pitch-note, which was echoed by dame May in a shrill octave, and then, delivering out the first line of John Hopkins’s 108th psalm, he set up his note with so loud and nasal a twang, as made Henry almost jump from his seat, and with more fervency than melody, chanted forth the aforesaid psalm, accompanied after a fashion by the dame, till having travelled together through

Sichem and the *vale of Succoth*, they found themselves deeply engaged in the following stanza, viz.

“ *Moab my wash-pot is, my shoe*

“ *O'er Edom I will throw,*

“ *Upon the land of Palestine*

“ *In triumph I will go.*”—

When behold, Alexander Kinlock, without any ceremony, bolted into the room, just in time to hear Ezekiel roar forth his intended triumphs over the land of Palestine, upon which, in a harsh North-British key, so totally at discord with the psalmody as to bring it to a sudden stop, he instantly cried out,—“ What the plague possesses you now, brother doctor, to be triumphing over Palestine at such a rate? if you set up your howl there, let me tell you, the Turks will soon stop your pipes with a tight cord round your gullet, and a short dance at the end of your song. Why man, I know the ground every inch of it: when I was surgeon's mate of the old Dreadnought, I was in the thick of the infidels at Scanderoon, and Saint John D'Acre, and Alexandria, and where not. Zooks and blood! if you was as bold as Prester John, being a Frank as you are, they would set you on the back of a scurvy ass, and buffet you through the streets for their sport. No, no, friend Daw, be advised by a brother surgeon, and stick to Old England while you can; here you may sing psalms, and preach sermons, and scare old women into fits, by prophesying the end of the world out of trees and turnip carts, but meddle not with Mahomet, till you are prepared for a short trip into Paradise, with a bowstring round your throat.”

Ezekiel Daw, in his early years, had been trained to the art of handling the pestle, and pounding

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drugs in the rural laboratory of a petty retailer of medical wares; he had there acquired as much knowledge in pharmacy and surgery, as served him to set up Goody May in the humble art of curing broken shins and bloody noses, by which she picked up a pittance amongst her poor neighbours, and sometimes entrenched so far upon Doctor Cawdle's practice, as to administer a dose of buckthorn or jalab, for scouring the bowels of the peasantry, after a drunken bout or surfeit at a Christmas feast. This was not altogether overlooked by Kinloch, though he held her art in too much contempt to make public his complaint of it; still he took all occasions that fell in his way of giving her a dab of his ridicule, as we have already instanced, and this was not confined to her only, but extended to her friend and teacher, Ezekiel, whom in his gayer moments (and this now present was pre-eminently of that sort) he dignified, in the way of irony, with the title of Brother Doctor; and indeed that worthy person was very generally stiled by his poorer neighbours, particularly those of his own flock, not ludicrously, but reverentially, Doctor Daw.

He was a thin spare man, of a pale and fallow complexion, about the age of fifty, upright in his person, and stiff as a hedge-stake, with yellow perpendicular hair; he was by nature irascible, and of a bilious habit, but, by long temperance and religious self-correction, had humbled and subdued his spirit so as to be patient under insults; in short, he was a creature compounded of most benevolent and excellent qualities, with a strong tincture of enthusiasm over all; in the mean while it must be owned that Ezekiel had no objection to a little amicable controversy; and there is reason to believe, that if he had any leaning to one side more than

than the other in the handling of a question, it was to that side where his own opinion took post.

It was therefore no small proof of his controul over himself, that though he was thus cut short in his pious melody by the North Briton, yet he was content to pass it off with a simple remark to his visitor, that he was under a mistake in supposing he had any design of undertaking a voyage to the Holy Land, (properly so called) his humble endeavours aspiring no higher than to keep himself holy in the land where he lived; with this intent he had been giving God thanks in an hymn for the deliverance of the guiltless youth there present; "and I trust," added he, "thou didst not jeer at the matter of the hymn itself, but simply at the unworthiness of the performer." Then, turning to Kinloch, with a complacent smile, he said, "And thou too, brother Alexander, art entitled to a blessing, not only as being the bearer of glad tidings, but the instrument, as I hope, under Providence, of saving the life of our wounded neighbour."

"Yes, truly," cried Kinloch, with a significant nod, "the man may thank Providence for falling into my hands, and not those of some others, who shall be nameless; but I believe, friend Ezekiel, after all, he must be indebted to my skill for his cure, and to nothing else, for if I were to leave my patients to the care of providence——" "Scoff not at Providence," quoth Ezekiel, interrupting him, "nor give thyself the glory, let thy skill be what it may. I speak not in disparagement of thy skill, friend Kinloch, but there is one, without whose helping grace we can do nothing praiseworthy: I myself, (far be it from me to vaunt of my own performances) have done something in the medical way, yet did I never hand a dose to the lips of a patient without a previous ejaculation

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to Providence that it might operate for his benefit."—"And you had reason," rejoined the man of medicine; "for when irregulars prescribe, 'tis the mercy of Providence if their patients escape; but in the regular practice, should a man follow these vagaries, he would be the ridicule of the Faculty: we know the effect of our medicines, and apply them confidently and timeously; and when the life of the patient is quivering on his lips, must fall to without waiting to say grace: had you, like me, been in the heat of an action at sea, when all is smoke and thunder and blood and brains around you, you would find something else to do besides preaching and praying and setting up your pipes to the tune of Sternhold and Hopkins."

"Vent not thy jests at psalmody and prayer," replied Ezekiel, exalting his voice, and rising from his seat, as was his manner when in earnest discourse: "Hast not thou read how Saul was delivered from the evil spirit by the harping of David? Nay, is it not affirmed, in the history of our own country, that holy monarchs have had the power of healing the king's evil with a touch?"—"Yes," answered Kinloch, "but I no more believe it than I do that you can set a broken bone by a staff of Sternhold."—"Well, well," rejoined Ezekiel, "if thou art resolved to be faithless against sacred proof, thou wilt not deny the efficacy of music against the sting of the tarantula."—"Indeed but I will," cried the other; "and I hold the notion in like contempt with stories of the black art and old women's fables. Why, man, I have sojourned in the countries where those reptiles are found, and I give it you upon my word for so mere a sham, that I had rather suffer the bite of the creature itself than the noise and nonsense of the pretended cure. In short, my good Ezekiel, let us talk a little

little reason, and wave all canting for a while: every man in his own way: you are for King David, I am for Hippocrates; you are for gladdening the heart of man with psalms and canticles, I am for curing his ailments with plaisters and potions: there's work enough for each, and neither of us can do both at once."

"Pardon me," interposed Henry; "I think a man may do the duty of a Christian and that of any other art or profession under heaven: the church does not call upon you above one day in seven."—"And if the bell was chiming in one ear," said Kinloch, "and a woman in labour crying out in the other, which would you have me turn to?"—"Certainly to the woman," replied Henry; "and I doubt not but our good Ezekiel would break off, and run to save a fellow-creature from drowning, though he were in the middle of a prayer."—"Assuredly I would," cried the preacher; "but that will not decide the case; if no man absented himself from God's worship but upon such good and substantial reasons as these which have been mentioned, your churches would be a pretty deal fuller than they are: there would then be no call for such supernumerary teachers as myself. But whilst there is such a parcel of idlers amongst our common people, who make every thing a pretence for hanging back from their regular duty, it may be well for the community that there are some like myself, who will be at the pains of gathering up the stragglers, and compelling them to come in, though it be from the highways and hedges."

"Thou hast said it in a word," cried Henry, reaching out his hand to the preacher, "and art a candid soul; he that, hearing this, shall attempt to turn thy humble piety into ridicule, must have a heart of stone."

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These words put an end to the controversy; and honest Ezekiel, lifting a stone piteher by the ear, which he had placed upon the table, filled out a can of ale to each of his guests, and after for himself; then shaking Alexander by the hand, with a smile of perfect reconciliation and benignity, cried, "Come, brother Doctor, here's a cup of thanks to you, and a speedy recovery to your patient."

This gave a turn to the conversation; the occurrences of the day were now discussed; Weevil's wounds were scientifically descanted upon by the journeyman surgeon, who, knowing Ezekiel's ignorance of the learned languages, and not suspecting Henry of any acquaintance with them, took occasion to interlard his discourse with seraps of barbarous Latin, not forgetting in the mean time to give a proper sprinkling of his own praises, with a sly stroke every now and then at his master Zachary still doing penance for his ducking at the ford. He was earnest with Henry to return to the shop, encouraging him to it by many reasons, and promising him a speedy deliverance from Jemima, whose case he pronounced upon as desperate. Henry shook his head at this, and said no more than that he should pay his duty to the Doctor as soon as his sprain would permit him. This again drew some learned demurs from Alexander as to Goody May's embrocation of camphorated spirits of wine and bullock's gall, which Ezekiel, on his part, as learnedly defended. The pitcher in the mean time was emptied; and then Alexander, recollecting a multiplicity of business, took his leave.

"Child," cried Ezekiel, as soon as Kinloch had departed, the good dame and I have provided for thy repose under this roof; thou wilt find a bed comfortable

comfortable and cleanly, although it be but an humble one: the hour indeed is yet early, but thou hast had a toilsome day, and art maimed withal; a little rest, with the good woman's fortification, will set all to rights; yet, before we part, I must not forget to commend thee for the prudent and pious rebuke thou didst give to our neighbour Kinloch, when he spoke scoffingly and irreverently in thy hearing; I must no less applaud thee for the brevity of thy reply, for thou art yet too young and unlearned in these matters to handle them argumentatively and at large; it well becometh thee to distrust thine own abilities for that task; but when I have put my thoughts together, and digested them at leisure, I will more fully instruct thee how to silence all such cavils as the scornors can oppose to thee, and will give thee such rules and lessons as shall fortify thy faith against all that he, or any other unbeliever, can invent to shake it."

Henry made a suitable reply; Ezekiel stalked away with dignity to his cockloft; the hospitable dame conducted our hero to a little cabin, where she had prepared a bed for him, and the peaceful cottage was soon hushed to silence and repose.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER. I.

A Dissertation, which our Readers will either sleep over, or pass over, as best suits them.

AN author will naturally cast his composition in that kind of style and character, where he thinks himself most likely to succeed; and in this he will be directed by considering, in the first place, what is the natural turn of his own mind, where his strength lies, and to what his talents point; and secondly, by the public taste, which, however much it is his interest to consult, should not be suffered to betray him into undertakings he is not fitted for.

Novels, like dramas, may certainly be composed either in the tragic or comic cast, according to the writer's choice and fancy. Tales of fiction, with mournful catastrophes, have been wrought up with very considerable effect; I could name some of the pathetic sort, which are uncommonly beautiful and deeply interesting; their success might well encourage any author, who has powers and propensities suitable, to copy the attempt; on the other hand, examples muster strongest for the story with a happy ending: middle measures have also been struck upon by some, and novels of the tragicomic character, aptly and ingeniously devised, which, after agitating the passions of terror and pity, allay them with the unexpected relief of happiness and good fortune in the concluding scenes.

By

By all or any of these channels, the author may shape his course to fame, if he has skill to shun the shoals of insipidity on the one hand, and the rocks of improbability on the other; in one word, if he will keep the happy mean of nature. Exquisitely fine are those sensations, which the well-wrought tale of pity excites; but double care is required to guide them to the right point, because they are so penetrating: whoever stirs those passions in a guilty cause may do infinite mischief, for they sink into young and tender hearts, and where they sink, they leave a deep and permanent impression; they are curious instruments in the hand of the artist, but murderous weapons in the possession of the assassin.

Cheerful fictions, with happy endings, are written with more ease, and have less risk as to the moral; they play about the fancy in a more harmless manner; the author is seldom so careless of his characters as not to deal out what is termed poetical justice amongst them, rewarding the good and punishing the unworthy; pride and oppression are rarely made to triumph ultimately; engaging libertinism seldom fails to reform; and true love, after all its trials, is finally crowned with possession.

The mixt or composite sort, which steer between grave and gay, yet are tinged with each, deal out terror and suspense in their progress, artfully interwoven into the substance of the fable, for the purpose of introducing some new and unforeseen reverse of fortune at the story's close, which is to put the tortured mind at rest. This demands a conduct of some skill; for if the writer's zeal for the introduction of new and striking incidents, wherein consists the merit of this species of composition, be not tempered by a due attention to nature,

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nature, character and probability, the whole web is broken, and the work falls to the ground: in good hands it becomes a very pleasing production, for the curiosity is kept alive through the whole progress of the narrative, and the mind that has been suspended between hope and fear, at last subsides in perfect satisfaction with the just and equitable event of things.

A novel may be carried on in a series of letters or in regular detail; both methods have their partisans, and in numbers they seem pretty equally divided; which of the two is the more popular, I cannot take upon myself to say; but I should guess that letters give the writer most amusement and relief, not only from their greater diversity of style, but from the respite which their intermissions afford him. These advantages however have a counterpoise, for his course becomes more circuitous and subject to embarrassment, than when he takes the narrative wholly into his own hands; without great management and address in keeping his dates progressive, and distinctly methodized, his reader is exposed to be called back and puzzled; and as the characters, who conduct the correspondence must be kept asunder, the scene is oftentimes distracted, where we wish it to be entire, or else the intercourse of letters is made glaringly unnatural and pedantic by compressing the distance from which they are dated, and putting two people to the ridiculous necessity of writing long narratives to each other, when conversation was within their reach.

For myself, having now made experiment of both methods, I can only say, that were I to consult my own amusement solely, I should prefer the vehicle of letters: this however must be acknowledged, that all conversations, where the speakers
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are brought upon the scene, are far more natural when delivered at first hand, than when retailed by a correspondent; for we know that such sort of narratives do not commonly pass by the post, and the letter, both in style and substance, appears extremely stiff, tedious, and pedantic. Upon the whole, I should conjecture that the writer is best accommodated by the one, and the reader most gratified by the other: I hope I am right in my conjecture as to the reader's preference of the method I am now pursuing, else I have chosen ill for myself, and gained no credit by the sacrifice.

CHAPTER. II.

A Morning Visit, which produces a suspicious Situation.

WITH the first dawn of the morning, the disconsolate Susan May set out in search of her beloved Henry, whom she had eagerly expected the evening before, and whose breach of promise she was at a loss to account for. A thousand anxious thoughts occupied her mind, and the suspicion that he had now totally renounced her was not the least of her alarms. She went directly to her mother's cottage, and, having met no one by the way, was ignorant of the events which had caused her disappointment.

Ezekiel Daw was an early riser, and had already sallied out; but Henry, to whom Goody May had hospitably resigned her bed, was still buried in profound repose, and sleeping off the fatigues of the preceding day. The cottage door being open,

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and no surly porter to guard it, the damsel, without let or hindrance, made strait way to the little chamber where her mother slept, and entering it without noise, to her great surprise discovered not the good old dame within the sheets, but the youthful object of her passion, fast in the arms of Morpheus, and glowing with the rosy tints of health and beauty. It was a scene for eyes less interested than those of Susan to contemplate with admiration; she gazed upon him with rapture and delight. A considerable time she stood fixt and motionless, balancing in her mind betwixt the propriety of retiring out of the chamber and the pleasure of remaining in it. The longer she indulged her senses in the contemplation of his person, the less inclined she was to sacrifice the enjoyment of them: love and desire suggested to her a variety of expedients, which timidity and discretion would not yet permit her to accord to. Curiosity was urgent with her to be resolved how it came to pass that Henry should be sleeping in her mother's bed. This same curiosity prompted her to wake him, and love was forward to instruct her in the mode; a gentle pressure of his hand effected the wished-for purpose. He started, waked, and hastily cried out—"Ah, Susan, is it you? How came you hither?"—This was enough to introduce an explanation, which in few words told all that either party was interested to be informed of. Events so full of terror to the feelings of a heart sensitive as Susan's, though related simply and without exaggeration by the object of her affection, had so agitated her, that either feigning or really feeling inability to keep her feet, she had suddenly sunk down upon the side of the bed, and by an action seemingly involuntary, clasped one of his hands in both her's, whilst lamenting over his sufferings

sufferings with sighs and tears of sympathy and condolence.

When the tale was at an end, and his deliverance announced, the fond girl raised her eyes to heaven in silent thankfulness, and then glancing them upon the youth with an expression that left nothing in her heart untold, dropt lifeless as it were upon his neck, and laid without motion in his arms.

In this moment truth compels me to acknowledge that the forbearance even of Henry was sore beset and staggered under the attack. Nature (shame upon her!) played a treacherous part to undermine his resolution; she hurried through his veins like a spell, raised a tumult in his heart, and made every nerve in his frame tremble with her touch. Reason, indeed, the governor of the citadel, and conscience, the sentinel of the soul within it, were upon their post, but uncollected and surprised, and scarce half-armed for a defence, when, in the moment of danger, their guardian spirit sent a rescue in the person of the rural apostle, Ezekiel Daw himself, who no sooner darted his visitatorial eye upon the bodies of the two persons prostrate on the bed, and folded in each other's arms, than having discovered that one of the said bodies belonged to the male and the other to the female sex, he shrieked out in a key of horror and surprise—"Children of the serpent! impure vessels of perdition! what in the name of Beelzebub are you about? Loose your embraces, I command you, and renounce the sinful temptations of the flesh! Oh Henry! Henry! son of Belial! have I for this stood forth in thy defence! have I for this combated the allegations of the witnesses who accused thee of incontinence with this damsel! and must I now revoke the good
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opinion I had conceived of thee! Inconsiderate youth, hast thou never read of the continence of Joseph? hast thou never been told of that other illustrious person (I forget his name) in Pagan story, who fled the allurements of a beautiful captive? Wilt thou yield in virtue to a heathen? wilt thou be outdone in chaste forbearance by a worshipper of filthy idols, by one of the Gentile nations of a reprobate generation, a child of wrath cast out from the redemption of Israel, and sealed to everlasting torments in the fires of hell? Can you tell me that this damsel, fightly although she be, shall vie in charms with Potiphar's wife? I tell thee she is no more to compare with Potiphar's wife, than a crow to a peacock. And thou, Susan May, I have noted thee for tiring thy hair, and bedecking thy person with lures and traps to catch the wandering eyes of men; I have reprov'd thee for it, but my admonition hath been lost upon thee; thou hast wantonly arrayed thyself, Susan May, and because nature hath bestowed upon thee a comely form, thou hast studied to set it off by the artifice of dress, whereas thou oughtest in all decent care to have concealed it from the sight of men, to have covered it with the veil of modesty, yea, even to have disguised and disfigured it, rather than to let it be unto thee a stumbling block, and an occasion of falling."

"Pardon me, sir," cried Susan, "I am not fallen in the manner you suppose; I was sorrow-struck with the account of what Henry has suffered since I saw him, and my affliction overpowered me. I believe I fell into a kind of fit, and so he caught me in his arms. I hope it is neither sin nor shame to sympathize with the unfortunate and innocent. If to love him be a crime, I am guilty indeed."—"What tellest thou me of love?" resumed

fumed the preacher; "thou art too young and unlearned to know what love means: thou should'st be taught that by them who are older and wiser than thyself; I have studied it, child, and revolved it in my mind, and I do pronounce upon experience and reflection, that the true and only love is the fulfilling of the law; therefore, tell me not that thou lovest this youth, for thou hast no such thing about thee; I do aver that thou hast a war in thy members, and where war is, how can love exist?"

Henry now interposed, and in an humble tone gently requested Ezekiel not to chide the damsel, who was not in the offence, having entered his chamber in the presumption of finding her mother there; and he furthermore most solemnly assured him, that their conversation had been strictly innocent. "Heaven forbid," said he, "I should be such a villain as to repay the hospitality of the mother, by doing wrong to the daughter. Did you know me, I flatter myself these asseverations would be needless; you would not doubt my honour; but if you still suspect me as being a stranger to you, this worthy girl is not such, and I should hope you would be slow to believe her wanting in virtue and discretion, merely because her tender heart is susceptible of pity and compassion. What she has told you is perfect truth; my sad story affected her; she sunk upon the bed, and I received her in my arms. Is there a man living who would not have done the same? I am sure you would, for I have good reason to believe your arms are ever open to the feeble and afflicted."

"Child," replied Ezekiel, "I believe thee; I cannot help believing thee; there is something in thy countenance that extorts from me my good opinion, and I give perfect credit to thy words

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from the impression I receive by thy looks; but now that the damsel no longer needeth thy support, prudence warneth thee to desist from a conference, which may produce another sinking on her part, and more embracing on thine; in place of which I do counsel thee to turn thyself on thy pillow, and compose thy spirits, that so thou mayest atone for the wandering of thy thoughts by meditation and prayer: meanwhile the damsel, whose eye betokeneth a disturbed imagination, shall withdraw with me, that I may breathe into her mind the words of peace, forasmuch as I perceive the evil one yet worketh in her, whom it now behoveth me to put to flight."

Ezekiel now took his unwilling disciple by the hand, and led her into the cottage kitchen, where, having seated her on one side of the chimney, and himself in a huge wicker chair on the other, he began the following exhortatory discourse:

"I will speak unto thee, damsel, of love, whereby thou wilt gain instruction how to think rightly of it in future, and avoid that false notion which hath misled thy young and inexperienced imagination. Thou didst say, that if to love thy friend Henry were a crime, thou wast guilty indeed: now to love him as a brother is thy duty; if thou dost that, there is no crime in thy love: search thine heart therefore, and if thou dost there discover any other emotions or yearnings towards the youth than thou mightest innocently indulge towards a brother, or a sister, or a friend of thine own sex, banish those sensations at a word, for they are of the evil one; verily I pronounce them to be abominable, and not to be excused."

"But what method shall I take to banish them," said Susan?—"By mortifying the flesh with fasting," replied Ezekiel, "and giving thyself up to

holy exercises."—"Indeed, sir," cried the poor girl, "I never neglect my prayers; but then I always pray for Henry; and as to fasting, if I was to starve myself to death, I should never get him out of my thoughts."—"Go to," exclaimed Ezekiel, "thou art a nonsensical girl to prate to me in this fashion. Wilt thou, who art no better than an unfledged gosling, barely out of the shell, pretend to argue with me, who have weighed, and considered, and perpended all these matters? aye, let me tell thee, and experienced them also, for I will now relate to thee what occurred unto myself: When I was a stripling, and worked as hireling to my master the apothecary, his niece, a slightly damsel like thyself, came one evening into the shop, whilst I was at the mortar, and being not a little taken with my aptitude in handling the pestle, methought she cast the eyes of affection upon me; she approached near unto me, and with the most condescending familiarity, graciously leant her arm upon my shoulder; in that instant I began to feel the stirrings of the serpent tempting to unlawful desires.—'Ezekiel,' quoth she, 'thou art an industrious lad; but dost thou not think thou couldst find more pleasing amusement than that of pounding these stinking drugs?'—'Mifs,' said I, 'the drugs may be unsavoury, but honest industry is sweet, and tendeth to obtain the grateful odour of a good name.' With that she seized the pestle in her grasp, and would have wrenched it from my hand. I resolutely maintained my hold, and bade her to avoid the shop, and not interrupt me in my duty—but how now, child! where are thy thoughts a gadding? thou dost not mark me."

"Oh! yes, sir," replied Susan, "I do; but what answer did the young lady make to you?"—"Not a word," quoth Ezekiel, "not a syllable; but

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but with a toss of her head and a sneer, that gave me to understand she was offended at my plainness, turned out of the shop, and never said a civil thing to me again. Learn henceforth, child, from this example, to repel thy unruly passions in their first approach, for the victory is easy; face the tempter and he will fly from thee."—"Dear sir," said Susan, "if I was not afraid of angering you, I should make bold to say a few words with your leave."—"Say on," quoth Ezekiel, "in God's name."—"You are very good to me, and I know you always advise me for the best, but though I'll do all in my power, I should be a hypocrite if I was to say I will do all that you bid me: consider, every body has not the wisdom and resolution that you have; you are a man, I am a weak woman; I could no more give Henry the answer that you gave to the apothecary's niece, than I can fly in the air. Lackaday! when once love lays hold of the heart——" "Lays hold of a fiddle stick!" cried Ezekiel; "it is your business not to let love lay hold on any thing; you must drive him to a distance."

At this instant Henry entered the room; Susan's eyes glistened with joy; Ezekiel's expostulation vanished from her thoughts; even his pestle and mortar no longer sounded in her ears; she had no senses but for the object in her sight.

Dame May entered the cottage; she ran to her daughter, took her in her arms, and welcomed her home; she was the darling of her mother: Henry's honest nature could not allow him to suppress any thing that had passed between himself and Susan in her mother's absence. When he had related this to the good dame with all that air of sincerity that was natural to him, she, like Ezekiel, immediately assured him of her entire belief

in every thing he had said, and without qualifying it after Doctor Daw's manner, with any admonitory inferences, she candidly observed, that nothing was more natural than for young folks that liked each other, to steal a kiss when it came in their way, and no harm done: "For why?" added she, turning to Ezekiel, "we must not forget that we have been young in our day as well as they."

This was such point-blank heresy against the doctrines of the good man, just now inculcated, that he stared with amazement upon Dame May; she, who had only nature and not one ray of philosophy to guide her, was not aware of the reproof she was open to, and before Ezekiel could pump the words up out of his throat, exclaimed—"Lord love your sweet heart, Mr. Daw, you are surely the best soul living; but you don't consider what it is to be young; why love in them is as it were a second nature, and for us to argue against it is all one as though we were to preach against the light of the sun."

"Hold your tongue, woman," cried Ezekiel; "it is not for an ignoramus like you to talk about preaching. Have I spent my breath for nought? am I become like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? are you a preacher or am I? have you the gift, have you the calling, have you the election? Silence, vain woman! and be in subjection to the higher powers. I have told thy daughter that she is in no wise to think of love, it becometh not young people so much as to meditate thereupon; and wilt thou now tell her that it is as it were a second nature? Wilt thou provoke the cravings of thy child, till, like the horse-leach's daughter, she crieth out, Give, give?"

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Dame May perceived that she had nettled the good man without intending it, and therefore began to soften his anger, by assuring him that she never meant to cast a reflection upon his preaching, to the contrary of which, she had always affirmed that there was nobody to compare with him in the neighbourhood, nay, she might say not in all the county, for a sermon; but she hoped there was no offence in supposing he had not turned his thoughts to love-matters.

"There lies your mistake," quoth Ezekiel, "for of all the human infirmities it is that which I have studied with the most calm and deliberate attention, having never in any instant of my life given way to it myself, and of consequence am the fittest person on that account to give good counsel to others, who are betrayed into that unpardonable weakness."

Here Henry smiled; but what passed in his thoughts to provoke that smile, as he did not discuss, we shall not presume to conjecture. Goody May proceeded after her placid manner to prepare for breakfast: Susan bestowed some stolen glances upon Henry, which did not altogether promise an implicit obedience to the injunctions of her spiritual pastor, and might fairly raise a doubt whether she had made even the smallest progress in a reform, by dismissing him from her thoughts. Ezekiel was not the quickest observer of these tokens, that ever lived, and had moreover at this moment fixed his attention upon a smoking bason of fresh milk-porridge.

CHAPTER III.

Fortune begins to smile upon our Hero.

ALEXANDER Kinloch having visited his patient at the mill, called at the cottage, and made so favourable a report of his own wonderful performances, and the good night's rest that he had procured for the wounded man, that little doubt was now entertained of his speedy recovery. In fact, good fortune, and the critical interposition of Henry, had done more for him than all the art of Alexander, for the knife had simply glanced upon his ribs, and made a flesh wound, neither deep nor dangerous, and the blood which it drew, though formidable in appearance, was eventually no more than the young miller in his state of inflammation could well spare, with profit to his habit and constitution.

Kinloch delivered a message from Doctor Cawdle, desiring Henry to come to him, as he was yet confined to his chamber; he also repeated his prognostication that Madam Jemima was in a hasty decline.—“Say you so,” quoth Ezekiel, “why then she is in the properest place to meet with good advice: her spouse no doubt will exert all his skill in her behalf.”—“Her spouse indeed!” cried Kinloch, “poor creature! what can he do? I had prepared a medicine for her, compounded of specifics sovereign in her case, which is neither more nor less than an inordinate use of spirituous liquors acting on an atrabilious habit.”—“Then what can save her but the muzzle?” resumed Daw.—“What can save her!” repeated the medical understrapper, “my remedy could have saved her:

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a compound of all antidotes against hard drinking; a butt to sheath the spicula of intoxicating potations. Know you not that there is a secret in nature, by the application of which men can swallow solid fire? so is there a preparative in medicine against the effect of liquid fire. This by deep research I had discovered and compounded, when the desperate suicide hurled it in my face; the very odour of it would have cleared a brain, though inflamed with the fumes of the brandy-bottle: other remedies I had provided auxiliary to my grand attack, but these also she rejected, and now she is consuming away by intestine fires, for I have done with her.”—“I am sorry for it,” quoth Henry, “for I fear she is in no fit condition for dying.” “Truly I believe not,” answered Kinloch, “yet I pronounce her a dead woman; and I never yet knew any one of my patients, when I have said that, fail to make my words good. She pretends that her election, as she calls it, is sure; but by the dread she shews of quitting this world, I should much doubt if she has very hopeful prospects of the next.”—“I shall make bold to talk to her on that subject,” said Ezekiel.

Here the conversation was cut short by the arrival of a postchaise at the cottage door, belonging to the Lady Viscountess Crowbery. Dame May instantly discovered the person of her noble visitor, and ran out of the house to pay her accustomed devoirs. Kinloch in the meanwhile, with his usual plea of business, hastened away; Susan prevented Henry from the like escape, by telling him Lady Crowbery called frequently on her mother, but that she did not expect she would come in: Ezekiel said the same, simply observing that it was some charitable errand, for that worthy lady did a world of good.—“Oh! she is the best lady breathing,”

breathing," repeated Susan; she has a heart for every body that suffers wrongfully, and I will lay my life she has been told of Henry's hard treatment, and is come for some good purpose to enquire about him: as sure as can be I have guessed it, for she is this moment getting out of her post-chaise, and coming into the house."

Henry had his leg upon a stool, but before Lady Crowbery made her appearance, he had raised himself upon his feet, and bowed respectfully on her entering: the noble visitor immediately fixed her eyes upon him; and then turning to Dame May, who followed her, said "This is the young man we have been speaking of: sit down, if you please; you have strained your ankle, and I will not allow you to stand upon it on my account—sit down, or you will oblige me to go." She then made a gracious acknowledgment to Susan, and seated herself opposite to Henry. After a short silence, she began, apparently with some degree of agitation, to question him about the events of the preceding day: he briefly and modestly related them as he was bidden.—"I think," said she, "had I been in Mr. Blachford's place, and you had told this story in your defence, as you have now repeated it to me, I could not have hesitated to acquit you; but after all," added she, "we should not complain of him for wanting eyes, for justice you know ought to be blind."—"But not deaf," said Ezekiel.—"Right," replied Lady Crowbery; "I am apt to think there is a tone in truth, that no impartial ear can well mistake. But you, Henry (that, I understand, is your name) ought not only to be acquitted as guiltless of the crime charged upon you, you should be honoured and rewarded, for an action that bespeaks your heroism and humanity. I hope you have too
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much gallantry, to refuse a lady's favours. I desire you will accept this purse from me; you well deserve it, brave young man, and what is more I suspect you want it, and I have it to spare."

If the grace of giving in any degree constitutes the value of a gift (which doubtless it does) this gift came recommended by a manner, that might well apologize for our hero's receiving it, with tears of sensibility, and blushes that bespoke a modest nature overpowered by gratitude. He did not speak, but he pressed his lips upon the purse, as he took it from her hand; perhaps his aim was at the hand itself, but respect stopped him short, and he was awed from the attempt. He turned his eyes upon the countenance of his benefactress, and beheld beauty in its wane, benevolence in its meridian. It should seem that forty years had not yet passed over her head, but of those it was too plain that a portion had been unhappy: her form was still elegant in the extreme; what it had lost in substance, it had gained in delicacy, and the inroads of sickness and sorrow upon the freshness of her charms were atoned for by so interesting a character of pale and tender sensibility, that none but a man of gross taste would have thought that youth and health were wanting to render the person of Lady Crowbery more attractive.

"I desire," said she, "you will apply this small sum to your immediate occasions; and as I have your future fortunes at heart, I must refer you to Mr. Cawdle for advice, who has my instructions to talk with you on the subject: take no measures, however, till you have seen him, and as soon as you are able to use your ankle, lose no time in calling upon him." This said, Lady Crowbery took a hasty leave, stepped into her carriage, and departed.

"Am I in a dream," said Henry, as she turned from the door, "or is this a reality? if so, what am I to think of it?"—He spread the contents of the purse upon the table, and then turning to Ezekiel, demanded if he could account for this extraordinary present, from a person to whom he was totally unknown?—"Very naturally," replied Ezekiel; "the Lady Crowbery hath large means, and a large heart. She was a wealthy heiress, and her fortune, independent of her Lord, is very considerable: she leads a life of retirement here in that gloomy mansion, which you may see from the Parish Green, receives little company, runs into no wanton expences, and employs the superfluities of her separate income in well-chosen acts of charity. Having heard of your gallant behaviour to Miller Weevil, and the cruel treatment you received from our Justice here, where is the wonder she should single you out as an object worthy of her bounty?"

"But is there not," resumed Henry, "something more than commonly liberal, in bestowing such a sum upon a mere stranger, only because he did what humanity required of him, to a fellow creature? Here are twenty guineas, if I have told them right; such benefactions are not often heard of."—"I should hope," replied Daw, "that is no absolute proof they are not often bestowed; true charity vaunteth not itself: therefore put up thy money, and be at peace: I dare say she hath had more pleasure in giving, than thou hast in receiving it." To this Henry replied, "That from what he observed in Lady Crowbery, he feared she had no great proportion of pleasure in her lot, affluent though it was, for he never remarked a countenance more strongly traced with melancholy."

Ezekiel

Ezekiel shook his head, and was silent. Goody May, with less reserve, took up the subject, and stopt not till she had exhausted a long chapter of lamentations over her dear lady, as she called her, concluding it with a pretty smart philippic against my Lord, which the good apostle, after many efforts, with difficulty put a stop to.

Susan in the mean while had seized every opening to throw in her word of praise, whenever Lady Crowbery was spoken of: her eyes testified the joy she took in Henry's good fortune, and she ventured to predict he would hear of further kind purposes in his favour; when he called upon Doctor Cawdle: "For I know," said she, "that my Lady passes many of her good deeds through his hands, and comes frequently to his house, where she has long private conferences, which my mistress used to be very curious about, and would fain have set me upon listening, if I would have been concerned in such shabby dealings: Very likely," added she, "my Lady may intend to take you into her own service, for I have been told that her footman is about to leave her, and settle in a public-house."—"Poh!" cried Ezekiel, "her footman indeed! Come, Henry, if your leg will carry you to the Doctor's, I'll accompany you thither, and then we shall see how matters will turn up."

Henry declared he found his ankle so much strengthened, that with the help of Ezekiel's arm he would undertake the walk. Dame May furnished him also with a stout crutch-stick, and thus supported on each hand, he confidently sallied forth.

CHAPTER. IV.

There are Secrets in all Families.

WHILST we leave our lame hero on his slow march to Zachary's castle, we will inform our readers of a few particulars, relative to the lady we have lately introduced into our history, which may probably account for that air of melancholy, which Henry conceived he had discovered in her looks.

Cecilia Viscountess Crowbery was the daughter of Sir Andrew Adamant, a wealthy baronet of ancient descent. He became a widower soon after her birth, and had no other child: she was beautiful, accomplished, and with Sir Andrew's leave might be one of the richest heiresses in all England. Sir Andrew was a lofty man, circumspect in his œconomy, and of a sequestered turn, living immured in his hereditary castle, far distant from the capital, in the central parts of England.

At the county races the fair Cecilia, then turned of sixteen, was permitted to make her first appearance in a public assembly. A young cornet of dragoons, by name Delapoer, the cadet of a noble family, well known to Sir Andrew, had the honour of dancing with her. The graces of a fine person, engaging address, and the flattering attentions he paid her in the dance, made a conquest of her young and yielding heart. Sir Andrew could not altogether decline the honour of his visits, but that of his alliance he was in no humour to accept: nay, so little disposed was he to adopt the younger son of a needy baron, that he preemptorily commanded his daughter never

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to name him in his hearing, nor even to think of him any more. The first part of this command she strictly obeyed; the latter she was so far from complying with, that when all hope vanished of conquering his objections, she resolutely overcame her own, and set off with him on a tour to Gretna Green.

The same impetuosity of youthful passion, that drove them upon this desperate project, hurried them into imprudencies in the course of it: they were overtaken by Sir Andrew on the way, and Cecilia was torn from her lover's arms, in the last stage of her journey, too soon for the completion of the ceremony, too late for the rescue of her innocence. The burthen of her woe encreased daily, till it swelled to a size too big for concealment: Zachary Cawdle, then practising in the neighbourhood of Sir Andrew, was secretly employed in confidential services, and a male infant, the hero of this history, was ushered into the world.

Sir Andrew's discretion did not desert him on this trying occasion: provident in his measures, he took every means of attaching Zachary to his interest, and binding him to secrecy. Cecilia travelled for her health, attended upon by him as family physician. A tour upon the continent restored her to all the freshness of her maiden bloom, and Zachary had all the credit of a cure which nature justly might have claimed some share in.

In the neighbourhood of Sir Andrew Adamant resided a very worthy clergyman, of the name of Ratcliffe, on a benefice which had been given him by the baronet: to him also the secret was confided, and the infant left at his door as a foundling: he christened it by the name of Henry, and brought it up with great care and tenderness in
his

his own family. Had Sir Andrew been disposed to have given his daughter to the Honourable Mr. Delapoer when her situation was made known to him, it was then too late, for that young officer had quitted his cornetcy of dragoons and betaken himself to India, where the interest of his family had procured him an establishment, and all correspondence ceased between him and Cecilia. In about two years after the birth of Henry, Lord Crowbery paid his addresses to Cecilia, and was accepted by Sir Andrew, who gave him a considerable sum with her on the marriage, and at his death bequeathed his whole landed estate in trust to Cecilia and her heirs, in default of which it was to be at her disposal. It was now about twelve years that Sir Andrew had been dead, and from that period Lady Crowbery had privately remitted to Mr. Ratcliffe a liberal stipend year by year for the education of young Henry; but in all this time, though she had meditated on a variety of schemes for gaining a sight of her son, she had not yet found courage to put one of them into execution since the very year of her father's death, when Ratcliffe made her a visit at the family mansion, on the pretence of business, and brought Henry with him, then a child of six years of age. On this occasion her maternal feelings were such as to expose her to very imminent danger, and effectually prevented her from hazarding another interview under the jealous eye of her Lord, whose temper, after the death of her father, soured by his disappointment of an heir, and discontented with the provisions of the will in her favour, was so totally changed, that from this time her life was made wretched by his treatment of her: the circumstance of her elopement, which during Sir Andrew's life never once escaped his lips, was now frequently

frequently cast in her teeth, and sometimes with dark and distant insinuations attached to it, which seemed to intimate that he was not without suspicion of the consequences that followed that event; and certain it is, that, in spite of all Sir Andrew's precautions, whispers had been circulated about the neighbourhood at the time, unfavourable to Cecilia, which probably some spiteful tatler might have breathed into his ears, when 'it was understood amongst his hangers-on that any story they could pick up to the disparagement of his unhappy lady, would be an office flattering to his ill-humour, and a step to his favour.

Under these terrors, surrounded by spies, and continually watched by a jealous tyrant, who never suffered her to pass a day out of his sight, it cannot be wondered at if Lady Crowbery had never ventured upon any project for indulging herself with a sight of her son, nor risked the danger of disclosing to a young man, of whose discretion she could have no positive assurance, the important secret of his birth.

When she understood, from the story of what had passed in the village, that a young man had been carried before Justice Blachford upon a false charge, who pleaded to the name of Henry and none other, an anxious curiosity tempted her to see him. Though she had no reason to suspect her son had either left his faithful guardian, Mr. Ratcliffe, or been abandoned by him, yet the name he gave in with such an air of mystery to the Justice, (which had been reported to her) dwelt strongly on her imagination, and the very first glance of her eyes upon him in the cottage-kitchen revived in her memory the traces of those features she had once, and only once, fondly contemplated. Trembling with agitation, and fearful to
provoke

provoke a discovery she had not spirits to encounter, she did not dare to ask him any questions, more especially before witnesses, but gave him her purse, scarce knowing what she did or said upon bestowing it, till, upon better recollection, she perceived there was nothing left for her but to escape as quickly as she could, and refer him for what else might follow to her confidential friend, Doctor Zachary Cawdle.

Henry in the mean while was not totally without some faint shadows of a recollection, that he had somewhere, and on some occasion, at a time long distant, seen her before. Of a Lady Crowbery he was pretty certain he had heard mention, though Ratcliffe himself probably never named her in his hearing, for in matters of honourable secrecy no man living was more guarded. This idea however only floated in his brain, and he made no discovery either to Ezekiel or Goody May of what was passing in his thoughts, though openings enough were given him by the talkative dame for enquiries on his part, had he been disposed to make them.

Lady Crowbery hastened from the cottage-door to Zachary's, impatient to communicate to him her suspicions that in the person of his servant Henry she had discovered her son. "It cannot be, Madam," replied Zachary, the name deceives you: "it catches your ear, as it did mine, when I hired him."—"But his looks, his age, his voice, his whole air and person accord with it."—"That must be fancy," he again observed; "what can you remember of the countenance of a child of six years old, whom you have not seen these twelve years? I might as well find a likeness for him, who never saw him since he was a babe at the breast."—"So you may think," said she, "but I look upon

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on him with the eye of a mother ; and I tell you, Zachary, he is the very picture of his father."—" Well, Madam," answered he, " that I shall not dispute with you, for that will not decide the point in question ; but here is a letter that will : this I received not many days ago from parson Ratcliffe, and if you please I will read it to you."—" By all means let me hear it," said she ; " how came you not to shew it to me before ?"—Zachary told her he had been from home some days, and since his return confined to his chamber ; and then added, " You will find by this letter that he was living in the highest favour and esteem with his preceptor ; how can we suppose that he should appear in a week's time at this distance from his home a needy, naked wanderer, presenting himself to be hired by the first charitable person that would give him food and lodging ?"—" Heaven only knows," replied the lady ; " I confess it is most improbable : but what is the date of your letter ?"—" It has no date," said Zachary ; and I suspect has been written at several intervals ; but with your leave we'll read it through, though it is somewhat of the longest, and rambles, as you'll perceive, in his desultory manner,"—" I am well acquainted with his manner," replied the lady, " and like every thing that his heart dictates and his pen expresses : say no more therefore, but begin."

Zachary unfolded the letter, put on his spectacles, and read as follows:—

" Don't tell me of the army for my dear unknown ; I cannot spare him even to his country : Henry is the darling of my heart ; a perfect dandy ; and if his undiscovered parents now should claim him of me, I would defend my property in him with life and law, unless some tender
" weeping

“weeping mother was to prostrate herself at my
 “feet, as a certain petitioner did at Solomon’s, and
 “humbly pray for restitution. As I am not quite
 “so wise a king as he was, I should not be quite
 “so cunning in my cruelty, for I would sooner
 “sever my own heart than wound the smallest
 “fibre in his beloved frame.

“I’ll tell you, my sage Doctor, what sometimes
 “occurs to me, in the pride of my heart: if I
 “was not such an ugly fellow, as you know, and
 “such a profest woman-hater, as you have some-
 “times had the face to tell me, when I’ve called
 “you over the coals for your wicked doings, me-
 “thinks I should be tempted to throw out a tub
 “to the tatlers, and put myself upon the world
 “for the father of this amiable foundling; but,
 “alas! it is the only tub they won’t swallow, for
 “they swear I am so frightful that no woman will
 “come near me, and if any wou’d, they pretend
 “to say I am too pious to let them. Out upon
 “’em! they know little of my person, and less of
 “my piety; for I will maintain I am a great deal
 “handsomer than Socrates was, and not half so
 “virtuous. Now I dare say you never took me
 “for worse than a heathen, and, to say the truth,
 “I have often thought you very little better than
 “one.

“Henry has been eighteen years under my eye;
 “if I was to say he has no fault, I should be told
 “I made a monster of him; you may suppose
 “therefore that he has faults, but I promise you
 “I have never found them out. He is not indeed
 “so fat as you are; but that in his misfortune; in
 “form and feature he is a perfect Apollo, but then
 “he does not, like you, rival him in physick; nei-
 “ther does he come near him in wit, for his ta-
 “lents are rather solid than brilliant, and he does
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“ not know how to raise a laugh at any man’s cost,
“ for he has no powers of ridicule ; in music he is
“ still further off, he touches the pipe a little, but
“ it is not the pipe of Hermes, neither is he fit to
“ accompany the harp of Apollo. He has no me-
“ mory ; offend him, and he forgets to revenge it :
“ he has no taste for intrigue, and though our rural
“ Daphnes, peradventure, would not fly, he has
“ no passion for pursuits of this sort. He can’t
“ drink, or he won’t, so that he will never earn
“ the character of an honest fellow, like you and
“ me. He is the best hand in all these parts at
“ sparring, but this art is of no use to him, for he
“ won’t quarrel. He knows Greek moderately
“ well, Latin better, his religion best of all. I can
“ recollect nothing that he does in your way, Doc-
“ tor, except culling of simples, for the very weeds
“ of creation furnish him with meditations on the
“ wonders of the Creator : you deal with them in
“ another way ; electuaries, distillations, and diet-
“ drinks, are their destinies when they fall into
“ your hands.

“ Such is my Henry. Is he fit to go forth into
“ the world, who takes every man’s word for his
“ honesty ? No, let him abide with me and obscu-
“ rity, till Providence opens a path in which he
“ may walk with innocence and serenity.

“ I gave him his baptismal name, and called
“ him Henry : I think he should have as many as
“ his neighbours ; what think you ? If so, let him
“ be henceforth Henry Fitz-Henry !

“ Farewell, T. R.”

Zachary having concluded the letter, waited in
silence for Lady Crowbery to speak. After a consi-
derable pause, observing her still buried in thought,
he said, “ I don’t wonder if your Ladyship is puz-
zled,

zled how to make the hero of this letter and my poor Henry one and the same person."—" 'Tis difficult enough to reconcile it to probability," replied Lady Crowbery, " I do confess to you ; and I believe I must relinquish my discovery. Likenesses are no certain rules to go by ; yet here is a concurrence of circumstances in name and age, and, give me leave to say, in nobleness of nature : Had my Henry been in this young man's situation, cou'd he have acquitted himself more nobly ? therefore, at all events, let me know the history of this youth, for were it only for his name's sake, and the impression which his countenance made upon me, I am resolved to be his friend. Draw from him the story which he so mysteriously withholds, and if (which is still possible) some fatal combination of events shou'd have reduced my child to this distressful state, I still must bless the hand of Providence for guiding him to my protection, and, at whatever risque, will meet the dispensation, and fulfil the duties of a mother. Nevertheless it will behove us to be circumspect, for I am encompassed with hostile and severe inspectors : shou'd you therefore unexpectedly find my first impression verified, let not surprise or curiosity lead you into discoveries that would involve us all in danger ; but keep the secret of his birth untold till we can find or form occasion fit and mature for our revealing it."

This said, and promise made on Zachary's part to be attentive to her instructions, Lady Crowbery took her leave, and departed.

CHAPTER. V.

Our Hero relates his Adventures. A religious Controversy concludes with a Battle.

OUR hero and his friend arrived at the Doctor's gate as Lady Crowbery's carriage drove from it. Ezekiel sat down in the shop with Alexander Kinloch, whilst Henry attended Zachary's summons up stairs. He found the fat son of Apollo sitting in his night-gown and cap, and was welcomed with many hearty congratulations for his escape out of the talons of the justice, on whom Zachary bestowed many opprobrious terms, which we have neither leisure nor inclination to repeat. He touched briefly upon Henry's leaving his service, but so as to convince him he understood his motives, observing by the way, that Mrs. Cawdle was now so ill, that he apprehended her to be in danger; "but she will take nothing," added he, "that Sawney Kinloch prescribes to her, so that she has that chance for life still; for my part, I'm in no condition to attend upon her."

Zachary had made Henry sit down to rest his leg: he now began his string of interrogatories. Had he got any service or situation in view? None. Would he come back to his old quarters? Henry shook his head, bowed, and was silent. Observing this token of dissent, Zachary smiled, and said, "I suspect, young man, you have more honesty than good policy; I doubt you did not take proper pains to recommend yourself to your mistress: the saints pay well when they are pleased, and I guess you do not abound: Have you any money in your pocket?" Henry exhibited the purse, and named the

the donor. "So, so!" cried the Doctor, "that's a great sum for a poor fellow; I suppose you never saw so much money together before."—"I have not always been in want, replied Henry. "Then I suppose your parents may have failed, or come into trouble, or stepped aside, perhaps, and that may be the reason you don't chuse to publish your name; but you need not fear me, for I am no tell-tale."—"Nor I neither," replied Henry. "Humph!" quoth Zachary, "I believe that most readily; but methinks it should be no reason with you for refusing to confide in me, by which you might make a friend, and such an one perhaps as cou'd render you more services than you may be aware of." He then proceeded to ask, "Had he a father living? He had lost the only father he ever knew. "I don't comprehend you," said Zachary; "was he not your real father? Have you no other name than Henry? Was you never called Henry Fitz-Henry?" The young man started at the question, and looked him earnestly in the face. Zachary proceeded—"Did he know a clergyman in the west of England, of the name of Ratcliffe?"—"Did I know him!" exclaimed Henry; "his memory will be ever dear to me: whilst he lived I never knew sorrow."—"Good Heaven!" cried Zachary, "is my friend Ratcliffe dead? How sorry am I to hear it! Oh, that I had been with him in his sickness!"—"Alas!" replied Henry, "you cou'd have been of no use to him; his case defied all art; his death was instantaneous, a fall from his horse; an unmanageable, accursed animal threw him from his back, dislocated his neck, and in a moment extinguished a life most dear, most precious, most divine, if man can merit that expression."—"And you are the foundling he was so fond of?" said Zachary.—"I am that disconsolate being,"

being," replied Henry, the tears streaming from his eyes. "Be comforted," said the honest accoucheur, whose heart was sympathising with Henry's, for he loved Ratcliffe, and had a tender soul; "be comforted, my dear good child, and accept of me in place of your departed friend, unworthy, I confess, to be his substitute, but still a zealous, a sincere one, as you shall find me. Ratcliffe I loved; he was the best of men; I know how dear you was to him; therefore you are dear to me; though he had more experience of your worth than I have, his obligations to you cou'd not be greater than mine are; for my life you have sav'd, and alas! alas! it was not in your power to save his. I'll not deceive you by professions; try me; trust me; you shall not be disappointed, or repent that Providence has brought you thither.

"I think it was the hand of Providence," replied Henry; "for what else cou'd rescue me from such distresses as I have encountered since I left my patron's mansion? As soon as I had seen his corpse committed to the earth, I found myself a solitary being in the world, without a friend, without a name, without a parent that wou'd own me, or at whose door I cou'd apply for succour and relief. The house of my benefactor I neither cou'd nor wou'd abide in: I pack'd up a few clothes, and with what little money I had about me, set out upon my adventures with a servant of my deceased friend, who was going to London. The army was the resource I had in meditation. Daily labour I was not used to, private service my spirit revolted from, and a soldier's musket was at least an honourable, though a slender maintenance. On the road, it was my hard fortune to be attacked by footpads: whilst my comrade ran off, I stood my ground, and made resistance to the robbers; being single, I was

I was overpowered by numbers, and left for dead, stunned with the blow of a bludgeon on my head. A passenger had the humanity to take care of me, and brought me to his house; he was a grazier, and held a farm on the skirts of Hounslow-heath. I soon recovered from the blow, but I had lost my all; for the villains had stripped me even of the clothes I had on: with this man I passed a few days, did what work I cou'd in the house as well as field, but there was certain work within doors which I wou'd not do, and falling under the resentment of his wife, a woman of an outrageous temper, I was so represented to him, that he dismissed me with ignominy from his doors, penniless and friendless. In this extremity I called to mind a certain good old woman, who had been a servant of Mr. Ratcliffe's, and nursed me in my infancy, living, as I understood, at this very town hard by, where happily I first met with you: thither I bent my course, and the rather as I had a distant hope that she could tell me something that might guide me to my parents, for I cou'd well remember being often told by her, when I was of an age to take notice of such things, that I was a gentleman born; that I had as good blood in my veins as the best man in the county, and such sort of vague prattle as nurses talk to children, and perhaps might mean nothing; yet it was a twig to catch at, and I had no better help within my reach. When you accosted me in the market-place, I had just then enquired her out, and found my only hope was lost; she had been dead some years. This with other sorrows will account for the despair you found me in; it was a state little short of absolute insensibility; your voice recalled me to some recollection; you rescued me from total deprivation of my reason. What has befallen me since,

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since, I need not repeat; you know it all; and thus you have the faithful abstract of my short but sad history."

The discovery being now compleat, and Lady Crowbery's conjecture fully verified, Zachary took some time to reconnoitre the ground he was to go upon, before he ventured to advance a step. Having thrown himself back in his easy chair, and held a short council with his wits, he at length broke silence, and, with a gracious smile, began by reassuring Henry of his favour and support. "Heaven forbid," he said, "that one so beloved and protected by his friends should be reduced to labour for his livelihood; he bade him think no more of that, he wou'd take his fortunes on himself; and as he was determined not to let him sink from his former situation, the first thing he recommended him to do was, to equip himself with such necessaries as he had occasion for, ready made up from the warehouse at the neighbouring market town. Take somebody with you," says he, "(either Ezekiel or the old woman) to shew you the proper shop, and rig yourself out in gentleman's apparel; then let me see you, and what you have laid out from your fund I will replace. As to my house, it is your own, if you chuse to make use of it; if not, and you prefer remaining where you are, we can easily make it up to the good people, who give you shelter; and I must candidly confess you will be more likely to find quiet and content in your cottage than under this roof with a certain person that shall be nameless."

Scarce were these words out of his mouth, when a violent noise from the chamber of Jemima put a stop to all further conversation. The sound was like the crash of glass, and it was followed by a loud and shrill scream, which conveyed to Zachary's

ears the well known accent of his beloved's voice in its highest and most discordant key. "Bless us!" cried he; and starting from his chair, made his way as nimbly as he could to his consort's apartment, followed by Henry: upon opening the door the fragments of a glass bottle lay scattered on the floor, sprinkled with a liquor which saluted his nostrils with the veritable odour of Nantz: in another quarter of the chamber, Ezekiel Daw was discovered with a wash-hand bason in his hand, the former contents of which he had sent back to their proper owner, who, though drenched with the polluted stream, was foaming with rage, and preparing herself for another onset.

As both parties were high in wrath and strong in vociferation, it was not easy to collect any thing more of the fracas, than that the glass bottle had been vollied by the fair hand of Jemima at the scull of the apostle, and he, with happier aim, had bestowed upon her the miscellaneous contents of the bason. There was little doubt that the controversy had been of the religious sort, though not conducted with all the temper disputants on such a subject should preserve. The lady was evidently full of the spirit, and Ezekiel's zeal, though not quickened by the same flames, was certainly not of the lukewarm sort. He had been officious in preparing her for the other world, and she had done her best to send him thither before her. Jemima contended for election and grace, which she backed with the argument of the brandy bottle launched at his head; Ezekiel preached regeneration, repentance, and a new life, which he illustrated with the inference of the wash-hand bason. Had Jemima's syllogism not missed its consequence, it would undoubtedly have been of that class, which certain logicians denominate the knock-down argument.

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Ezekiel's was applied *ad verecundiam*; rhetoric of a milder species, yet not less efficacious, having reduced his opponent to a situation, in which any reasonable person would have blushed at being seen.

The only way to make peace was to part the combatants, and this was done by Henry, who took his friend Ezekiel under the arm, and by force, rather than persuasion, conducted him off the field of battle. The eyes of Jemima caught a glimpse of him, whilst engaged in this office, and that one glimpse tended more to allay her rage, than all the sedatives, which Zachary's art could have administered; but this it effected by a revolution rather than a reform; for whilst it calmed one storm, it raised another: she now grew mawdlin, and began to whine and whimper in a piteous sort; the old woman was summoned to provide a change of clothes, and Zachary, glad to devolve his attentions upon Bridget, made a courteous exit, and retired to his chamber.

Jemima in the mean time proceeded in the task of repairing the damages, which her person and apparel had incurred in her contest with the preacher, muttering revenge between whiles, and meditating projects for another interview with the youth, whose appearance had encouraged her with hopes that he might yet be won to continue in her service; and as no means seemed so likely to decoy him as a reconciliation with Susan, she determined within herself instantly to start a negotiation for that purpose.

CHAPTER VI.

Is any Merry? Let him sing Psalms.

WHILST Henry walked slowly homewards with his friend Ezekiel, he was fain to lend a patient ear to an entire recapitulation of the learned controversy, which had, like most other controversies of the sort, exasperated both parties, and convinced neither. The good man had now the whole argument to himself, and managed it after his own liking, without interruption, branching it out into so many digressions, and commenting upon it as he went on so diffusively, that it may well be doubted if his companion was one whit the wiser, especially as his thoughts were pre-engaged by the events that had passed in his conference with the Doctor. Ezekiel's new-birth, though strongly insisted on by him as the one thing needful in Jemima's desperate state of health and morals, did not at that moment interest Henry quite so much as the new scene of things, which now seemed opening upon him with more auspicious hopes than he had hitherto ventured to indulge. Nothing struck Ezekiel with such surprize, (as he frequently remarked to Henry) nothing seemed to him so unnatural in the behaviour of Jemima, as that she should be offended with him for an act of kindness, "to which," added he, "I protest unto you, I was moved by no other consideration than that of rendering her all the service in my power; for, having heard that Mr. Kinloch had pronounced upon her case, I came in pure charity and good will to apprise her that she had not many days to live, and for this my friendly office the ungrateful hussy treated me as you saw; but

but some natures are not sensible of any kindness you can shew them."

When they arrived at the cottage, Dame May and Susan had spread the board with clean linen, and a homely, but comfortable, meal, and welcomed them with a smile, that would have recommended worse fare. Ezekiel, who had the hospitality, though not the purse, of a bishop, gave a nod of approbation to the women, and a hearty greeting to his companion. He then drew himself up to an erect posture, and, with much solemnity, began a grace, that would have served for the dinner of a cardinal, and which held his messmates by the ears long enough to cool the meat and tantalize their hunger: a polite preacher might have dispatched a modern sermon in the time Ezekiel took to warn his hearers how they indulged their fleshly appetites: which exhortation he had no sooner finished, than he cried out, "Fall to, my good friends, with a hearty stomach, and much good may it do you!"—an inference not exactly corresponding with the doctrine of the text, but probably better stomached by the hearers than any part of it, and more readily obeyed.

When hunger was appeased, and the fragments set by, Ezekiel, turning to his guest, said, "Methinks, friend Henry, thy countenance bespeaketh a cheerful heart; and verily it gladdens me to behold it; for the fate of an honest man is the index of his thoughts. The maiden also, who sitteth beside thee, seemeth to participate in thy good spirits, which is to me a sure token that I have not bestowed labour in vain upon her; for whereas the eye of the lover is sullen and sad, her's on the contrary is bright and joyous: our good dame also is merry, and in sooth so am I; for I experience something at my heart, which augurs better days:
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not that I complain of time past in my own particular; Heaven forbid! I am thankful for my lot, and contented therewith. It is not the rich man's gold that is to be envied; it is his opportunity of doing good therewith that I covet; to cheer the widow's heart, to cherish the helpless orphan, to employ the labouring poor, succour them in sickness, and wipe away the tear from the cheek of the mourner, these are the voluptuous enjoyments, these the real luxuries of life, which the great may revel in; this is their bed of down, their feast of dainties, and their flow of pleasure. But do they not too often let these joys escape them? Alas! I fear they do! They give, indeed, but do they bless withal? They scatter to the importunate and undeserving bounties that would give life to the industrious, and people a whole neighbourhood. Oh, Henry! if ever thou art favoured with the gifts of fortune, forget not, I conjure thee, that thou wast once the poorest of the poor."

"Behold, I am the favourite of fortune," cried the youth, putting his purse on the table, "and no longer poorest of the poor, therefore hear me at this moment declare, that never in any future period of my life, whilst I am possessed of memory, will I fail to bear in mind the sad degree of helpless penury in which this unsolicited bounty found me, and least of all will I forget your goodness to me, my generous friends, your charitable protection in the hour of trial: and see! here are the means to add some comforts to this beloved circle, and yet provide me with all I am in want of."

"What!" exclaimed Ezekiel, "shall we do good to our fellow creatures and be paid for it by filthy lucre? Shall we serve two masters at a time, praise God with our lips, and worship Mammon in our hearts? Perish all such double-minded hypocrisy!"

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hypocrisy! be far from me such pharisaical eye-service! No, young man, the master I serve is able to recompence me, and him only will I worship."

He now began to tune his voice to thanksgiving, and gave out Mr. Addison's beautiful hymn:—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,

"My rising soul surveys."—

The chorus was now full, for both Henry and Susan here could bear a part, as the words were familiar to them; and had not honest Daw and the Dame, in their zeal, effectually drowned the more melodious voices of the younger choristers, the concert would have been more tuneable than it was; but Ezekiel roared with might and main, and the old woman blew the trumpet through her nose with such a twang, that the cottage echoed with the din, and to add to the crash, the cow-boy, who was then in the act of driving the parish herd from their common, hearing the chorus, put the horn to his mouth, and stopping directly before the cottage window, sent forth such a determined blast, in malicious unison with Goody May's nose, as had well nigh overthrown the gravity of Henry and Susan, in spite of all their respect for Ezekiel, and the pious task they were employed upon: very different was the effect it took with him, for no sooner had he wound off his cadence with the accompaniment of the said cow-horn, than he sallied from his castle, and angrily demanded of the lad what he meant by winding his horn in such a manner under his window, purposely to disturb and ridicule him in his devotions.

The lad, who was brother to that John Jenkins, whom Ezekiel had taken to task at the Justice's, stared at him with a contemptuous grin, and gave

no answer. "Dost thou laugh in my face," cried Ezekiel, "thou unsanctified cub? I know thee, Joe Jenkins, I know thee well, and all thy kin, for a generation of scorers: fie on thee, reprobate! fie on thee!"—he was proceeding, when the saucy rogue, without any apology, slyly put the horn again to his mouth, and turning it towards the orator, gave him such another dolorous blast in his ear, as drove him back into the cottage, almost deafened with the twang. What was to be done? The preacher was too much a man of peace to chastise him with his fist, and as for his tongue, loud though it was, it made no battle against the horn and the horn-master, who by long practice had acquired the art of giving such a tone to it, as nothing but the patient ears of a cow could submit to be tortured with.

Here some of my readers may remark, that Henry ought to have turned out in support of his friend; but they will be pleased to recollect, in extenuation of his omission, that he had sufficiently smarted for his fray with the miller; that the stocks were in his sight, as well as his remembrance; and that he was at this very time so disabled with a sprained ankle, that he could as soon have caught the birds of the air, as the nimble-heeled musician: if none of these reasons will suffice to exculpate him, I have none else to offer, except that he was just now engaged in a conversation with Susan, which though conveyed by the eyes, in a language not altogether so sonorous as the horn, was not less intelligible, and probably more interesting to both parties, than what was passing without doors: in short, there was an interchange of looks, which Goody May either did not understand, or understanding did not see occasion to interrupt.

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It cannot be disguised, that Susan May had thoughts in her head that did not entirely square with those self-denying maxims, which Ezekiel Daw had piously laboured to impress upon her: she had the advantage both of years and experience over the youth, upon whose heart she seemed to level her attack: three years of her life she had passed in the school of Mrs. Cawdle, who was herself no mean proficient in the arts of intrigue; and though she had now renounced that service, it may well be doubted, if there were not other motives for her making this sacrifice, than purely the moral merit of the act itself. Of her passion for Henry she had given unequivocal proofs, not only in her interview with him, which Weevil and his party broke up, but in that also, which Ezekiel interrupted. With a person uncommonly attractive, she had a heart peculiarly susceptible; and when she repulsed the attack of Justice Blackford, it was probably more the result of an utter dislike of his person, than of any fixt and constitutional abhorrence of his proposals. Such was her superiority over every girl of the village in point of charms, that not one amongst them could retain her sweetheart, if Susan's eye once glanced encouragement upon him; but this she seldom condescended to, and then only in the way of a little sly revenge for their spite and malice against her; real liking she bestowed on none; their clownishness, and her ambition, rendered her inexorable to all such suitors; but to the graces of Henry's person she had nothing to oppose; there was a traitor in the fortress of honour, that had he been disposed to have summoned it, would have been found a very busy agent for a surrender.

Hence it came to pass, that Ezekiel Daw had no sooner bolted from his castle to reprimand the

obstreperous musician, whose accompaniment had so annoyed him in his psalmody, than Susan May availed herself of the lucky interval to glance a look at her beloved Henry, that plainly spoke the disposition she was in to profit by such an opportunity, and the good will she bore to the cow-boy for supplying her with the present one, however short: it fairly told him, that if Ezekiel had not so critically interposed to rescue her from his arms on a late occasion, she could have found in her heart to have forgiven him, and would have met the consequences without accusing her ill fortune. Mirth and good cheer had warmed the heart of Henry; the chilling blasts of poverty were for the present dispersed; Susan's eyes were too plain-spoken for him to miss their meaning, and his spirits too much exhilarated to be totally insensible to the purport of it. Ezekiel, however, soon returned, and the scene was changed.

When the affair of the cow-boy and his horn had had its proper share of discussion, the party began to talk over the business of providing Henry with the necessaries he was to purchase; and it was determined to go the next morning to the neighbouring market town, which being upon the coast, and a port for small vessels, was furnished with all such articles as he was in want of, ready made: the distance did not exceed two miles, and Henry was of opinion he could walk thither in the present condition of his ankle, by the help of a stout stick, which stood in the corner of the room, and was in fact the pastoral staff of the itinerant apostle Ezekiel, who also offered to accompany him, and render him his farther help by the way. Susan, it may be supposed, was not backward in her tenders, and having been in the practice of making frequent purchases for Mrs. Cawdle at a cer-
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tain shop of all sorts in the aforesaid place, was a party by no means to be left out of the expedition. The order of march was therefore finally so arranged, that Susan, under guard of Ezekiel and Henry, should set out with the first of the morning, leaving Dame May in charge of the cottage, and also to provide the meal that was to cheer them on their return.

A council was next held for lodging the company, male and female; and whereas their barracks were not quite so roomy as might be wished, it was not without some arguing pro and con, that it was at last settled, that the mother and daughter should occupy the bed in which Henry had reposed himself the night before; that Ezekiel should keep his own quarters in the cockloft to himself alone; and that a certain couch, which presented itself as a succedaneum ready for service, in Dame May's chamber, should be brought into the common room, and, with the help of a mattrafs, converted into a crib bed, for the sole use and behoof of Henry their guest.

These regulations made and agreed to, the parties drew themselves together in a circle round the hearth, where a few embers served to light Ezekiel's pipe, whilst the Dame took her knitting and Susan her needle, when a conversation ensued, which shall be recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Our Hero gratifies the Curiosity of his Host.

"**M**ETHINKS," cried Ezekiel, taking the pipe from his mouth, "there is a time, friend Henry, when honest men should understand each other, and throw aside concealment: now I do not think thou canst charge me with an importunate curiosity in thy particular, having been content to know thee by none other name, than what thy sponsors gave thee at thy baptism, ever since thou refusedst to plead to the question of the Justice. Thou wilt say, peradventure, that charity maketh no conditions; that the good Samaritan needed not to enquire the name of him, who had fallen amongst thieves; and true it is; that I did not thereupon shut my bowels of compassion against thee, because thou didst withhold an answer to the magistrate's demand: yet having now consorted with thee at bed and board, and lived with thee as it were with mine own familiar friend, it seemeth meet no longer to disguise from us thy name and history, seeing that we may either do thee less or more than justice, by our vague conjectures, for whilst we are in darkness we are liable to stumble."

"True," replied the youth, "your conclusions are just, and your friendship gives you a right to know all of me that I know of myself; yet can I give you little better satisfaction than I gave to the Justice, though I shall not content myself with the same short answer as I made to him. The obscurity, which involves my birth, is a secret impenetrable to me; and as I know not what name I have a right to take, I do not venture upon any. If I have

have, a parent yet living, whose eye can trace me to my present poor condition, there may still be hope of its amendment, for I have not always been thus lost and neglected; at all events it will behove me so to act in this my humble and reduced condition, that the reasons, which obtain for the obscurity I am kept in, may not owe their continuance to my misconduct and disgrace; so shall it be to their shame only, who conceal my birth, and not to mine, if it is never revealed in any future time."

"Aye," cried Ezekiel, "and it will be to their everlasting condemnation in the life to come; for how can they expect to be received into the lot of the righteous, who abandon their offspring, and professing themselves to be rational creatures, responsible to their Creator, neglect those natural duties, which even the brutes instinctively fulfil? We will grant what seemeth probable to be the case, that thou art what is vulgarly called base-begotten; what then? the baseness is not thine, but their's who so begot thee. Is this a reason, that to the crime of bringing thee into the world unlawfully, they should add that of abandoning thee unmercifully? Woe, treble woe to all such sinful monsters!—But proceed, for thy narration is interesting."

"That I appear to you," said Henry, "at present in the light of a deserted being, I cannot wonder; but I rather suspect it is owing to the fatal accident that deprived me of support by the sudden death of my protector, than to any absolute dereliction of me by my unknown parents, if I have any such now living. The excellent person who educated and maintained me from my infancy, was a clergyman, moderately beneficed, and I never heard that he had any other means than
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his church-preferment; I must believe therefore that he was secretly furnished for the purpose, else indeed I should have been a burthen greater than he could have borne, for I was carefully and indulgently brought up in the abundance of every thing that could contribute to my comfort and improvement. If he knew the secret of my birth, he kept it faithfully, for he never opened the slightest hint of it to me; and as his death was instantaneous, by a fall from his horse, all communication through his channel was shut upon me at once; and having neither right, means, nor inclination to keep my station in a house, that with my benefactor's decease, devolved upon a successor, I threw myself upon the world too hastily perhaps in point of prudence, for certainly till that period I never knew misfortune. Upon the whole, I join with you in believing that I am illegitimate."

"Yes, verily," answered the preacher, "thou wert born in sin, for the world is full of fornication and all manner of uncleanness; the age is gross and carnal; the sons and the daughters of Belial revel in the face of the sun: in vain doth the preacher cry out to the strangers and pilgrims upon earth to abstain, they stop their ears; he crieth in vain; they will not listen to his voice, preach he never so wisely. For my part, I am hoarse with preaching to this adulterous generation; my tongue cleaveth to the roof of my mouth with crying out to the daughters of the land to possess their vessels in sanctification, but in vain; though I warn them late and early, they heed me not; my whole flock is gone astray, every hedge witnesseth to their dishonour; the damsels are like the kids of the goats in coupling time, the young men like fed horses in the morning, every one neighing

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neighing after his neighbour's wife, whilst I, if a wake or a fair or the sound of the pipe calls them off, though in the midst of a sermon, am left by myself like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

Henry smiled; Susan looked archly under her eyelids. Ezekiel, good man, had strayed away from the topic they were upon in the true spirit of digression, but having at length come back to the track, after a few whiffs for the benefit of recollection, he demanded of Henry, if he had rightly understood him, that the person who had taken charge of him, was a clergyman of the church of England?—Henry informed him that he was a clergyman of the established church, and one that was an ornament to his profession; an admirable preacher, a deep scholar and a sound divine.—“Humph!” quoth Ezekiel.—“A man,” continued Henry, “of exemplary morals, unblemished honour and a heart as gentle as the dew of heaven.”—Ezekiel applied to his pipe with double diligence, and was enveloped with a cloud of smoke.—“Whilst he lived I knew no sorrow; I had no other teacher; he was at once my preceptor, friend, and father.”—“I believe it,” said Ezekiel.—“He was such a friend as perhaps no father now discovered could replace.”—“None such, I dare say, will be discovered,” replied Ezekiel: “Are thine eyes darkened? Dost thou not at once discern that thou art Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman, and like him cast out into the wilderness, to seek thy fortune, without portion or inheritance?”—“You speak by allusion,” said Henry, “and I may not rightly interpret your meaning; but if you suppose that I am the natural son of that exemplary divine, you do me too much honour, and him great injustice; therefore banish all those suspicions from your mind at once, and though

though I cannot expect you to reverence his character as I do who knew it, I do expect that you will not wound my feelings by suggestions so unworthy of it. Don't let me appear captious by what I now say, but the respect which my experience of his virtues has engrafted on my heart, will not suffer any stain to be cast upon his memory; to him I owe the sense and conviction of this and every other principle of rectitude and justice; and if I deviate from it, the transgression will lie at my own door: but I trust I shall not so offend against his instructions, as to grieve his departed spirit; and as I have endured adversity with tolerable resignation and composure, I hope, if it shall please Heaven to reverse my lot, I shall not be found wholly undeserving of prosperity."

Ezekiel knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and sat silent in profound meditation—Susan sighed and kept her eyes fixed upon her work,—Goody May went on with her knitting, observing however by the way, that a mother who neglected her own offspring was worse than an infidel. At length Ezekiel, awaking from his reverie, remarked, that he had somewhere read, or else been told, of a certain son in the like mysterious circumstances, who had either married his own mother, or had a child by her, he could not exactly say which, but he remembered it was a very shocking story.—"Whichever it was," Henry replied, "it would not be his case; there was one sure way to escape shipwreck, by never going to sea." Here Susan glanced a look at him, which seemed to say, Make no rash resolutions.—Goody May in her natural manner said, "Well, well! I can vouch for it you are not my son."—"Nor any body's relation in this company, I dare say," added Susan.—Ezekiel next, with much gravity, put in his protest against

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the possibility of any claim being made upon him, for reasons which he should keep to himself; and concluded by saying, "He did not doubt but the sin laid at the door of some high-born huffey, for he believed from his heart there were many dark doings amongst them; few of them he feared were like good Lady Crowbery; she was a non-such, a pattern of purity."—This led him into another digression, in which he took a circuit round the neighbourhood, which set him down at the next door with Justice Blachford, who, he observed, was keen in spying out small trespasses in others, and overlooking great ones in himself.

"Aye, so the people say," cried Goody May; "but who believes them? Did not they scandalize my poor dear child, no longer ago than yesterday, when Henry was before his worship? I am sure, if I thought any harm of Mr. Blachford in that way, I shou'd not have listened to the offer he made me this very mornning for my Susan; yet such a place as Mrs. Locket's, the housekeeper, for a young woman out of service as she is, does not fall to every body's lot: I am certain the late gentlewoman made a pretty penny by it, aye! and went as handsomely the whilst as the best she in the county."

"Went as handsomely!" repeated Ezekiel; "what dost thou infer from that, good dame, but that servants dress out of character, and shew the world they either spend more than they earn, or earn more than their wages?"

A conversation was now started between the Doctor and the Dame, which branched out into many discussions not very edifying, were I to attempt the relation of them, in all which the hero of our history had little interest, and took no part: Susan indeed could have told a tale of Justice Blachford,

Blachford, that might have ended the debate at once, but she was in the first place under promise of secrecy, and in the next not in the humour to unfold it before the company present.

Upon the whole it was plain, that although Ezekiel mingled much good reason with many oddities, yet the worldly advantages of a gainful place, and the soothing measures Blachford had taken to insure an interest with the mother of Susan, had their due influence with her, notwithstanding all that the hazard of the situation, or the sincerity of honest Daw, could object to deter her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Love and Ambition are no Friends to Sleep.

THE day was now closing, and twilight faintly served to usher the several parties to their repose; the couch was spread in the kitchen for Henry, in which task the fair hands of Susan had the principal share; and Ezekiel ascended to his loft.

All, who have experienced the effects of love or ambition, will acknowledge that neither of these passions are endued with any soporific qualities: whilst Susan's thoughts were kept awake by one, her mother's imagination was haunted by the other: the image of Henry stretcht upon his pallet in all the captivating bloom of youthful beauty formed a glowing vision in the busy fancy of that fond damsel, which banished sleep: whilst the warm imagination of the fond mother pictured her beloved daughter in the state and dignity of house-keeper

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keeper to Squire Blachford, with all the insignia of her office about her; the keys at her side, pickles and preserves, presses filled with linen, and stores of all sorts in her charge, with humble housemaids waiting to obey her nod—and rest was no less banished from her eyes. Each party being thus possessed by her ruling passion, they proceeded to vent their meditations in a kind of dialogue, or rather of alternate soliloquy, in which both exclusively indulged their own favourite ideas, yet neither perceived that she was talking to herself.

“Well, to be sure,” cried Susan, “some people in the world must be absolutely void of feeling; they must be monsters in nature, who abandon their own child: in my opinion, be they what they may, they might be proud to acknowledge such a son as Henry.”

“Very true,” quoth the mother; “and the more I think of it the more I am convinced, notwithstanding all that Mr. Daw can say to the contrary, that it will be the wisest thing you can do to close with the Squire’s proposal. Why, lack-a-day! such offers don’t come every day.”

“Search the kingdom through,” continued Susan, “you shall not see a finer, shapelier, lovelier figure in ten thousand, nor one that, in spite of his poor apparel, has more the air of a gentleman.”

“I dare say,” resumed the Dame, “that what with perquisites and presents, and such like fair comings-in, you will make it worth you a good twenty pounds a year, aye belike, and more than twenty; why, ’tis a fortune, girl; and he said he would not haggle with you about wages.”

“I’ll bet a wager, when he is dressed in his new cloathes to-morrow, there will not be so charming a fellow in this county, nor the next to it. Oh! mother

mother, let preacher Daw talk till he is hoarse, he shall never talk me out of my senses."

"No, to be sure, girl, you are of an age to carve for yourself; besides, what can he know of these matters?"

"Nothing," replied Susan, "nothing in nature; you heard him say he had reasons of his own why Henry cou'd not be his son: O' my conscience! I believe him, poor man; those reasons of his are soon guessed at: he knows no more about it than this bed-post; nay, not so much, for how shou'd he come at it?"

"Lack-a-day!" resumed the dame, "he is a goodly pious creature; but he forgets that young women have their fortunes to make."

"Aye, and their pleasures to pursue," added Susan; "though, with his good-will, they shou'd do nothing but sing psalms and hear sermons; if he had his way, he wou'd be for locking us all up like nuns in a cloister."

"Well, well then, follow your own fancy, and don't heed what he says to prevent it."

"That's my good mother," quoth the happy girl, nimbly turning herself about; "i'faith, I'll follow your advice, and not regard what he says to the contrary. A fine piece of work he made forsooth about nothing, only because the dear lad gave me a civil kiss and no harm done!"

"I told him there was no harm," rejoined the Dame, "I told him he was too strait-laced in those matters; and I dare say, if the Squire offers at any such liberties, your own discretion will take care no harm shall follow it; one wou'd not lose a friend for such little freedoms, so long as they are innocent ones."

"The Squire, indeed!" cried Susan; "name him not, filthy creature, I abhor and detest him, and

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and had rather a toad shou'd touch me than he; but Henry—”

“What has got in your head now?” replied the mother, somewhat peevishly; “I am talking to you of Squire Blachford, and you are rambling about Henry: I am recommending a good place to you, and your thoughts run a gadding after the lad in the next room. Ah! Susan, Susan! thou wilt always be a gill-flirt, hankering and hankering for everlasting after the young fellows, but don't forget the main chance, my girl; remember service is no inheritance; make hay, as the saying is, while the sun shines, and don't let a good thing go by you.”

“It may be a good thing in one sense,” said Susan, “but there is a very bad thing belonging to it. I know the Squire full well, and for what base purposes he makes this offer: he wou'd have me be to him as Mrs. Locket was, whom he's tir'd of, but I scorn it; I wou'd sooner beg my bread round the world with Henry than ride in my coach with such a nasty, black, old, heartless wretch as the Squire. Ah! mother, mother, all his kindness to you is but coaxing and cajoling to make a fool of you, and something else of me. If you had but seen what he did yesterday.”—“Why, what did he do?” eagerly exclaimed the mother, “you frighten me out of my wits.”—“'Twas well I frightened him out of his,” replied Susan, “by screaming and struggling, and forcing him to let me loose, or I know not what wou'd have happened; but I got out of his clutches, and made him let Henry out of the stocks, or I wou'd have exposed him to the whole neighbourhood. But now, mother, don't say a word of what I've told you, for I gave him my promise I wou'd not tell of it; nor wou'd I have opened my lips, if you had not pressed

pressed me about his offer, which I am sure you wou'd not now wish me to accept."

"Not for the wealth of the world, my child," replied the good Dame, "wou'd I have you take a service on such terms. Well, of a certain that man must have the cunning of the devil in him, for he talked to me in such a stile, that I no longer believed any one of the bad stories that are told of him, but took them all to be mere spite and malice; and when Mr. Daw talked against him a while ago, I took his part, and was angry with the good man for listening to such fables: Alack-a-day! what a world is this we live in!"

Dame May had now got into the moralizing vein, the lulling quality of which soon began to take effect; her words died away in drowsy murmurs, the visions of ambition faded from her sight, and the gentle god of sleep no longer needed solicitation to befriend his aged votary after the accustomed sort.

Half of his task was still unfinished; the bright eyes of Susan were not so willing to be closed, nor could he still the throbbing of a young high-passioned heart, which panted for other consolation than his soft quiet could bestow. The wanderings of fancy were not so easily allayed, and projects upon projects rose in succession to puzzle and perplex her brain: but even meditation and the thoughts of love will yield at last to *Nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep*; and though, perhaps, there were other arms in which she would more gladly have reposed herself, the love-sick damsel fell at length into the embrace of that delusive power, which has nothing to bestow but dreams and visions and unreal shades.

CHAPTER IX.

A domestic Scene in upper Life.

LET us now steal away with silent tread on tip-toe from the pallet of the sleeping damsel, to visit the more splendid but less peaceful chamber of the Lady Crowbery.

Upon her return from Zachary's, she crept up to her room, hoping there to pass a few undisturbed moments of private meditation, for her heart was full, and her thoughts unsettled; in spite of the letter she had lately heard read to her, she could not divest herself of the first impression which the sight of Henry had made upon her heart. In his features she persisted, to believe that she had recognized the picture, which memory had preserved of her child, matured but not obliterated by time; and the longer her mind pondered upon it, the stronger her persuasion grew, though against probability, that she had discovered her son in the person of this mysterious stranger. His name, age, form, nay his very voice, struck her ear as conveying the same tones, only deepened by manhood; in short she surrendered herself to this idea, which, like a spell, possessed her senses, and dissolved her into tears.

At this moment a message from her Lord summoned her to his presence: unseasonable though it was, she well knew no excuses for delay would be allowed, and she instantly obeyed. She found him with Blachford and two other persons, the one an attorney who managed his estate, and the other a captain of marines, who bore his name, and was acknowledged as a near relation. Bloated
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by the flattery of these his constant fatterites, and secluded from the rest of the world, his pride, self-consequence and ill-humour were without controul; and as nothing met his eye of which he was not the lord and master, he was become the despotic tyrant of the sphere in which he moved. Blachford found it convenient to court his favour, for his property, extended far and wide over the neighbourhood; and such interest as is attached to property he could not fail to possess, and did not scruple to exert. Blachford's small estate was surrounded by his lands and manors; the countenance of Lord Crowbery was also the more to be coveted, because he lived upon very distant terms with every other gentleman in the neighbourhood. He had been giving the Peer an account of Henry, and the several circumstances that had come out at his examination. In telling a story he had an art of shaping it to his purposes, and on these occasions any one might have supposed him to be upon the best terms with truth, so free did he make with it. He spoke of his prisoner's behaviour as highly insolent and contumacious, and though of necessity he had released him upon Weevil's evidence, yet he still considered him as a suspicious character; he observed, that it was not impossible but the whole might have been an artful collusion between him and Bowsey; and though the law would not bear him out in committing him to prison, it was no rule to him in matters of opinion, and as far as that went, he for one could not bring his mind to acquit him of the guilt.

Whilst Henry and Ezekiel were upon their visit to Zachary, Blachford had been with Goody May upon the subject of the house-keeper's place, and by her he was told of Lady Crowbery's coming to her

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her house, and of the bounty she had bestowed upon Henry. This he now good-naturedly imparted to my Lord, not willing that any of her good deeds should be lost, extolling her charity, but doubting as to the worthiness of the object it was employed upon. Appearances, he confessed, were apt to mislead, and in no case more likely so to do than in that of the young man in question, who, he must say, was one of the handsomest fellows he ever set his eyes on, and it was very natural on that account to feel a prejudice in his favour; he owned that he himself had experienced it whilst he had him under examination; and if he, being a man, was sensible of it towards one of his own sex, it was not to be wondered at if the softer heart of a woman was affected by it in the same, or even a greater degree.

This was enough for all the spiteful purposes of Blachford; it was putting the match to the train of combustibles in the jealous bosom of the Peer; who muttered to himself something not quite distinct enough to be clearly overheard by his company, rung the bell and dismissed a servant to his lady with the message already reported.

Upon her entering the room he received her with a kind of ironical civility, expressing his hope that she had had an agreeable airing: he next enquired where she had been? To the apothecary's—And to no other place? She recollected having stopped at the cottage of Goody May. And didn't she recollect any thing more than simply stopping at her door? Cou'dn't she recollect entering the cottage? Cou'dn't she call to mind her own good deeds there performed, and the very generous method she took of chearing the widow's heart, by letting her see how bountiful she could be to a stranger and a vagabond at the very first sight?

The fame of her charity, he said, had circulated through the whole village, and their demands upon her in future could not fail to be very high; for what was there which the resident and industrious poor might not reasonably expect from one, who had so much to throw away upon the idle and undeserving?—Her answer was very short. She was always sorry when her little charities were made matter of report; but she perceived she had some friend, (and here she pointed a look at Blachford) who was not disposed to let her slightest actions pass unnoticed. She had indeed given a small matter to the young man, who had been apprehended upon a false charge; and from the circumstances, which then appeared, she thought herself warranted to consider him as an object deserving of her charity. “Nobody can doubt of your ladyship’s motives,” replied my Lord with a sneer; “and no object, if I am rightly informed, can be better qualified to stir up the soft sensations of charity in a female heart than the fellow in question. I find he has been pretty successful already in his setting out; but now that your ladyship has lent your hand to the good work, we may expect him to perform great matters; whilst you furnish him with money and encouragement, he’ll supply himself with amusements amongst the wives and daughters of our peasantry, to the great improvement of the breed, being, I am told, as perfect an Adonis as was ever carted to the gallows. One of our young parishioners, it seems, has been very charitable to him already, and left her service for his sake; I mean the daughter of that very woman, whom your ladyship honours with your visits, and who at present condescends to inhabit a cottage of Mr. Blachford’s, in which however I am inclined to think her residence will not be of any very long

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duration, if my interest can obtain her removal; for my charity will not, like your ladyship's, be addressed to one worthless individual, but have respect to the community at large, by clearing it of this fellow and his clan, who are in a fair way, with your kind assistance, to corrupt the morals of the whole hamlet, if not speedily driven out of it."

To this no answer was attempted on the part of the lady; she well knew the quarter from which the spiteful information sprung, and she doubted not but this charge against Henry was equally groundless with all the rest: she was secretly resolved, however, to ascertain the truth, as far as it could be discovered in Susan May's particular; and now Blachford too late began to repent of his folly in stirring any question about that young woman's conduct, who had so much in her power to retaliate upon him: he gnawed his lips with vexation for having been so flippant on a tender subject; but cunning fellows are very capable of outwitting themselves. The captain and the lawyer kept close; and whilst my Lord was meditating a fresh attack upon the patience of his lady, a servant announced the arrival of visitors, in the persons of Sir Roger Manstock and his daughter.

As our readers will have frequent opportunities of making their own observations on the character of this gentleman, and also of his fair companion, we shall in this place disclose no more of either, than that Sir Roger was a person of considerable weight and influence in the county, living hospitably, and cultivating the good esteem of his neighbours rich and poor. He had married a younger sister of Lady Crowbery's mother, and by her was left a widower with an only daughter, Isabella by name, who now accompanied him on his visit.

We have said that Lady Crowbery's father left his estate in trust for her use, and this trust he devolved upon Sir Roger Manstock, than whom he probably could no where have found a fitter person, he being not only strictly faithful to her interest, but as tenderly regardful of her happiness as if she had been a child of his own. Nothing but this love and regard for her could probably have brought him to the house of the Lord Crowbery, whose society he disliked and whose tyranny he detested. He was now called over upon a matter of business; the news of Mr. Ratcliffe's death had reached him, and the bearer of that melancholy intelligence was himself a suitor to succeed him in the living. As Sir Roger well knew the great esteem Lady Crowbery had for the deceased, he did not think fit to broach his business in the hearing of my Lord or any of his companions; but, having prefaced his request with a proper apology to that noble personage, he retired with his niece and daughter to another apartment, and there disclosed to her, with all the precaution in his power, the fatal accident that had befallen her friend, an event which, under any circumstances, would have been highly affecting, but in the present state of her spirits was peculiarly so, combined as it now was with her sensations in regard to Henry, her mind being instantly smitten with the conviction that he was her son. This incident though unknown to Sir Roger Manstock, produced effects that could not be disguised, and he perceived her agitated to such a degree, that he no longer thought of leaving her, as he at first intended, but very earnestly desired she would permit either himself or his daughter to stay by her for the evening, if Lord Crowbery would consent to give them house-room.

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To this kind offer she thankfully acceded, saying, " You are always good to me, and considerate of my unhappy spirits ; knowing how unpleasant a task I impose upon you, I ought not to be so selfish as to accept your kindness ; but I do confess the society of my dear Isabella, if you can spare her to me one day, will be a comfort above every thing in life , but if you grant me this, you must add the further favour to it, and speak to my Lord, for I dare not undertake it." She then asked some slight questions respecting the person who brought the intelligence, and this she did for the purpose of introducing an enquiry more interesting—" Did he know what had become of the young man, whom Mr. Ratcliffe had adopted ?" The Baronet replied, " That this had been one of the first things in his thoughts, knowing as he did the affection which the deceased entertained for that young man, but that he could learn nothing more from his enquiries concerning him, except that he had suddenly disappeared after the decease of his friend, and had not since been heard of.

This was a circumstance that seemed to her to carry conviction with it, and she no longer doubted having discovered her son in the person of Henry. It was now in her power to secure to him the protection of Sir Roger Manstock, without revealing the more important secret of his birth, to which no one was privy but Doctor Zachary ; she determined therefore to communicate to him the several occurrences that had been passing in the village relative to Henry, and concluded by saying, " It will be a very singular turn of fortune, or I should rather say of Providence, if it proves that I have discovered this very foundling by the merest accident in nature, and that he is now in this parish, at the house of a poor widow, where I chanced

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ed upon him this morning, in a state of absolute distress and indigence: shou'd he prove to be the reliet of my lamented friend, I will take his future fortunes upon myself, and in this undertaking I hope I shall have your approbation and advice, for I am sorry to say I foresee great uneasiness from a certain quarter, somebody having taken the cruel pains to impress my Lord with very unjust prejudices against him already; and to confess the truth, at the moment when you and Isabella arrived, I was under strong rebuke for having bestowed a small relief upon him, which that mischief-making Blachford had reported after his fashion, and in the art of aggravation I am sorry to say he is exceeded by no one."

Our readers will now be pleased to help us to the conclusion of this chapter, by kindly supposing that every thing proper to be said on the part of the worthy baronet was said; that having taken leave of my Lord, and by his gracious permission left the lovely Isabella to administer soft consolation to her unhappy cousin, he is safely seated in his post-chaise on his return to Manstock Castle, having ten miles to measure homewards, and the evening fast approaching to its close.

CHAPTER X.

Our Hero is seen in a very dangerous Situation.

THE sun had now reared his glittering orb above the eastern waves, gilding their curled heads with orient gold, when Susan, eager to prepare for the appointed expedition, broke from the
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bands of sleep, and unfolding to the god of day two brilliant eyes, whose lustre seemed almost to vie with his, silently detached herself from the side of her still snoring mother—for she, sweet nymph, disdained the selfish practice of those unfeeling and obstreperous beings, who seem to think, when they have done with sleep, that all the world should wake: on the contrary with steps as light as gossamour, she trode slipperless over the clay-bound floor, and throwing a loose bed-gown over her, fastening it at the same time with a slight knot round her waist, presented to the sylphs, if any were there attending, an object for which they would doubtless have been content to have taken human forms, though they had forfeited immortality by the exchange.

Thus half attired, she raised the wooden latch, that was the only barrier betwixt her and the beloved youth, who occupied the solitary couch in the adjoining room, not entering like the nightly thief, with a malicious intent to steal upon his defenceless slumbers, and plunder him undiscovered, but for the harmless purpose of redeeming her own property, there deposited and left at his mercy, of which she recollected various articles, that had escaped her memory over-night, and which of course it now behoved her to reclaim. She drew the chamber door after her with duteous attention, still cautious how she disturbed her aged parent in the enjoyment of her repose, and for a time, as if fascinated by the charms of the slumbering youth, stood in fixt contemplation of his person, seeming to have lost all memory of those very objects, which she came in search of. Two or three loose articles, not very essential to her dress, she had already collected, when casting her eyes upon the couch, she discovered the skirt of a snow-white quilted

quilted petticoat, which she had improvidently spread upon the very pallet, on which his limbs were stretched, and which certainly could not be recovered, without wakening the sleeping youth, then bodily extended upon it.

In this case what alternative remained? It was clear to the dullest apprehension, that a young woman without a petticoat could not decently present herself to the eyes of a whole market-town, where she was soon to appear: yet it could not be taken from under him by the most delicate address without wakening him, and at the same time he could not be awakened and made to open his eyes, without discovering how much undrest she was, and how very thin the veil, that scarcely intercepted the entire display of those natural charms, that seemed to set at nought the slight defences, which in her present dilemma she had been necessitated to entrust them to.

Native modesty and a ready wit suggested to Susan the only middle way she could pursue, in the straits to which she was reduced: Henry himself was clothed, if the jacket and trowsers heretofore described, may be termed a cloathing; there was no need, therefore, for any guard upon her eyes, and she no sooner wakened him by tugging at the petticoat underneath him, than apologizing in a gentle whisper for the necessity she was under of disturbing him, she concluded by modestly requesting him to shut his eyes, for that positively she was naked, having nothing to throw over her but her gown.

Whether it is in nature for a young man to shut his eyes, when a lovely girl apprises him of the consequences of holding them open, I leave as a problem for the philosophers to resolve; and as I suspect they must, in the spirit of their school,

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decree for shutting out all prospect of an object, so calculated to disturb their systems, as Susan now presented, it is with sorrow I am reduced to confess, that our hero did the very contrary to what they would have done, setting open his eyes upon the damsel, and fixing them with the broadest stare, betwixt sleeping and waking, that their lids would admit of. Whether he was then dreaming with his eyes open, and thought it the vision of some nymph or goddess, such as young and fertile imaginations are apt to feign, where no substance is, I cannot decide; but this I know, that had he been a painter, such as I could name, he had made the form immortal, and us who beheld it heathens and idolaters.

Susan was too generous to repeat the cruel injunction she had before laid him under, but on the contrary, having once told him what he ought to do, left him to take the consequences of not doing as she advised. Sagacious and deeply intuitive men often tell us, that there are certain things, obscure indeed to common beholders, which they can see with half an eye: this I presume is a figurative way of speaking, peculiar to these human lynxes; but without a figure I should be tempted to say, that any man who had even less than half an eye, would have strained hard for a glimpse of those charms, which burst upon Henry's sight in full display. The wrapping-gown was either so scantily provided, or so ill disposed to do its office of concealment, that if form so beautiful could be indebted to any covering, Susan's form had very little obligation to the afore said reluctant wrapper. Some readers may naturally suppose, that either the severity of Susan's countenance over-awed the curiosity of the youth, or that the modest confusion it expressed, pleaded for his forbearance

bearance so irresistibly, as not to be withstood by any but a brutal nature: had it been so, Henry's task had been easy, and his temptation light; but, truth to tell, both were aggravated by every alluring action, every winning smile that love and beauty could assume. Here the philosopher, whose stoic apathy had turned aside from the fight, may affect to triumph in his wisdom, but it is now time to let him know, and learn by the example of this heroic youth, that true virtue, indignant of such mean resources, boldly dares to look upon the danger, which temptation plants before it; that, scorning to shelter itself like a coward in the dark, and shut its eyes or even wink upon the foe, it prays for light like Ajax, that it may see to conquer, and enjoy the glory of a combat fairly won: so fared it with our hero; he boldly eyed the Syren coast, which he had resolution to avoid. Perhaps some natural wishes stole upon his heart, his pulse perhaps no longer temperately beat, and rebel passion mutinied within him; but he was master of his soul, and mildly addressing himself to the alluring damsel, conjured her to return to her apartment, nor conspire with opportunity and strong desire to degrade him into a villain, and make him loathsome to himself for ever.

The commanding tone of determined virtue is not to be resisted. The fair one blushed, looked wishfully upon him; she saw no change or shifting in his countenance; she hung her head, sighed, despaired, and obeyed: yet before she took the parting step, she paused, looked back, and turning a countenance upon him, beautiful though in anger, firmly pronounced,—“ We meet no more.”

The tone in which these words were uttered, the look that accompanied them, the cutting recollection of his obligations to her for the generous
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pity she had shewn him in his past distresses, these and a flood of tender passions burst so suddenly upon him, that springing from his couch (which at the same time broke under him with a horrid crash) he cried out to her to stop, and ran to take her in his arms. She had the door in her hand, and immediately the voice of Goody May was heard, crying out—"Villain, would you violate my daughter?"—These dreadful words struck the ever-open ear of Ezekiel, now descending the stairs, who instantly annexing conviction to the charge of the mother, added another spectre to the groupe, standing speechless and aghast, with a huge woollen night-cap on his head, and his breeches in his hand.

The tears, the terror, the dishevelled habit of Susan, seemed to warrant the suspicion of no worse a deed, than the mother had announced. Ezekiel's lips quivered with rage, whilst he demanded, in a voice almost inarticulate, an account of what had passed; vowing that the violator of innocence should answer with his life. Henry now stepped forward, and directing a stern look first on the mother of Susan, and next on the preacher, delivered himself as follows;—

"Are you mad, to treat me in this manner, to accuse me of these crimes, to suspect me for a hypocrite, a defiler and a villain? Is it ever to be my fate to be arraigned of actions, which my soul abhors? Was it not enough to be apprehended for the murder of a man, in whose defence I risked my life? Must I also be thought guilty of violating that chastity, which I would die in the protection of? If you conclude me subject to be tempted by beauty, can you not suppose that I am capable of being awed by innocence? Look at this form, he must be a monster that defiled it; survey these

these charms, they would wither, they would be blasted, and no longer have the power to engage and please, were they stained with dishonour and divested of modesty. By how much the more lovely they are now, in their pure and virgin state, so much the more revolting they would become, if they had lost the grace of virtue, and degenerated from that chastity, to which they owe their sweetness and attraction. I am a stranger to you both, it is true; I am a stranger to myself; and all the little that I know of this unhappy self, I have imparted to you: what then? I am a man, I am your fellow-creature, I have like you a heart, that feels and has a sense of honour, justice and gratitude. You have been kind and bountiful and hospitable to me; this amiable, this generous girl was my first, my best, my warmest friend: the indignity that I suffered she delivered me from; the service that I quitted, she voluntarily renounced; in my poverty and despair she tendered me her all, the earnings of her labour she would have shared with me—with me, an unknown, outcast, miserable being: Are these bounties to be repaid by seduction? Are they not rather charities, affections, pledges, to be treasured in my heart? They are; I cherish them with equal love, with equal ardour and affection; and I declare to truth, that were I now a man, that had a name and station in society—but as I am, I only can conjure her, for her own repose, to banish me and my sad story from her thoughts for ever. To invite her to misery I scorn; to seduce her into guilt, if it were in my power, which I trust it is not, I abhor; but to suppose me capable of the diabolical crime of violating her.—Oh! horrible! it chills my very soul; I shudder at the thought.”

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This speech wrought an immediate and entire conversion in the minds of those, whom appearances had staggered, and shame for her hasty exclamation smote the heart of the good dame so forcibly, that she seemed to think she could never do enough to atone for her injurious suspicion. She declared she should henceforward ever repose such perfect confidence in Henry's honour, as nothing should induce to harbour a thought to the contrary; that, so far from being afraid to trust her daughter in his company, she should, on the contrary, be happy that her girl had such a friend to protect and advise her; and she sincerely hoped what he had now been saying (which in her opinion, and she dare say in Mr. Daw's also, was very proper and very fine) would have its due weight with Susan, and make her more guarded in her conduct for the future.

Ezekiel, during this harangue, had stept aside to equip himself with certain appendages to the person, which to man in a civilized state have by custom long established been held as indispensable. Susan in the mean time made her defence, which briefly consisted in an explanation of the errand which had brought her into the room where Henry slept; she was not in perfect humour with her mother for the glance she had given at her unguarded conduct, and with some small trace of contempt in the look she dealt to Henry, observed, that for all that had ever passed, or was ever likely to pass, between Henry and her, she needed neither reproof nor warning; she believed she was not more safe with her mother than with him.

Ezekiel now made his appearance; his head was still mounted with its woollen tiara, which resembling certain sketches I have seen of his holiness the Pope's triple crown, gave a loftiness and dignity

dignity to his figure, of itself naturally erect and stiff, that had a striking effect upon his air and attitude; whilst he predicated as follows,—“Thou hast well spoken, good and virtuous young man, as the spirit that worketh in thee to edification hath given utterance, and verily I pronounce that the seed which the sower of all grace and godliness hath sowed in thine heart, falleth upon good ground, and beareth fruit abundantly. What thou hast said of a chaste and modest seeming in virgins, set apart unto sanctification, I the rather commend thee for, seeing thou hast touched it lightly and humbly as becometh a novice, inexperienced as thou must needs be in the ministering of such prudent exhortations and reproofs, as men older and more experienced than thyself are fittest to apply, and which I shall take prompt and speedy occasion of so doing. And now I will stay you all no longer, for the morning advanceth, and the occupations of the day demand that I should conclude, seeing that it is in part devoted to the service of this our friend and inmate, for whose better equipment we have undertaken to provide; and thou, Susan, as I now for the first time perceive, art almost, if not altogether, unprepared for the expedition, being as it should seem in thine outward adornments very little removed from a state of nature.”

The parties now separated; the women to their chamber, Ezekiel to his loft, whilst Henry was left to his meditations, not a little pleased that the preacher had so unexpectedly cut short his exhortation.

CHAPTER XL.

Our Hero engages in an Expedition where he is exposed to fresh Dangers.

FEW victories have cost more pains in the earning than this which Henry had now gained over himself and the tempting allurements of his fair assailant. Being now at leisure to pursue his meditations, he seated himself in Ezekiel's wicker chair, like a Roman conqueror in his triumphal car, from whence he could proudly look down upon the rebel passions, reduced from formidable foes to vanquished slaves, and prostrate at his feet. Still he was sensible it behoved him to secure their allegiance by strong measures of coercion; for whilst he was fortifying his spirit against future temptations, Susan was arming her person with all the artillery that her simple, but not inelegant, toilette could supply.

Few that make dress a science could have hit that happy stile of nymph-like character which her unstudied taste had struck upon, instinctively contriving to give every natural grace its fairest form and fashion: in short, when perfectly accoutred, she was a champion in the lists of love to make the firmest heart tremble at the sight of her; and though, in deference to Ezekiel's judgment, I must except Potiphar's wife, yet, setting her apart, I should doubt if Susan had any other superior upon record for a *coup-de-main*. Malicious fortune was all the while laying other traps and pit-falls for the persecuted virtue of our youthful hero, and the pious preacher himself was unintentionally drawn in to be an accessary in the plot; for having avowed

avowed his design of edifying his hearers with a dehortatory discourse against love and the indulgence of the passions on the next Lord's Day, he had accidentally recollected that Saturday had stolen a march upon his memory, and that he was now upon the very eve of that important undertaking; in the mean time the more he ruminated upon the wide field of matter into which his subject would carry him, the more work he found cut out for his hands, and the more preparation on his part necessary. He was aware he should have an audience to deal with not over-well disposed towards edification on this particular topic, and rather hard of hearing at the best: he had kept a sort of flying camp about the enemy's quarters, and frequently beat them up in small skirmishes without much success to boast of; they still lay entrenched in their fastnesses, lurking about in ambush behind walls and hedges, where they made battle, in spite of all he could do to dislodge them; he determined therefore to draw out all his strength for this one decisive stroke, and finally rout them out of their hiding-places.

Now this state of mental preparation appeared to him, upon reflection, so totally incompatible with his expedition to the sloop-shop, and the inferences of coats, waistcoats, shirts and breeches thereunto appertaining seemed so ill to class and coincide with the hostile measures he was actually concerting against the aforesaid coats, waistcoats, shirts and breeches, that he plainly saw both things could not be done at once, and which to abandon gave him little hesitation to decide: he therefore came down to Henry, peremptorily protesting against the sloop-shop and all which it contained. Goody May had the province of the kitchen purveyance under her care, and the pot to plead for
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her excuse: Susan had neither those culinary concerns in charge as her mother had, nor, like Ezekiel, any hostilities in meditation against love and the passions, with whom, on the contrary, she was in perfect league and combination; she was therefore no natural ally for Daw's purpose, and not wanted by her mother.

The alternative therefore was simply this, either Henry must go alone, or *tête-à-tête* with Susan. Now what could Henry do by himself in a slop-shop? As far as coat, waistcoat and breeches went he might, peradventure, fit them on better without Susan's helping hand than with it; that part of his business he might get through passably well, but in the linen-trade he was an arrant ignoramus, and the damsel a consummate adept; she knew to the breadth of a nail what was measure for a shirt, and the quality she was no less perfect in;—he knew as much of the matter and no more, than the king of Pelew, (Heaven bless him!) whose wardrobe will not fill a nut-shell. Of course, therefore, Susan must go, or nothing can be done; there is no choice in the case; and where is the mighty objection all the while? The walk is not long; the day is fine and fair, and Susan is ready dressed for the expedition: Henry, alas! was but a shabby 'squire in point of apparel, but that was a fault which would be remedied before he came back, and nature had given him perfections which poverty could not disguise.—So forth they went together.

I hope my readers will not urge with any critical asperity an objection to this jaunt of Henry's on the score of his sprained ankle; if we are to suppose him recovered from it, cures no less extraordinary have been as rapidly performed in histories of this sort, and I lay claim to all the privileges

privileges which my fraternity enjoy; but I had rather have it understood that his good-will to the walk with Susan was so great, that, notwithstanding his cure was incomplete; he was determined, in the vulgar way of speaking, to put his best foot foremost, and trust to fortune for the consequences.

There were two roads to the town, one public and familiar to Henry, having travelled it with his master Zachary, when he got the drenching at the mill; the other private, shady and sequestered, though somewhat circuitous: which of these to take was now the question. Love and Susan seemed to point to the crooked path; prudence and dispatch prescribed the strait one. The candid damsel fairly owned that her way would be the farthest about, but then it would be pleasanter whilst they were upon it: she put him in mind of his sprained ankle, yet she hoped he felt no pain in it at present, her mother's recipe never failed of a cure: she observed that the sun threatened to be hot, and she did not disguise that she was shy of over-heating herself. Now how should prudence in the sunshine stand any chance against Susan in the shade? A penny-post-man, nay even pedestrian *Powell* himself, though in the last mile of his foot-match, would have taken the very path that Henry did, and readily have preferred the farthest way about to the shortest way home.

They soon found themselves entangled in a narrow defile between two hazel-hedges; when Susan, pausing on her steps, and glancing an arch look on her companion, said, "I cannot for the life of me conceive, Henry, what you was thinking of this morning, when you was so eager to get me out of your room: o' my conscience, you was in such a twitter to be rid of me, that I began to think

think I should have been obliged to have left my petticoat behind me."

"Had you so done," cried Henry, smiling, "I can only say you wou'd have been more formidable to all beholders without a petticoat than with one."—"Not to such beholders as you are, I should guess," replied Susan, "in any case."

"Well, then," resumed he, "to be more sincere with you, I did think myself bound in prudence not to hold you any longer in discourse till you had got that same petticoat on, and every thing else about you that cou'd keep us both out of danger."

"Oh! now I understand you," she replied; "you was afraid my mother wou'd come in, and that I shou'd be in trouble on your account. Lord love you! there was nothing to fear."—"Pardon me," answered Henry, "there were your temptations and my weakness to fear."

"I don't rightly comprehend what danger you was in from either," resumed Susan, "unless you hold with Ezekiel's opinion, that it is a sin to love."—"I am not quite convinced," said he, "that there is any sin in love, but I am very sure that love may lead to sin."

"Yes, yes," cried she, "I agree with you that it is very sinful and treacherous in any man to pretend love to a young woman, and after he has made a fool of her to expose and betray her; that's very scandalous behaviour, without a doubt. So is it an abominable thing for any man, like that nasty Blachford, to set his wits to work and lay traps for poor girls to bribe them to his wicked purposes, when he knows they must hate such a black, old, ugly fright as he is, and only do it for the lucre of gain. I know enough of his wicked ways; such a man as he is does not deserve to live:

live: but where two free hearts meet together in mutual fondness, and where there is no bribery or false dealing in the case, but all is fair and open, and good faith kept on both sides, I should be surprized indeed if you or any man cou'd persuade me to think that there was either sin or shame in such young people's loving each other; and if they do love truly and sincerely, I desire to know in that case what they are to do?"—"Marry," said Henry; "that is what they ought in honour to do, or do nothing."—"Well to be sure," rejoined Susan, "that is one way; but suppose it does not suit them to marry, suppose it's impossible; what's to be done then?"—"Nothing," replied Henry with a smile; "I've answered that already."

"Heyday!" cried the gallant damsel, "that's a curious doctrine indeed, a fine way truly of returning evil for good. I shou'd hate and despise the man that treated me in that manner; I shou'd regard him as the poorest wretch that walks the earth."—"Why then we'll talk no more upon the subject," cried Henry, "but, like friendly disputants, kiss and make it up."—" 'Tis more than you deserve," answered she; "for though I must confess you are a dear good soul, yet you have the oddest notions of any mortal breathing; and as for love, you know no more about it than Ezekiel Daw."—"Instruct me then," quoth Henry, "for love, like dancing, is an art that grown gentlemen may be taught by an apt professor, by a very expeditious process."

Pleasant companions make journies appear short, and probably these young travellers found themselves at the end of their's, before they were tired of each other, or of the way. In the shop, which was a magazine of all sorts, Henry fitted himself with a mourning suit of the best materials, not forgetting

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getting that mark of respect, to the memory of his deceased friend Mr. Ratcliffe: It fate so neatly upon his person, that it seemed as if some lucky tailor, in a moment of inspiration, had projected it for an ideal model of the most perfect symmetry and proportion. Susan was not idle in her department meanwhile, and as the last hand of the artist had been put to every thing, the whole man was equipt from heel to head in a few minutes, as completely as if he had started ready caparisoned out of the earth, like the troops of Cadmus.

Our hero now felt himself once more restored to that appearance in society, which he had ever been accustomed to, till misfortune, and the villainy of mankind, had reduced him to the weeds of poverty: he was therefore moving in his proper sphere and character, and not strutting like a lacquey in his master's cloathes. This did not escape the notice of Susan, and her sagacity immediately discerned that natural and easy air, which no upstart can counterfeit, the unalienable inheritance of a gentleman: she now paraded over the market-place, not a little proud of her companion, and would not be put by from carrying him to her uncle the tonsor, who entertained them in his house with much hospitality, no lack of good cheer, and plentiful store of chatter.

When all accounts were settled with the vender of slops, and the packages put into safe hands for conveyance to the village, Henry and his fair charge having refreshed themselves with a beverage, which the tonsor had himself manufactured from the produce of his bee-hives, they took leave of their host and turned their faces homewards, by the same way they had come, the sun being now rising apace towards his meredian.

A form like Henry's cou'd not be quite concealed by the frock of a peasant, yet it was doubtless

less set off to much greater advantage in the dress of a gentleman, and Susan's eyes witnessed the pleasure she took in contemplating the change now made in his appearance. It also gave a flow to his spirits and a freedom to his air, which gratified the gaiety of her nature, and made him more companionable and pleasant by the way. Their discourse was lively; her railleries were not gravely answered as before, nor her playful conquests so coldly overlooked: a thousand little dalliances took place, a thousand harmless knaveries interchangeably passed, as they fauntered through the shade; and kisses were sometimes snatched, sometimes evaded with a coyness so arch and so alluring, as was better calculated to heighten her attractions, than to check his advances. She had plucked a wreath of blossoms from the hedges, which she wove about her hat; he decked her bosom with violets and wild flowers fancifully disposed, which he was now permitted to arrange, now prohibited, as the whim prevailed. Sometimes she would stop, expostulate, turn back, or run aside into the allies of the wood, and pretend to hide herself amongst the branches; this was a challenge for a pursuit, and that never failed to be rewarded by some endearing favour, won with struggles that enhanced its value.

Their walk concluded, Susan parted to the cottage, and Henry turned his steps to the house of Zachary, whose portico, embellished with a rich sky-blue scroll supported by two gilded gallipots, informed the way-faring man and the world at large, that there the mischances of human life might be relieved—for there dwelt "Zachary Cawdle, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-Midwife."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Author appeals to his Readers.

I SHALL now put in a few words, whilst my history pauses, touching what I claim from my readers, as a right, and what I hope and expect from them, as a favour.

My claim is briefly this, credit in all cases for an honest meaning, or in other words, the best sense that a doubtful passage will bear: it is thus I have treated others, the same treatment I have a right now to claim from them.

On the score of favour I am their suitor in the humblest sense, for I see so many imperfections starting up in my performance, which I cannot cure, and suspect there may be so many more, which possibly I shall not discover, that I have no notion of sending my sins into the world without one apology; I am not hardy enough to give in the account between my readers and myself, without the usual salvo of *errors excepted*.—"Take Nature for your guide," says the critic; "follow her and you can't go wrong." True, most sagacious critic, I reply; but what is so difficult? Does the tragic poet always find her out? Does the comic writer never miss her haunts? Yet they profess to paint from nature, and no doubt they do their best: the outline may be true, but the least slip in filling it up mars the portrait; it demands a steady hand, a faithful eye, a watchful judgment, to make the likeness perfect; and grant it perfect, the author's work will gain no praise, unless

unless it be pleasing also ; for who opens a novel but in the expectation of being amused by it ?

“ Let it be merry,” says one, “ for I love to laugh.”—“ Let it be pathetic,” says a second, “ for I have no objection to the melancholy tale that makes me weep ;”—“ Let your character be strongly marked,” cries a third, “ your fable well imagined, and work it up with a variety of new and striking incidents, for I like to have my attention kept alive.”—These and a hundred more are the demands, which one poor brain is to satisfy in a work of fancy ; wit, humour, character, invention, genius, are to be set to work together, fiction is to be combined with probability, novelty with nature, ridicule with good humour, passion with morality, and pain with pleasure ; every thing is to be natural, yet nothing common ; animating, but not inflammatory ; interesting, but not incredible ; in short, there must be every thing that judgment can plan and genius execute, to make the composition perfect : no man has done all this, and he, who has done most towards it, has still fallen very short of the whole.

With all this consciousness about me, I yet do not despair but that the candid reader will find something in this fable to overbalance its miscarriages. I shall proceed as one, who knows his danger, but is not discouraged from his duty. These children of my fancy, whom I have brought into existence, I shall treat as they deserve, dealing out their portions of honour and dishonour as their conduct seems to call for it ; and though some amongst them will probably persist in acting an evil part to the last, yet collectively they will leave no evil lesson behind them.

As to our hero, if he has been so fortunate as to gain an interest in the good opinion of the reader

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in this period of his history, I am bold to hope he will not forfeit it in the succeeding occurrences of his life, but that he shall preserve a consistent character to the end; that so, when his part is finished, be it happy or unhappy, he may earn a plaudit as the curtain drops.

I do not aim to draw a perfect character, for after a pretty long acquaintance with mankind I have never met with any one example of the sort: how then shall I describe what I have not seen? On the contrary, if I wish to form a character, like this of Henry, in which virtue predominates, or like that of Blachford, where the opposite qualities prevail, I have nature before me in both cases: but if in the former instance I will not suffer a single shade to fall upon my canvas, and in the latter do not let one tint of light appear, what do I present to the spectator, but a confused and shapeless mass, here too glaring, and there too opaque, to preserve any outline that can give to the view the form and fashion of a man?—The brightest side of human nature is not without a spot, the darkest side is not without a spark.

For my own part, as I am not apt to be amused with stories told to the discredit of mankind, I should be sorry if this of mine appeared to any of my readers to have that tendency in the general. A contrast of character there will be in all histories, true or feigned; but when an author is the biographer of men and women of his own making, he has it in his power, without losing sight of nature, to let the prevailing impression of his tale be favourable or unfavourable, and indulge his own propensities to a certain degree, which ever way they point. Now I know not why we should studiously put forward none but the worst features of the time we live in; yet I think this has been

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done by some novelists of great celebrity, in whom there reigns a spirit of satire, that in my opinion neither adds to their merit nor our amusement. A pedant, who secludes himself from society, may nourish a cynical humour; but a writer, who gives the living manners of the age, is supposed to live amongst men, and write from the crowd rather than the closet; now if such a man runs about from place to place with no cleaner purpose than to search for filth and ordure, I conceive his office to be that of a scavenger rather than a scholar. An honest man, as I take it, will always find honesty enough, and a friendly man meet friendship enough in his contemporaries, to keep him in good-humour with them. Something indeed may be found to reprehend in all times; as the manners and the morals fluctuate, the mirror that reflects them faithfully will give to objects as they pass their proper form and feature. In the time I am now writing, the national character shews itself in so bright a point of view, that the author must be harsh in the extreme, who holds up fictions of depravity as exemplars of the æra in which he lives.

I think I may promise myself, therefore, that the general spirit of my history will not be thought morose. I have, indeed, taken occasion, in the character of *Jemima Cawdle*, to make free with enthusiasm; but I have at the same time exhibited it in contact with a virtuous principle, under the auspices of my worthy friend *Ezekiel Daw*: I have described a domestic tyrant in the person of *Lord Crowbery*; but I did not give him a title because I thought that pride was attached to a peerage, or that the cruel and overbearing part which my fable assigns to him, was characteristic of nobility, the very contrary of which I hold for doctrine; neither did I locate *Blachford* in *Jamaica*; as favouring

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pouring an invective against our countrymen in the West Indies; no man, I believe, can be found less inclined to be a convert to that groundless prejudice, which vain and shallow heads have been hatching for purposes no less fatal to the interests of the public than to the reputations of individuals.

To represent scenes of familiar life in an elegant and interesting manner, is one of the most difficult tasks an author can take in hand; for of these every man is a critic: Nature is in the first place to be attended to, and probability is not to be lost sight of; but it must be nature strongly featured, and probability closely bordering on the marvellous; the one must touch upon extravagance, and the other be highly seasoned with adventures—for who will thank us for a dull and lifeless journal of insipid facts? Now every peculiarity of humour in the human character is a strain upon nature, and every surprizing incident is a degree of violence to probability: How far shall we go then for our reader's amusement, how soon shall we stop in consideration of ourselves? There is undoubtedly a land-mark in the fields of fancy, *sunt certi denique fines*, but it requires a nice discernment to find them out, and a cautious temper not to step beyond them.

Here, then, I will rest my cause, and conclude my chapter. My readers have my best endeavours to amuse them; I have devoted very many hours to the composition of these volumes, and I am beholden to them for beguiling me of many a care; if they retain their property when they shall pass into the hand of those who peruse them, it will be every thing I can hope for from them.

CHAPTER. II.

Chamber Dialogues of different Sorts,

WHEN our hero arrived at Zachary's castle, he found a post-chaise in waiting at the gate: As he passed it to enter the court, he made a profound reverence to a lady, whom at first sight he supposed to be his noble benefactress and the owner of it. Upon the glass being let down, to return his civility, he perceived his mistake: It was Isabella Manstock: She had accompanied her cousin in her morning airing, and was now filling up the time with a book, whilst her ladyship was in private conference with Doctor Cawdle. That lady had imparted so much of her business to Miss Manstock as sufficed to inform her she was upon a very interesting discovery as to the identity of a young man who had belonged to her deceased friend Ratcliffe, and whom she expected to meet that morning at the Doctor's. Of Henry's adventure with the Miller, and what had passed in consequence of it, that young lady was fully apprised; the story had been told to Sir Roger in her hearing over night, and more circumstantially detailed by Lady Crowbery as she came with her in the chaise. When she saw, therefore, a young man in mourning, whose appearance answered to the description she had had of him, she was in no doubt of his being the person in question: Curiosity led her to survey him with some attention; and when she perceived him, after stopping for some little time at the gate, turn back without entering it, (for the sight of Lady Crowbery's equipage made him doubt of the propriety of his visit) she took courage to
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accost him, saying,—“ If your name is Henry, Sir, I believe you are expected within doors.”—“ That is my name, Madam,” he replied very respectfully; “ and I am much beholden to you;” upon this he turned back, and entered through the shop to the offices.

In the kitchen he was encountered by old Bridget, who, after staring at him for some time with astonishment, no sooner recognized his person, thus newly habited, than she began a string of questions, huddled together with so little order, and so much eagerness, that he fairly excused himself the trouble of replying to any one of them, by desiring she would let her master know that he attended his pleasure.—“ Hold there!” cried Bridget, “ master is engaged.”—“ I know how he is engaged,” replied Henry “ but I fancy he will see me.”—“ Say you so?” quoth the hag, “ then ’tis clear from what quarter your fortune comes! Fackins! you’re a rare one! Some folks have the luck of it, that’s for certain: times are well changed with you, youngster, since you first entered these doors; no wonder you was in such haste to leave us; fine cloaths and an easy service suit you better than hard work and a coarse jacket!”—She then ran on with more of the like trash, with several fly glances at Lady Crowbery, till Henry again reminded her of going up to her master.—“ Well, well!” replied she, “ have a little patience, my fine spark, and recollect it is not yet my place to go on your errands at the word of command: though my lady has thought fit to dress you out like a gentleman, she has not hired me to be your messenger: However, I shall tell my master you are here. Sit down upon that bench; time was when you would have thanked me for the offer: when you are called for I’ll let you know.”

Thus

Thus muttering to herself, she mounted the stairs; but instead of going into Zachary's room, went strait to her mistress, eager to broach the news she was charged with, and well prepared to set it off with every proper comment and illustration, suited to her own envious temper and the hearer's taste.

"Here's news to tell the King!" cried the hag, as she hobbled into Jemima's chamber: "As sure as you are in that place alive, Mistress, would you think it? there's Harry, our errand-boy, now in the house, spruced out as fine as any lord in the land. If he was heir to the greatest squire in the county he couldn't be in handsomer mourning; spick and span new from top to toe, and all of the best!"—"What do you tell me?" exclaimed Jemima, "how has all this happened?"—"How has it happened!" repeated Bridget; "why, as it always happens to such vapouring Jacks, by a smooth tongue and a handsome face; the poor and homely may go starve for some folks; young and personable beggars pick up all the charity: marry commend me to such charity, it may well be said to cover the multitude of sins! As if it could be a question, how he came by his clothes, when there is a certain great lady close closeted with master, who is waiting to see him in all his glory, and I warrant you upon thorns till I tell her he is come; but I won't tell her, not I, at least till I have your orders for it I won't: for why? I am no servant of her's, I'm no putter-together of people that don't pay me for it: why should I skip of his errands? I wish to my heart, mistress, you could only see with your own eyes how the lad is changed since he slipped his skin: Then he carries him in such a way; he is as vain as a peacock: I protest to you I did not know him when he stepped
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into the kitchen: Sir, said I, with a curtesy, what is your pleasure? for I thought he was some fine gentleman that might have custom for my master.—Bridget! cries he, go up to your master, and tell him I am here.—Marry come up! my dirty companion, quoth I, (for his tongue betrayed him, and by this time I had spied him out) who'll be the fool then? My master's employed with your betters. Let him be employed with whom he will, quoth he, I shall be welcome, so tell him what I bid you. With that I thought of the old proverb, "*Set a beggar on horseback,*" and willed him to reflect on what he was before he presumed to send me on his messages: Yet I was minded to tell you what was going on, so I came nevertheless; and now, if you please, I will go back and let him know I'm not the person he takes me for, to fetch and carry at his command; for my part, I am out of all patience with such upstarts."

"Hold, Bridget," replied Jemima, "upon reflection I think it best you should let him come up; for 'tis clear to me from what point this wind blows; and though I don't approve of my house being made a house of assignation, yet by indulging them in this one meeting we may get to the bottom of the plot, if we can but contrive to overhear their cabal. So this is your fine charitable Lady Crowbery, whom every body is praising for her good works! rare works, o my conscience! excellent charity! that singles out the handsomest young fellow in the world for its object, and then thinks to throw dust in our eyes by pretending to befriend him out of pure pity and good will! Ah Bridget, Bridget! what a world is this we live in! How often have I preached to you upon the vanity of works! Let us have faith and grace, and it matters little what we do, or what we omit to do.

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For my part, I always suspect your charitable people; and as for her ladyship here at hand, 'tis pretty clear what complexion her charity is of; however, let her have her way for this turn, let her have her swing of charity, and enjoy the fruits of her good works; but be sure to put your ear to the key-hole, and discover if you can what is going on, for all means are fair to bring to light the dark deeds of the wicked."

Whilst this was passing with Jemima and her maid, Lady Crowbery and the Doctor had been in close and earnest consultation on the subject of the discovery now so fully ascertained. When she had given way to those tender emotions, which Nature exacts from the sensibility of a parent under circumstances so critical, she rose from her chair, and having taken two or three turns across the room, as if for recollection's sake and to compose her spirits, resumed her seat, and laying her hand upon the Doctor's arm, as he rested it on the elbow of his chair: "My good friend," she cried, "what shall I do in this perplexity? Dare I commit myself at once to the discretion of this young man, and trust him with the secret of his birth? Alas! I dare not make the discovery to him: the terror I should suffer, lest the secret should escape him and reach my lord, would be insupportable; you know his temper too well not to see how completely ruined I should be in such an event: indeed I cannot even guess at the consequences; only this I am assured of, they would be most dreadful."

"Truly," replied Zachary, "I cannot advise your ladyship to such a step at present, although I think very highly of the young person's discretion, and can well believe how much you must wish to give a loose to those feelings so natural to a parent
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for an only child, and one so well-deserving of your love; but the suddenness of the discovery, and the agitations of a youthful spirit, taken by surprize in a matter of such consequence, might overpower his prudence for the moment, and drive him upon a discovery of the secret without any intention of betraying it."

" 'Tis exactly that which I stand in dread of," replied the lady: "you state the case correctly as I feel it, and those feelings, which I have never ventured to confide to any body but yourself, would be so hard to suppress, were the object of them here present, that I am almost afraid of indulging myself with an interview. Yet again, when I consider how long I have been in the practice of suppressing what I feel, I think I may risque the meeting. He is not entirely new to my sight, and if my spirits should be too much agitated by what passes, you will take measures for bringing me to my recollection, and preventing consequences that may be dangerous to us both; this you can pass off to the score of indisposition, and dismiss him when you see occasion: but if I can command myself so far as to enter into conversation with him naturally, and without hazarding too much, you will leave me to make my own way with him in such a manner, as may enable me to gain some insight into his character and understanding. As for his person, I told you how striking the impression was that it made upon me, not only from its absolute but relative beauty, as bringing to my memory the very image of the father, who was, in my eyes at least, the model of perfection. Alas! the traces of that fatally-beloved form are too deeply imprinted on my heart ever to be effaced by time; and if it was a crime to love, and be undone by loving him too well, surely my sufferings

have been such as fully to atone for my improvident offence. To purchase pardon of a father, I consented to his wishes by marrying Lord Crowbery: How dreadful was that sacrifice! I had no heart to bestow; that was gone with him, from whom I was separated as far as sea and land and obstacles insurmountable could divide us from each other, without a hope of ever meeting more on this side death. What has been his fate Heaven only knows! mine has been sorrowful enough, and what to other married women would be an irksome reflection, is to me my only consolation. I have never borne children to Lord Crowbery. At the same time, I am sensible how much this circumstance contributes to embitter our domestic peace, and aggravate that ill-humour, which my unwearyed efforts cannot soothe. Alas! how should they? He is quick enough to discern that the attentions I pay him, and the patience I exert, have no connection with the heart; that they are artificial virtues, become familiar by practice; and that I am indebted to indifference only for the facility with which I perform them. If then I am thus exposed to his ill-humour for acting the part of a dutiful and obedient wife without the affections of one, what would be my fate should he discover me to have imposed upon him in a matter more derogatory to his honour, and for which no plea or extenuation could avail me? I tremble at the reflection: wonder not, therefore, if my terrors prevail over the longings of a mother's heart, and compel me to use the language of caution, whilst my bosom glows with all the ardour of affection."

Whilst Lady Crowbery was thus discoursing, Henry had arrived, and being now announced by Bridget, order was given for his immediate admission.

CHAPTER III.

Nature will have her Way.

HENRY now entered the room, dressed, as we have before observed, in mourning for his departed friend, and with all that modest grace, which was natural to him, advanced a few steps from the door, and then stopt short, as one that waits in humble silence to be spoken to.

The Doctor was seated in his sick chair; the lady opposite to him and in full front of the interesting object that now stood before her: It was a trying moment; she glanced a look upon him that would have told him where to find a mother, had he met her eyes. All the advantages of person were now restored to him by change of dress; but there were other circumstances still more attractive, that made this second interview peculiarly impressive; what was at first pre-sentiment was now become a certainty; the consciousness that she was actually in presence of a new-discovered unacknowledged son, struck on her heart like an electric shock, as sudden and as swift. She started, shivered, and with difficulty refrained from crying out, as Nature prompted her, "My son, my son!" The very counterpart of that engaging form, that won her virgin heart, and triumphed over all restraints of duty and discretion, was in her eye; 'twas Delapoer himself restored to youth, or risen from the grave; the same fine symmetry of shape, the same rich glow of manly beauty, that once so fatally had charmed her in the father, was here transfused into the son, and brought past scenes so full into review, as almost made them present.

"Henry,"

"Henry," says she, "I find I have a claim in you, that by the death of Ratcliffe now devolves upon me in full right and title: the object of his care henceforth belongs to me, and therefore wonder not to see me thus affected by surprize and pity, having discovered you to be the relief of my much-lamented friend. Ah, my dear child, (so let me call you now) my tears shall mix with your's in watering the grave of that invaluable man."

Here her voice failed, her agitation became extreme, and a discharge of tears came seasonably to her relief. What portion of them appertained to the mother's share, what to the friend's, I leave for nature to decide. "And now, Henry," resumed she, "confiding in your discretion, I take you by the hand for life, pledging myself for your future fortune, and promising to stand by you in the place of a mother, till the mystery of your birth shall be revealed, and even of that I would not have you despair. I observe with pleasure you have put yourself into mourning for your friend, which is highly proper and commendable in you; and as you must have exhausted your small supply, I shall provide for your occasions in such a manner as will enable you to support the character of a gentleman, in which you are so well qualified to move, and wherein I shall not cease to uphold you. The misfortunes you have encountered since your hasty departure from your patron's house, and the indignities you have suffered in this place, are now recompensed to you by the happy providence that has thrown you upon the protection of one whose arms, like those of a parent, are open to receive you. In what line of life to dispose of you, must be matter of some reflection, and I shall advise with my uncle Manstock on the subject, who
was,

was; equally with myself, a very cordial friend to poor Ratcliffe. At the same time, my dear child, if you have formed any wishes, and have any predilection to one profession rather than another, let me be acquainted with them; remember only that it must be the profession of a gentleman, and your connections in the mean while must be such only as are suitable to that character. The poor widow and honest Ezekiel, who have harboured you in your distress, shall be recompensed for their hospitality; but I should think you may now accommodate yourself better, and perhaps it may be the more expedient for you to situate yourself elsewhere, as I understand that the daughter of dame May is now in the house with you, and you may well believe that people's tongues will not be idle upon that occasion: indeed I have already heard very strong aspersions cast upon that young woman and yourself, in the hearing of my Lord; but as they came from that malicious being Blachford, I gave little credit to what he said, not doubting but you will have too much consideration for yourself and me, as well as too much principle, to form any sort of connection with a girl like Susan May."

Here she cast a scrutinizing eye upon Henry, whose cheeks were crimson, conscious as he was of some certain sensations, which these admonitory words did not exactly accord with. He was however at no loss for terms the most proper and becoming to address Lady Crowbery in, neither did he omit to set her mind at ease with respect to Susan May. Of Blachford he spoke without reserve, reprobating the baseness of his attack upon an innocent character; and saying, that if there were any evil designs in meditation against that poor girl, he was persuaded they were harboured only in his treacherous heart. He professed a wish
of

of remaining a short time longer in his present quarters, as he feared it would carry the appearance of pride and ingratitude to the good people, who had so kindly entertained him, were he to turn his back upon them in so abrupt a manner. As to any preference for one profession or employ above another, he said he had been in no condition to indulge such ideas, or presume that it could in any case be referred to him as matter of choice; necessity had been his mistress, and in his late extremity he had seen no other prospect before him for earning a subsistence but by carrying a musket in the service of his king:—"There," added he, "I might have laboured usefully, or perished honourably; for private service I was little qualified, as my late kind master, now present, can witness; and perhaps I had besides some constitutional repugnancies, which do no credit to my humility, and are the consequences of an education given me by an indulgent patron, that filled my mind with higher notions than were suited to my fortune."—Then, raising his eyes, and directing a look, animated with the tenderest expression of gratitude and devout affection to his amiable benefactress—"But you, Madam," said he, "have commanded me to entertain hopes more aspiring than I ever ventured to indulge in my happiest days. In what words can I express my thanks? I have no power to give them utterance. Pardon me, I beseech you, and pity my confusion: I would fain speak, but cannot; there is something at my heart, I know not what, too full, too vast, I cannot give it vent. Oh! my revered, my heaven-inspired protectress, whose condescending goodness deigns to take upon yourself the tender office of a parent to me, a nameless creature, let me for this one moment feed upon the fond persuasion
that

that I am your son, and kneeling at your feet, embracing them, and bathing them with tears of filial love and gratitude, pour out that flood which else would burst my heart."

The emotions which this energetic address raised in the maternal heart of Lady Crowbery, who saw her unacknowledged son now kneeling at her feet, were such as description cannot reach; she had thrown her arms about his neck, and was on the very instant point of declaring herself to him, when at once a sudden crash stopt the words upon her lips; the door of the chamber burst inwards, and, sprawling with her face upon the floor and her heels in the air, behold the person of old Bridget! Instantly the lady gave a scream, and started from her chair; Henry nimbly recovered his legs, conscious that the posture he was in could not be too suddenly shifted; whilst Zachary roared out with astonishment, making several demands in the name of the devil; to which Bridget, either being, or affecting to be, stunned by her tumble, declined a reply, till being repeatedly urged by the authority aforesaid to give some account of herself, and not finding it convenient to give the true one, she pretended to have slipped down as she was passing hastily from her mistress's chamber, and falling with her whole weight against the door, burst it open: in the mean time Jemima's bell ringing a furious peal, Zachary bade her begone for a blundering old fool; which, as Henry had now set her on her feet, she thought fit to obey, and departed without more words.

In fact she had effected pretty nearly all the purposes of her commission, having spied out enough to form a very sufficient report of the lady's good liking for Henry; and as she had seen her throw her arms about his neck, without hearing what passed

passed between them on the occasion, it must be owned she had stronger circumstances in proof than commonly fall to the share of reporters in cases of the like nature.

From too great zeal to discover more than the small horizon of a key-hole was calculated to disclose, Bridget had pressed so incautiously upon the door, that the lock, which was none of the best, having treacherously given way, she fell as we have related headlong into the room, just in time to stop the telling of that secret, which was the most important that son could hear, or parent communicate.

Great was the uneasiness which this unlucky accident occasioned to Lady Crowbery; and it was not without some pains on the part of Zachary she was dissuaded from taking certain conciliatory measures with the old woman, for sealing her lips, on the presumption of her having seen more than was prudent to make public; but as he contended strongly for Bridget's incapacity of making observations, whilst her face was on the floor, it was finally judged adviseable to let it pass in silence, and not create a danger by over-anxiety for preventing it. The alarm, however, had so disconcerted Lady Crowbery, that she had no resolution to renew the conference, much less to touch upon that interesting discovery she was on the point of making, when Bridget interrupted her; so that after a few words spent in recommending Henry to remain quiet and out of sight at the cottage, till he heard from her again, she hastened to her fair companion, who was waiting for her in the carriage, and departed.

CHAPTER IV.

Nothing so furious as a Woman scorned.

IT may well be supposed that Bridget lost no time in making her mistress acquainted with the cause of the disturbance and noise, she had heard in the Doctor's chamber, and also of what she had there discovered: as she could give no account of their conversation, which was carried on in too low a key to reach her ears. on the outside of the door, Jemima was left to her own imagination for finding out motives for a lady's embracing a handsome young man, whilst he was kneeling at her feet, and these, according to Jemima's notions, could be but of one sort; she therefore set it down for certain in her own mind, that Lady Crowbery was desperately in love with Henry, that her house was made a house of affliction, and her husband pander to an intrigue of the most bare-faced nature.

These conclusions she had no sooner formed, than she discerned at a glance all the advantages they gave her in a certain project, which she had long meditated, without being able to bring it into any practicable shape. Henry, who seemed to have escaped out of her hands, was by this lucky circumstance more than ever at her mercy; and though she was sensibly piqued at the preference given to a rival very little her junior in age, and, in her own opinion at least, not at all her superior in charms, yet she was well pleased to be paid for her mortification, by having possession of a secret, the suppression of which no sacrifice on his part could be too great for, whilst there was such a person

person in being as Lord Crowbery, neither was she sorry to find that Henry's scruples were not so general as she thought them, nor his virtue above price: the inference she drew from all this was, that the menace of a discovery so fatal to both parties, could not fail to draw him into her measures, as effectually as Lady Crowbery's money had bribed him into her's; and as delicacy was no part of Jemima's character, whose passions were as violent as her soul was mean, the heart of Henry was not her object; nor were any gratifications unacceptable to her, because not granted with good will, for pleasure was pleasure in her calculation of it, though it were extorted by terror, or gained by artifice and trick.

Her first care, therefore, was to bind Bridget to strict secrecy for the present, that so the parties, being under no alarm, might continue their meetings, till proofs of a more decisive nature might be obtained against them: her next solicitude was to procure an interview with Henry, and for this purpose she dispatched the old woman to way-lay him before he left the house. This succeeded to her wish, for he no sooner received her summons than he obeyed it, prompted, as we may presume, by desire to ascertain, from her conversation, whether any reports had been made to her, that might affect Lady Crowbery.

Upon his presenting himself to Jemima, she received him with an air of joyful surprize, congratulating him on his good fortune, and praising Lady Crowbery to the skies for her charity: she assured him of the sincere pleasure she took in seeing him thus happily extricated out of all his trouble, and by the favour of his kind patroness raised to a situation, which so well became him; and as she was persuaded that his noble friend would not
fail

fail to go through with the good work she had set her hand to, she could not suppose that Goody May's cottage would be any longer a fit residence for him; either on his own account or the lady's. —“Was it not better,” she asked, “for him to abide where he was, where his good friend might see him as often as she thought fit, without drawing any body's eyes upon her, as she was in daily habits of consulting the Doctor, and of course her visits would be passed to his account.”

Upon Henry's observing that Lady Crowbery's actions required no cover, she quickly replied, that nobody held that lady's character in higher esteem than herself; that she knew well enough she had nothing to fear on the score of reputation, if the world would report nothing but truth; but as such fair dealing was not to be expected, especially in her case, who had so many evil-minded spies upon her, and so morose a husband to deal with, she must think that too great caution could not be taken to provide against consequences—“For alas! poor lady,” added she, “I am afraid, that with all her virtues and all her charities, she is scarce credited for the one by her jealous lord, and ill rewarded for the other by her thankless neighbours.”

Jemima carried on this hypocrisy with so much address, that Henry began to think she was sincere, at least he was persuaded that nothing had been said to her by Bridget, and of course nothing seen. As to his continuance at the cottage, he saw it nearly in the same light with Jemima; Lady Crowbery herself had stated objections to it, and his own reflections suggested many more; what Jemima had observed with respect to the commodiousness of her own house was perfectly well founded, and as she betrayed no one symptom of her former

former propensity, but talked and looked with composure and sedateness, he was half inclined to accept of her proposal. There were other thoughts, however, that crossed him in this determination, and they required further reflection. He saw all the danger of his situation with Lady Crowbery; the ardour with which she had clasped him in her arms was more than he could account for, and gave him serious alarm; gratitude had prompted him, in an unguarded moment, to throw himself on his knees at her feet; the emotion on his part was natural, and the source from which it sprung pure and respectful, but what could be the motive with a person of her delicacy and decorum for a mark of sensibility so extraordinary and unexpected? Charity he could well understand to be kind and condescending, but charity is not called upon to embrace, to caress the object it relieves. The act was an indication of something more than pity; it followed upon his claiming her protection as a parent, and it seemed to be inspired by all the tenderness and affection of the character she adopted: How was he to interpret it?

While he was silently revolving these thoughts in his mind, Jemima's eyes were fixed upon him, and the same contemplation that inspired her with hope, inspired her with desire: the colour rushed into her cheeks, her countenance underwent a change, that did not escape him—"Henry," she said, "I hope you are resolved to accept my invitation; I have every disposition to be your friend that you can wish me to have; I will serve you, assist you, accommodate you in all points and purposes, and be as secret as your own thoughts: with my friendship your fortune is made, without it you are ruined, lost and undone."

Henry

Henry stared at her with surprize; he saw the storm gathering, but knew not where it would burst; nor could rightly divine what either her promises or her menaces alluded to: he desired her to explain herself.

She paused for recollection, and seemed hesitating whether to proceed or to retract: probably it was her wish that she had not precipitated herself into this dilemma, till matters had been riper for her purpose, but she had already gone too far to avail herself of a retreat; it was too late, the die was cast, and she must stand to the throw. "Well then," she cried, "since you do not, or will not, understand me, sit down, and I will, as you desire, explain myself to you without reserve. To prove to you therefore in a word how sincerely I mean to deal with you, I shall begin by confessing to you honestly and freely that I love you: Nay, do not start from me, nor meditate an escape, for accordingly as you treat my secret I will treat your's; therefore I must be heard: yes, Henry, I love you; but take notice, I am not so unreasonable as to aim at engrossing either your attentions or affections; nay, I am so much your friend, that I am content to be second and subordinate in your regards, for I will not stand in the way of your better fortune, nor traverse any of your plans and assignments with a richer, if not a fairer, lady; but where I know, and can depose upon oath, that you have been fast locked in her arms, I tell you ingenuously that mine shall not be long empty, nor shall my passion be slighted, whilst Lady Crowbery's is gratified."

Horror-struck with this dreadful alternative, Henry remained for some moments deprived as it should seem both of sense and motion, and incapable of a reply. To chuse between infamy and ruin,

ruin, had the danger been all his own, would have cost him little deliberation; but the first gloomy prospect that opened upon him, was that of his benefactress sacrificed on his account; he saw her in his imagination summoned before her surly tyrant, arraigned, condemned, and delivered over to infamy and disgrace: At the same time his very nature revolted from the loathsome means proposed for preventing this calamity; and was it after all a security to be relied upon? What secret could be safe with a character so abandoned, and a temper so outrageous, as Jemima's? None: to what purpose then should he involve himself in turpitude and guilt, when he could neither keep misfortune from his benefactress by such measures, nor endure his own remorse of conscience in the mean time? And though innocence might not serve either Lady Crowbery or himself as a defence against the malice of Jemima and the injustice of my Lord, yet was he well convinced that nothing in this life could compensate for the loss of it: So far, however, he would yield to the pressure of the moment for the sake of gaining time, as not to irritate Jemima's temper by too peremptory a repulse: He attempted therefore to soothe her by the following expostulation:

"Though I take Heaven to witness that I am as innocent in thought and deed towards the lady you allude to as the child unborn; and though from my soul I believe she is as pure in nature as unsullied snow; yet I know the peril she would incur, and can well conceive the malicious interpretation her innocence would be exposed to, was you so cruelly bent upon her destruction, as to set forth the circumstance, which Bridget has reported to you, in it's worst colours to her ungenerous lord: I know how easy it would be for prejudice like his
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by false constructions to represent an expression of pity as an act of criminality, and turn the world against her to the ruin of her reputation ; But this would be a degree of inhumanity which can never enter into your heart ; I am persuaded your nature is not capable of compassing the destruction of an amiable and innocent woman by such horrid means. For my part, sooner than I would be party in such a deed, I would meet death itself, in whatever shape of terror and torment it approached me ; and believe me, Madam, could I suspect you capable of going these lengths in revenge for any want of attention, which your partiality for me might interpret into slights, I would rather my life should atone for the offence, than that Lady Crowbery's peace or reputation should be sacrificed through my ill-conduct or neglect."

"Very well," replied Jemima, "then it is in your power to decide upon the fate of that lady, who is so infinitely dear to you, by proportioning your attentions to the value that you set upon my secrecy."

"Prove me then," he cried ; "tax me to the extent of my capacity in any honest services, and mark if I decline the trial."

"Honest services?" she repeated ; "what are they? I have made a fair confession to you, Henry, and I will not be trifled with."

"I presume," answered he, "you have a sense of that religion you profess so zealously ; you have a proper feeling for the dignity and delicacy of your sex ; you have a recollection of those solemn promises, to which you pledged your faith at the altar—"

"I have a proper sense," replied Jemima, "of your folly and impertinence, in preaching to me, who

who am established by faith beyond the reach of guilt or the possibility of falling."

"But I," interposed Henry, "who cannot boast such an all-availing faith, do not possess so qualifying a confidence; therefore I must request you will with patience hear a few words from me. The principles which nature and education have instilled into my heart, are such as teach me to believe no faith can purify the soul which guilt defiles. This doctrine was impressed upon me by that best of friends, for whose lamented loss I am now in mourning. He was a father to me in effect, though of my real parents I am ignorant. At his death I became destitute, and in that state of absolute distress was found and relieved by your worthy husband: Shall I repay him with the blackest treachery? To him I owe the happy chance that cast me on the protection of Lady Crowbery; she was the friend and patroness of my deceased benefactor, the Reverend Mr. Ratcliffe; for his sake she bestowed these bounties upon me, in tender recollection of his valued memory, and in pity for the relief of his care; whilst I was kneeling at her feet in grateful acknowledgment of her goodness, she threw her charitable arms upon my neck in pure benevolence."—"You own it then!" interposed Jemima; "'tis enough. Give me only to know that a woman of Lady Crowbery's cast, soft, sentimental, full of tender passions, and neglected by her husband, goes the length of taking a young fellow like you in her arms; and I will take upon me to say, such a woman can have but one possible motive for what she does. Talk not to me of benevolence and charity: would she embrace a beggar? would she press age and ugliness to her bosom? No, no, Henry, you cannot impose upon me, nor do I believe you are yourself imposed

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imposed upon : you are at once the irresistible conqueror of us both, and the only difference between us is, that I have the sincerity to avow a passion for you, and she has the hypocrisy to disguise it."

This said, she turned towards him, and with outspread arms was proceeding to embrace him, when starting back, he exclaimed—"Hold, Madam ! I am not faint enough to subscribe to your opinions, nor quite so much of a sinner as to suit your purposes."

He now sprung out of the room, and left her in that state of mind, which is as little intitled to pity as it is calculated to excite envy.

CHAPTER V.

Miscellaneous Matters.

AS our hero slowly directed his steps towards the hospitable cottage, pondering the preceding dialogue in his mind, a thousand distracting thoughts took possession of him by turns : sometimes he reproached himself for not having attempted to soothe Jemima with hopes and promises ; at other times he almost doubted if he ought not to have sacrificed every scruple for Lady Crowbery's sake ; again his spirit rose against such gross impurity, and the fallacy of the maxim ' of doing evil that good might come ' struck him in full force.—" If innocence," he cried, " can be no otherwise protected than by the commission of guilt, let it shift for itself." To appeal to the Doctor was to rouse a suspicion in Jemima, that he had betrayed her to him, and that he foresaw

would be the certain way to drive her upon retaliation; besides, he knew the amount of Zachary's authority, and how little good was to be looked for from his interference: to apprize Lady Crowbery of her danger was his anxious wish, but by what means he knew not, for neither interview nor letter seemed either easy or safe to undertake. Ezekiel's fidelity could not be doubted, but as a counsellor in this case, few men could be found less qualified.

Henry had now crossed the green, and was making towards the cottage, when he heard himself accosted by a man in a plain drab riding-coat, and booted, who asked him if that great house at a distance belonged to Lord Crowbery? Henry, who had just then little or no attention for any thing but the thoughts he was immersed in, stared rather wildly at the stranger, and in a peevish kind of tone answered, that he knew nothing at all of the matter.—“That is rather extraordinary,” replied the stranger, “for I think I saw you come from the house, where Lady Crowbery has been; and if you are bound to that cottage, you are going where she is.”—“And what is that to you, Sir?” demanded Henry, in the same tone, and abruptly turned away from him. He now quickened his pace, and, entering the cottage kitchen, found there Ezekiel and Dame May, who immediately gave him the signal for silence, telling him, in a whisper, that Lady Crowbery and Miss Manstock were in the inner room conferring with Susan;—“And I hope,” added the dame “that our girl is in a way to get a place with one of them.”

The good dame conjectured rightly, for those ladies had been questioning Susan May upon certain preliminary circumstances, proper to be well explained before any overture was made on Miss

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Manstock's part for hiring her as her waiting-woman. The points, which Susan had to clear, were simply what arose from the aspersions Blachford had cast upon her with respect to Henry; and being straitly interrogated on the subject by Lady Crowbery, she answered, without prevarication or reserve, that to be sure she could not deny a very sincere esteem for Henry, as who could help liking one every way so worthy and so engaging? but as to what that base man, Mr. Blachford, imputed to her, she denied it utterly. It would be well for him, she observed, if he had one grain of that honour which Henry possessed, in such a degree, that she believed he would die a thousand deaths rather than be guilty of such baseness as that vile man had meditated against her: she then related the particulars of his attempt upon her when she solicited him to release Henry from the stocks.

When both ladies had joined in expressing their just abhorrence of such proceedings, with proper commendations of Susan's conduct, she again resumed her confession of attachment to Henry; and after a very animated enumeration of his many excellent qualities, mental and personal, concluded by humbly asking pardon of her hearers for intruding so long upon their patience.—“But you, Madam,” said she, addressing herself to Lady Crowbery, “I know to be so kind and considerate, that I am sure you will forgive a poor girl like me if I have said too much, for you know a heart too full will overflow; and to be sure, though I have not the most distant idea of aspiring to Mr. Henry, who I dare say is as much above me in birth as he is in merit and understanding, yet I hope it is no sin to love him, to pray for his happiness and prosperity, and to bless and reverence,

as from my soul I do, all those who are good to him, and your ladyship above all."

Susan ceased, and whilst the tears flowed from her soft eyes, a sympathetic shower bedewed the cheeks of Lady Crowbery; the lovely Isabella (for lovely she was, gentle reader, and fair beyond my powers of description) was so pleased with the sincere and natural character of the girl, that turning to her with a gracious smile, and addressing her in a voice as tuneable as the lyre of Apollo, she said, "I am so charmed with your sincerity, Susan, that if my place is acceptable to you, we are agreed: from this moment you belong to me; and if the malice of Mr. Blachford attempts still to pursue you, depend upon it neither he nor his slander will find admission where I am. As for your attachment to this young person, whom you describe so amiable, though my hard heart has never been touched by the passion of love, and I do not so much as guess what it means, I have nevertheless all the compassion in life for those who suffer by it; and for you, Susan, in particular, who are out of hope of obtaining the object you admire. You must therefore strive to forget him as fast as you can, which, I should suppose, you can find no difficulty in doing."

Susan shook her head, but said nothing: a certain look, which Lady Crowbery bestowed upon her fair cousin, was perhaps not misinterpreted, when she corrected herself by saying,—“I conclude I have been blundering upon something perfectly absurd, which is not to be wondered at when one talks without understanding what one talks about. You know, cousin, I have never been in Susan's situation; and as all my wishes have been constantly prevented by an indulgent father, I really never felt what could seriously be called a disappointment

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disappointment of any sort : in love, at least, I can venture to say, I am pretty secure."—"Don't be too secure," cried Lady Crowbery, tapping her gently on the cheek as she rose from her chair. And now the ladies, followed by Susan May, entered the room, where Ezekiel, Henry, and Goody May, were assembled.

The happy news was here announced, of Susan's being preferred to wait upon the person of Miss Manstock. This was the height of all earthly happiness that could befall the mother of Susan; and if she herself did not welcome it with quite the same transport, it was not want of value for her young mistress, that damped her joy, for all the neighbourhood rung with Isabella's praise, and Sir Roger Manstock was universally beloved; but there was a pang at the heart of that fond girl, which in the very moment of her good fortune drew a sigh from her breast, and directed her eyes towards Henry with the most pensive expression: this glance was not unnoticed by Isabella, who followed it in its passage to the countenance of our hero, which being just then overspread with a tender blush, and charactered with the finest touches that pity and benevolence could give it, was perhaps in nature the most dangerous object that a young lady, who had so lately set love at defiance, could encounter; and, was I poetically given, I should here take occasion to introduce that revengeful deity taking aim from behind the person of my hero, like Teucer covered by the shield of Ajax, and launching at the heart of Isabella one of his swiftest and most fatal arrows. Certain it is, there was some busy messenger or other, that flitted in that moment on his malicious errand, and, whispering in her ear, forewarned her, that the god of love was not to be affronted with impunity.

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The same, perhaps, or some sister spirit equally bent upon mischief, threw an accident in the way of their returning in the carriage, by taking off a shoe from one of the horses, and compelling the driver to resort to the blacksmith for a repair of the damage.

This being reported, Isabella quickly proposed a walk through the plantations, which her lady cousin as quickly closed with, happy in the excuse for taking her beloved Henry with her. It was in vain therefore that the foolish servant assured his lady the jobb would be done in a few minutes; his evidence was instantly dismissed, and the ladies adjusting their cloaks, set forward without listening to any further demur, accompanied by our hero, blooming with every modest grace that beauty, youth, and sensibility, could unite to adorn him with.

When they entered the plantation they were secure from being overlooked, and then the mother, whose heart yearned towards her new-discovered treasure, pretending to want support, passed her arm under his, and instinctively pressed it to her heart, giving him at the same time a look of unutterable fondness. The action was so marked as not to be misunderstood: Henry felt it, and turned pale with alarm; seized with a sudden faintness, he seemed not less in want of support than the lady herself: she saw his change of countenance, she perceived him tremble as she leant upon him, and perfectly comprehended all the delicacy and distress of his sensations: concealment was no longer generous, it was no longer safe; nay, it was now no longer in her power. He had stopt short from incapacity to proceed; their mutual embarrassment was too conspicuous to be overlooked by Isabella, had she been ever so industriously

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ously accommodating; but of these arts she was perfectly ignorant, and had already run to the assistance of her cousin, very naturally alarmed at her situation, and was tendering a bottle of salts to her; when that lady, in the tenderest tone, exclaimed,—“ Oh! my sweet friend, my beloved Isabella, judge not unfavourably of me for the uncommon sensibility, the strong emotions, which you see me seized with: I knew the parents of this youth; dear to me they were as my own life, near as the blood that flows from my own heart.”— Here she fell upon Henry’s neck, and in her agony sobbed aloud.

At this instant the person of the Viscount was seen advancing towards them in the same walk: there was no further time for explanation; scarce a moment remained for reflection; Henry was bidden to retire with all speed; Lady Crowbery struggled to compose herself for the dreade crencontre; the affectionate Isabella was employed in cheering and supporting her; but the interval was momentary, and my Lord at hand.

It was so unusual a thing with him to walk at this hour of day, and in this place, that nothing could be more unlooked for than this meeting: he had now seen with his own eyes a confirmation of what had already been reported to him by Blachford. That gentleman, enraged at seeing all his designs upon Susan May traversed by the interference of Henry, and her resignation of Jemima’s service, had paid a visit to that disconsolate dame within a very few minutes after our hero had left her in a state of mind little short of absolute phrenzy: inflamed as she was to the height with rage, indignation, and revenge, the flattering attentions of that insidious visitor, whose gross appetites could *batten on a moor*, gained thereby
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the knowledge of an important discovery, and she the gratification of a revengeful passion, well knowing to what malicious purposes he would apply the secret she had imparted to him.

The meeting between the Viscount and his lady, from which so many dreadful reproaches were expected, went off without any; a few words in passing, and those addressed to miss Manstock, were all that occurred; but Lady Crowbery discovered enough in the fullness of his look to awaken all her apprehensions, nor was she deceived in her observations: My Lord pursued his way towards Justice Blachford's, and the ladies held on their walk and their discourse till they arrived at the castle.

As soon as Henry had passed the plantation-gate that opened upon the village-green, he was again accosted by the stranger in the horseman's coat, who told him he had just picked up a ring in the foot-path, which he conceived had been dropt there by Lady Crowbery as she passed, and begged him to take the charge of returning it to her, as he himself was upon the wing, and could not undertake the delivery of it in person.

Henry took the ring, examined it, was convinced that it belonged to Lady Crowbery; and recollecting that his former treatment of this person, when he broke in upon his meditations, had been none of the most courteous, he was the more desirous to make up for it by his civility on this occasion: the man seemed in that style of life as might be complimented on his honesty without an affront to his dignity. The ring was of value, for it consisted of a table diamond set in the shape of a heart, under which was a plait of hair, with the words *Cecilia Adamant*, neatly engraved upon the back of the setting. This, Henry observed, being
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the maiden-name of Lady Crowbery, was a proof of its belonging to her, and he therefore suggested it to him as proper to be delivered by his own hands, the meanness of his appearance warranting to add, that he was persuaded that generous lady would wish to make a suitable return to the finder. —“ I understand your kind hint,” replied the man, “ and am thankful to you for it; if her Ladyship should be pleased in her bounty to take any consideration for the finder of this trinket, be so good to tell her, it is a poor man lately returned from transportation, who will thankfully receive her favours through your hands: but as I don’t think it safe to put myself in the way of Lord Crowbery, circumstanced as I am, so I do most earnestly conjure you not to give the ring to my Lady in his presence, nor to let any intimation reach him that may expose me to be traced as the finder of it: for the present, it will not be prudent for me to tarry here any longer; sometime hence I may call upon you again.” —“ Sometime hence,” replied Henry, “ I may not chance to be found here; but call at that cottage, and whatever is there deposited will be honestly delivered to you by the good people of the house: you know your own danger best, but if returning from transportation constitutes any part of it, I should think you had better have been silent on that head; however, you may depend upon it I shall not betray your trust either in one case or the other.”

“ Sir,” rejoined the stranger, “ permit me to say, there is something in your countenance that assures me I might repose greater trusts than this in your keeping without hazard; the good woman of the cottage you pointed to has made me acquainted with your adventures in this place, and you must allow me to say that I honour you from

my soul: though I have been a guilty man in my time (which you will readily believe, having told you I am newly returned from transportation) yet I love virtue, and reverence brave, humane and virtuous persons like you: I have been also told of Lady Crowbery's generosity to you, and I applaud her for it; charity is a lovely quality, but frailty is of the very essence of woman; and I beseech you to recollect that Lady Crowbery is a wife."

This said, he hastily turned away, and before our hero could recover the surprize which a speech so unexpected had thrown him into, the stranger was out of sight.

CHAPTER VI.

A figurative Style is apt to puzzle a plain Understanding.

WHEN Henry returned to the cottage, he found Ezekiel sitting with old Weevil, the miller, who had come to report the convalescence of his son; and as he really bore a grateful mind towards our hero, it was with great pleasure he congratulated him on the happy change in his fortune and appearance: he then began to sound forth the praises of Lady Crowbery for her charities; and when he had run on in this strain for some time, frequently appealing to Henry, who made no reply, he looked at him with a degree of surprize, and said,—“How is this, friend Henry? You say nothing all this while.”—Our hero now answered, that if he was silent on the subject, it was not from want of gratitude, but because he knew

knew that Lady did not wish her good deeds to be talked of.—“Heyday!” cried Weevil, “what is the value of a good deed, if the world does not know it? For my part, if I do a man a kind turn, I am the first to let him hear of it; for where would be the pleasure of doing it else; and how can I expect a return of the same kindness, if I don’t let him understand from whence it came?”—Then turning to Ezekiel, who did not seem to relish his notions, and had exhibited certain tokens that they would not pass unquestioned, he demanded of him, with an air of raillery, if he preached such sort of charity as that lady was supposed to practise?

Ezekiel rose from his seat, and drawing himself up into an erect posture, as his custom was when he debated any interesting point—“Neighbour Weevil,” he cried, “you demand of me, as a preacher, if I recommend to my flock such sort of charity as this good lady practiseth; and I demand of thee, as a Christian, if thy pastor hath never taught thee that good lesson, “Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth?”

“I hope I know that without his telling,” quoth the miller, “for surely no man would put his hand into his neighbour’s sack, and be fool enough to blazon his own shame; I think he would be but a silly fellow, who did not keep his own council in such a case; but that any one should be ashamed of giving away their alms, and take no credit for what they bestow, seems to me an unaccountable piece of business; for why should I lay out my money, and get nothing for it?”

“And is it nothing,” cried the preacher, elevating his voice, and rising on his insteps, “to purchase that divine sensation, which springs within the human breast when we relieve the sufferings
of

of a fellow-creature? Is the self-approving testimony of a good conscience nothing worth, unless echoed back upon thee by the applauses of the world? The eye of the Almighty is upon the deeds of men, whether they be good or evil; nay, more than that, it penetrates to the heart, and discerns the motives and secret springs which govern it. Is it not enough for man to know, that he, who seeth in secret, will reward us openly? I hope, friend Weevil, thou art not a man of that pharisaical kidney, as loveth greetings in the market-place, and delighteth to blow a trumpet before thee."

"I blow a trumpet!" replied the miller, somewhat angrily; "I don't know what you mean by suspecting me of such mountebank tricks; and as for greetings in the market-place, whether I love 'em or not is no matter; but I have plenty of them without asking for, for I don't go there without my money; they are glad enough to greet me, friend Ezekiel, for I am a fair trader, do you see, and neither blow trumpet or horn to call customers about me, and bring grist to my mill: No, no, if they like my dealings they are welcome; if not, let 'em go elsewhere. If the mill were never to go till I blew a trumpet, it would stand still to everlasting for me; but I can't say so much for you, Doctor, in your way of trade; you may be said to blow a trumpet, methinks, when you are perched up in a tree, hooting and howling and preaching the end of the world to a parcel of poor scared wretches, that are ready, through fright, to hang themselves upon the branches of it: this I call blowing a trumpet, master Zekiel," added he, "and such a trumpet it is, that with my good will shall never enter these ears whilst they are fixt to my head."

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"Be it so scorne, be it so," replied the preacher: "if thy heart be hardened even to the consistency of one of thine own mill-stones, whose misfortune is it but thine own? Pharaoh's heart was also in like case, he was hardened against the warnings of the meek man Moses, and what was his fate? Whelmed in the red sea, swallowed up, drowned, Gaffer Weevil, drowned I say, as thou perchance may'st be for a judgment in thine own mill-tail; which, God forbid! for I would rather wish thee to live and to repent: nay, hath not a judgment fallen upon thee already, a terrible judgment, from which thou art newly escaped? and wilt thou not obey the warning, as holy David obeyed, when the Lord smote the son of Bathsheba for his sins? Will nothing awaken thee but the last trump, thou deaf adder?"

Here Ezekiel Daw turned his eyes towards the place, that had lately been occupied by the person of Weevil, and discovered nothing there within his ken save an old elbow-chair, literally as void of edification as the deaf adder; miller Weevil having neither carried that away with him, nor one single word of instruction from the late expostulatory harangue. "I protest," quoth Ezekiel, as he looked about for Weevil, "the man hath disappeared, and the *chair of the scorner* is left empty: Good hope," added he, sitting down in it at the same time, "I shall not offend against the Psalmist's precept by placing myself in his stead."

"No fear of that," said Henry, "the words are not to be taken in their literal sense."—"Humph!" replied the preacher, "don't be too sure of that, young man; it is early day for such as thou art to set up for an expounder of holy writ."—"I beg pardon," answered the youth;
"if

“ if I had been aware there could have been two opinions in the case, I should have held back my own till I heard what your’s was.”—“ All is well,” rejoined the other, “ I do not reprove thee, child, but for thy good ; I would warn thee against the example of that froward man, who hath newly departed in his error, and suddenly disappeared, whilst my eye was not upon him :”—A circumstance, that could hardly have happened to any other person than Ezekiel, whose eye, like the poet’s, had been rolling in so fine a phrensy, that the miller and every other person about him might have walked out of company at that moment without his seeing them.

The good man, who, as we have before observed, was only patient upon principle, had been not a little nettled at the retort of the trumpet, which being a martial instrument, had sounded a note in his ear, that had somewhat roused the natural ardour of his spirit ; a hint, which we think fit to give to the sagacious reader, who might else conceive there was hardly cause sufficient for the vivacity of his reproof to our young hero, whose nature certainly was not prone to give offence, nor wanting in humility ; in proof of which we take leave to add, that he quietly submitted to a long lecture from Doctor Daw upon that very virtue, of which it was plain he had a much greater share by nature than his teacher.

CHAPTER VII.

The Events of this Life are chequered with Good and Evil.

DAME May now returned to the cottage, having circulated the happy tidings of her daughter's promotion into every house of the village, where she could find an acquaintance at leisure to give her the hearing; and as we are never better disposed to rejoice with others than when we are joyful ourselves, so it was with this good woman, whose heart, though naturally apt to sympathize, was at this moment in the best humour possible to take a friendly share in Henry's good fortune: whilst her eyes overflowed with pleasure at the sight of him in his new apparel, her tongue poured forth praises in abundance, and blessings without stint upon his generous benefactors.

The hostile cabal assembled at Blachford's were in the mean time projecting ways and means of revenge: for Lord Crowbery had joined them full fraught with what he called ocular demonstration of his lady's misconduct; for though he had observed a fullen silence when he met her in the plantation, nothing which there passed had escaped his observation; and the reader will recollect enough of her situation to acknowledge it was a very suspicious one: the credit of Jemima's intelligence, as reported to him by his friend Blachford, was now completely established, and his mind prepared for any measures of revenge, that could be proposed to him; but as it was his practice in all cases of danger to keep himself out of sight,

fight, and put his proxies in the front, his caution did not forsake him upon the meeting with his lady, and he prudently forbore to waste any of his noble anger in words, not wishing either that Miss Manstock should witness them, or that Henry should be called to an altercation on the spot; whether because he deemed him too ignoble for his personal resentment, or too gallant to submit to his insult, must be left as matter of opinion; we do not wish to have any correspondence with his lordship's private meditations; as to his discussions with Lady Crowbery, he was very ingenious in selecting proper times and seasons for them. The cabal now sitting consisted of Blachford, Captain Crowbery of the marines, and Fulford, an attorney; gentlemen entirely devoted to his lordship, and the major part at least not immoderately prejudiced by the secret dictates of justice, conscience, or honour.

The inmates of the cottage were now collected; for Susan had joined the party, but not with the same joyous spirits that her mother had brought amongst them; a secret melancholy seemed to weigh upon her heart, and Henry, who well divined the cause, between compassion for her and alarm for Lady Crowbery, found ample occupation for his thoughts: as for Ezekiel Daw, the even tenor of his spirits was not apt to be discomposed either by the fortunate or unfortunate events of this life.

One of the first measures resolved upon by the cabal, had been to expel the tenants of the cottage from their humble abode; the tenement belonged to Blachford, and was held at will; so long as he fostered any hopes of succeeding with the daughter, that considerate gentleman had been a very easy landlord to the mother; but now that he saw
his

his designs blasted, first by her attachment to Henry, and secondly, by her engagement with Miss Manstock, his charity cooled so fast, that he commissioned Fulford the attorney not only to warn her mother from the premises, but also to enforce payment of certain arrears of rent, which he had abstained to demand from motives above-mentioned; nay, it was asserted on the part of the poor widow, that as far as any unwitnessed promise could avail, he had passed his word to her for an acquittal of the whole.

Charged with these instructions, Fulford now presented himself to the party in the cottage, and in proper terms of office delivered himself of his commission. Goody May heard the warning, and demand accompanying it, with horror proportioned to the distress it menaced her with. The bounty of Lady Crowbery in consideration of her kindness to Henry, had just enriched her with a sum, which this demand so nearly involved, that she felt herself in imagination even poorer than she was before; her flattering hopes of peace and plenty vanished like a dream; stript by her deceitful creditor of all her stock of wealth, and thrust out of her cottage, she knew herself to be excluded in effect from the parish, where she had long dwelt in the good esteem of the villagers, and by the humble exercise of her art had hitherto contrived to earn a decent maintenance; it was a further aggravation to her sorrows, that in this distress her friend and inmate Ezekiel was to be a sharer: she fixed her eyes upon the countenance of the attorney, she saw no movements of compassion there; she then turned them upon her friends assembled around her, she drew no comfort from their looks, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

Ezekiel

Ezekiel seeing this, put himself between Fulford and the door, towards which he was retreating, and gently laying his hand upon his breast in the action of stopping him, with a steady look and solemn tone, addressed him in the following words—"Mr. Fulford, you are an attorney; and pity, though not unknown to some of your profession, is certainly no part of your business here; I shall not therefore trouble you by appealing to what it is evident you do not possess: whether this poor woman is at this instant furnished with money sufficient to discharge your demand, I cannot take upon me to say; I myself have some little matter in hand, which will be forth coming at her call."—"I have enough, and more than enough," cried Henry—"Peace, young man," replied the preacher, "and interrupt me not: this gentleman's time is too precious to listen to the modes we shall take for raising the sum he requires of us, neither is his nature likely to be softened by any difficulties we are put to in providing it: with your leave, therefore, Mr. Attorney, we shall desire you will signify to your principal, that we do not oppose ourselves to the power which the law has given him over us, for expelling us from his cottage: tell him we have received his orders, and are preparing to obey them, but say withal, that they have wrung the tears from the eyes of the widow, and let him prepare himself to answer the appeal that is gone up against him."

"Lookye, Master Daw," replied Fulford, "how all that may be is another case, and *coram non nobis* as we say; my commission extends no farther than to the widow May; she is the party I am to look to; with respect to you I have no instructions, and for aught I know, you may have his worship's leave for remaining on the premises,"—"How

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—"How say you, sir?" exclaimed Ezekiel, "may I have his leave to abandon this poor widow? I will neither take his leave, nor his example, for any thing so base and dastardly: he shall never teach me to be cruel like himself, he shall never seduce me to make promises of protection and afterwards revoke them; I reject his favour, and will persist in my integrity."

"You know your own business best," quoth Fulford; "I am to look for the rent, or distrain to the amount."—"Name it," cried Henry, "produce your bill, I am prepared to discharge it"—And who are you," replied Fulford, "that take upon yourself to speak to a gentleman in so peremptory a stile?"—"I speak to you," said Henry, "as I should to your principal"—Speak then to my principal," replied the attorney; and turning on his heel, quitted the company.

Before he had gone many paces from the door, Isabella, accompanied by her father, entered the cottage: Goody May had not yet dried her tears, and the cause of them being enquired into by her worthy visitors, gave her an opportunity of relating what had passed. Sir Roger Manstock, whose heart was ever open to a case of pity, and who well knew the hateful character of Blachford, bade her be comforted, for that he would provide her with a habitation on his own estate, and in the near neighbourhood of her daughter, where she should be at least as well lodged and better protected than she was at present,—“As for the little matter of rent,” added he, “which Mr. Blachford thinks fit to exact of you, notwithstanding his word to the contrary, if one of you will step out and call back the attorney, we will discharge it on the spot.”

Henry

Henry flew upon the errand; and was at Blachford's door in an instant, where that gentleman was then standing with Fulford at his elbow. At the name of Sir Roger Manstock he started, swelled with pride and passion, and strode away with hasty steps to the cottage; ordering the attorney to follow him.

"Give me leave," said he, as he set his foot within the door, "to tell you, Sir Roger Manstock, that I do not hold it proper behaviour from one gentleman to another to interfere between me and my tenant, and spirit her out of my house for the invidious purpose of casting an odium upon my character, as if I was a tyrant and persecutor of the poor: I would have the world to know that I have as much humanity as yourself or any man breathing, and I don't see what right you have to take for granted that I intend to go the length of driving this woman out of her house at any rate."

"Mr. Blachford," replied the venerable baronet, "you have put an interpretation upon my motives so contrary to what has ever governed my actions, that I should be warranted in making no reply to your invectives; but I am an old man pretty well known in this neighbourhood, and little afraid of being misunderstood by any body but yourself. If your attorney did not warn this poor widow from her house by your authority, I have stepped into a business by mistake, which does not belong to me; if, on the contrary he did, I have as much right to take her into my protection, as you can have to put her out of your's, and that protection I will give, though your persecution should extend to every other person under this roof."

Blachford's dusky visage turned purple with rage, he gnawed his lip, knit his footy brows, and
sullenly

fully replied, "It is no concern of mine how many vagabonds you take into your house, so mine is clear of them."—Upon the instant stepped forward our young hero, and darting a look like that which our immortal bard bestows upon the seraph Abdiel before he encounters the grand apostate.—"Now," said he, "your virulence so clearly points at me, that I am warranted to reply to you; and first, I tell you, I will not permit you to lose the respect due to a venerable character, which none but one devoid of every manly, every virtuous feeling, would have the baseness to defame: in the next place, I have a word for you in answer to the aspersions you have thrown out against this innocent young woman, in which you have brought my honour into question, and for which you ought to blush, knowing your own infamous attempts upon her person; but as your turpitude is such, that to speak of it in this presence would be a breach of decency, I desire you will step out with me, and I will breathe one word in your ear; which, if you have the spirit of a man, you will know how to reply to."

This said, Henry stepped nimbly out of the door, and Blachford, attended by his lawyer, fully followed.—"In the name of the Lord," cried Ezekiel, grasping his crab-stick, "I will also go forth."—At this moment Isabella gave a sigh, and fell back in her chair.

CHAPTER VIII.

How deep and secret are the Seeds of Love!

AS soon as Blachford was on the outside of the door, Henry, who had stopt for him, accosted him, and said, "I now repeat to you, that your attempt upon Susan May was infamous; and that when you told Lord Crowbery that innocent girl had been criminal with me, you told a most impudent and abominable lie."—"Very well, Sir," replied Blachford, "I shall not talk with you now: you shall hear from me in another way."—The cowardly bully slunk away, and Henry returned to the cottage, but not till Ezekiel, brandished his crab-stick, had marched up to him, and declared, with an observation little short of an oath, that if he had turned out with the Justice, he himself would have undertaken for the attorney, and—"Grace of God," added he, "I trust I should have smitten him to the earth, even thereafter as the prophet Samuel smote Agag."

When Henry entered the cottage, he found the women anxiously employed in bringing Isabella out of a swoon.—"Heaven defend me," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" Dame May had dropt some hartshorn into water; Henry, scarce knowing what he did, seized the cup, and presented it to the lips of the drooping beauty; at that moment she opened her eyes—"And are you safe?" she said, then took the contents of the cup, and presently revived.

In a few minutes Isabella was perfectly recovered, and then Sir Roger Manstock began to express himself in the kindest terms to Henry: he requir-

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ed to know what had passed between him and Blachford; exhorted him very earnestly not to enter into any quarrel with a man of so malicious a character, and very cordially invited him to take refuge in Manstock-house,—“For I am persuaded,” said he, “that both Blachford, and, I am sorry to add, Lord Crowbery himself, will set every engine at work to play off some diabolical plot upon you.”

“Indeed, Sir,” said Isabella, turning her eyes upon him with the tenderest expression, “you are in the greatest danger whilst you remain amongst them; my dear father gives you the best counsel, and you will do well to get out of their way; for only think what affliction it would give to my poor cousin, if any harm was to befall you.”

“She is infinitely good,” replied Henry, “and her solicitude gives some value to a life, which, circumstanced as it was a while ago, would scarce have merited my care.”—“If that be so,” resumed Isabella, “I am confident it is her wish that you should accept my father’s invitation; and, after what I have now been a witness to, permit me to say, it is mine also.”—“You honour me too much,” replied he, “and I can make no other return to such unmerited kindness, than by assuring Sir Roger Manstock and yourself of my unalterable respect and gratitude.”

This point being so settled, the worthy baronet and his fair daughter took their leave of the good people, Sir Roger having shaken Henry very cordially by the hand, and assured him of a hearty welcome at Manstock-house. Upon their arrival at the castle, they found Lady Crowbery alone, and employed at her writing-table; their carriage was at the door, and they had called to bid her farewell. Sir Roger related to her all that had been passing at the cottage, and said so many handsome

handsome things of Henry, both with respect to his behaviour, person and spirit, that whilst her heart trembled for his safety, it overflowed with joy upon hearing him so praised.—“And now,” said the baronet, “we must think of something for him out of hand, for there is a deal of malice brewing against him in the hearts of this Blachford and his crew: he has a gallant spirit; I think his turn seems to lie towards the army.”

“It is too clear, replied Lady Crowbery, “what dangers beset him, and with whom they spring: that I shall have my share in them, I can well believe; I expect no less, and am preparing myself to meet it. In the mean time, to remove him to some place of safety seems the first thing needful; of his future destination we may decide at leisure.” “But my father,” cried Isabella, “has invited him, and he is coming to Manstock-house.”—Lady Crowbery smiled; but whether it was from the joy she took in the intelligence, or from something she observed in the eagerness of Isabella’s manner, or from a mixture of causes, we must leave to conjecture; certain it is, that the finest eyes in nature were just then illuminated with uncommon vivacity, and the sweetest countenance overspread with a blush, whose exquisite carnation no art can imitate.

After a few minutes spent in making their affectionate adieus, they parted; Sir Roger Manstock and his fair daughter to their own home, and Lady Crowbery resumed her pen; the productions of which, it is more than probable, our readers will hereafter be acquainted with.

We shall now look back to the cottage, where the agitation, in which we left our friends, had not yet subsided. Ezekiel was gone forth upon the Green, and being there joined by several of his

his neighbours, with whom he was in general favour, had been giving them a valedictory harangue, with some occasional comments upon Justice Blachford's inhumanity to the widow; that good woman, in the mean while, who had not the fault of keeping an idle tongue, was no less busy in a different quarter; and perhaps there was not a corner in the parish where she was not beloved and the Justice abhorred, so that all voices were loud in her cause; even John Jenkins, a fellow of notorious levity, and the obstreperous cow-boy, his brother, were on the side of the sufferers, and joined in the cry against their village-tyrant with the rest.

Henry and Susan alone kept house; he pondering on a variety of interesting matters, she probably on only one object, and that before her eyes. Opportunities like the present she had little prospect of in future; her heart fluttered, her spirits wavered betwixt hope and despair: she sighed, and gently resting her arm upon his shoulder, "Alas! for me," cried she, "my happy hours have been but few, and they are past: You'll think no more of me when this fine lady occupies your heart: I see it coming on, I see it plainly."—"Impossible!" he replied, "my thoughts are otherwise employed; they never can aspire so high."—"Ah, Henry!" resumed she, "this is but feigned humility; you've seen enough to know that I am right: You and I shall take no more such walks together as we have done; you will have a fairer companion in your rambles through the groves at Manstock; and let me own 'tis fit you should; I am not worthy of you; you are in all respects above me, and it was only in your distressed and humble state that I aspired to think of you, to consort with you, and to love you: If I have been too forward, and of-

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fended you, do not remember me with contempt, but pardon a fond girl that can never cease to bear you a devoted faithful heart."

Susan never looked so lovely in the eyes of Henry as at this moment: the melancholy tone in which these words were uttered, the modest air accompanying their delivery, her sighs, her tears, her blushes, touched him more sensibly than all the playful smiles that in her gayer moments she had glanced upon him. Every thing that his compassionate nature could suggest to console and soothe her he said and did without reserve, for every passion seemed now buried in affliction; and as for such caresses as honour might allow of, he deemed it cruelty to withhold them.—But here let me insert one caution to my youthful readers how they surrender themselves to the indulgence of that dangerous propensity called pity, which, if it is not love itself, is yet so closely allied to it, that wherever the interest of the one can be served, there is no safety in committing yourselves to the other. Of the truth of this remark our inexperienced Henry may serve for an example; seduced by pure compassion into the office of a comforter, he found himself surprized into emotions, which it required the strongest resolution to controul; and so gentle was the current, so pleasingly deceitful the gradations by which he was carried on towards that gulph, where honour would have been lost, that had not the recollection of his late reproach to Blachford timely warned his conscience to avoid the guilt which he condemned in another, he had here been overthrown, and we must have devoted one unwilling page to the lamented record of his shame; for opportunity courted him, beauty smiled upon him, love allured, and Susan whispered an inviting challenge in his ear, that fairly
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set all prudence at defiance; in short, malicious Fortune seemed to have trepanned him into a situation with this tempting girl, exactly of a piece with their's, to whose incontinence he owed his birth.

"Then I must marry you," was his apology to Susan's rash proposal.—"I ask no such sacrifice," replied the damsel.—"This hospitable roof will fall upon my head."—"Away with all such scruples," she again replied, and pressed him in her arms.—"Tis a hard struggle!" he exclaimed, "but, by the Power that guards me, I will never be a Blachford!"—With these words he sprung from her embrace: the snares of love, that had so nearly closed upon him, gave way, and burst at once; the vanquished passions fled, and Virtue put her wreath of triumph on his brow!

A momentary glance of anger darted from the eyes of Susan, as she exclaimed,—"Heavens! can you use me thus?"—But it was only a glance; resentment had no lasting tenure in her breast; her heart, though liable to be surprized by love, was not surrendered to dishonour: She rallied her disordered thoughts, looked back upon the past with conscious self-reproach for her own desperation, and, covered with confusion, hid her face.

CHAPTER IX.

A Funeral Oration out of Place.

IN the council, that sate upon the fate of Henry, there were as many opinions as there were members: Fulford, who looked for no resources

but what were to be found in his own profession, recommended the ejection; and of this we have already seen the result, which certainly was not very flattering to the projector.

Captain Crowbery, whose ideas, like those of Fulford, were of the professional sort, was for bolder measures, and undertook, through his interest with a friend, who commanded a press-gang then upon the coast, to take our hero off, unknown to all his friends, and ship him in a tender: This proposal, which did not interfere with the legal proceeding before mentioned, nor involve any one of the junto either in difficulties or dangers, was universally approved of, and had in fact every merit that a revengeful plot could boast of: It was therefore resolved, *nem. con.* that the Captain should set forth in search of his friend, and concert the means of carrying it into execution secretly and securely; Lord Crowbery enjoying by anticipation, the agonies of his Lady when her favourite should disappear on a sudden, and no one could account for it.

But Blachford, whose nature, though by no means brave, was bloody and revengeful, and whose pride was stung to the quick by the spirited retort which Henry had cast in his teeth, had an underplot of his own, which, for good reasons, he withheld from his assessors, conscious that it would neither tally with the legal notions of the attorney, nor probably suit the more martial spirit of the Captain; nay, he had his doubts if even my Lord would be fond of giving countenance to it; for it was neither more nor less than to assassinate Henry, or, in the vulgar phrase, knock him down in the dark, and leave him to his chance for life or death when he had done with him.

Blachford

Blachford in his chair of justice could expatiate, as we have seen, with all due solemnity upon the heinous crime of murder; but Blachford in his private character was the very man in the world to project the perpetration, though not just the person to undertake the hazard of executing such an act: He was provided with a confidential servant, whom Nature seemed to have qualified for these purposes with the most absolute insensibility both of danger and humanity. This adroit personage, by name Lawrence O'Rourke, whose origin was to be sought in the west of Connaught, had been taken into Blachford's service, when he first commenced planter in Jamaica; and so faithfully had he ministered to the cruelties of his master, that it was generally thought most of the memorable acts were done by his hands, for which that gentleman became distinguished in those parts by the title of Bloody Bob Blachford.

The moon was at this time commodiously in her last quarter: Lord Crowbery had signified his intention of summoning Henry to the castle that evening, and it occurred to Blachford that the opportunity was favourable for way-laying him on his return through the grove, where Larry O'Rourke undertook to post himself, armed with a stout bludgeon, in the use and exercise of which he was very expert.

In the mean time Ezekiel and Goody May, having in their different quarters disseminated the story of Blachford's employing his attorney to eject them from their cottage, through the whole village, the indignation became general, and some of the younger people began to employ themselves in the making and erecting of a very stately gibbet in the centre of the Green, and in full view from the windows of his worship's mansion, for the purpose

pose of executing that venerable magistrate by proxy on the spot. This proxy, which was a very reasonable likeness of it's principal, was seated in a tumbril, with it's arms tied behind it in a very orthodox manner, and seemed only to wait the prayers of some charitable person, before it received the word of command for being hoisted up to the place of it's execution. In this awful interim it occurred to the ingenious projectors of this moral machinery, that if Doctor Daw could be prevailed upon to give it his passport to the other world, they might launch it off with becoming grace, and the spectators be edified by the catastrophe.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and Ezekiel had just knocked the ashes out of his last pipe, when the noise and hubbub on the Green called him forth. No sooner had the figure in the tumbril crossed his optic nerves in the obscurity of the twilight, than those aforesaid nerves suggested to his sensorium an idea, that the enraged mob were actually about to execute a living man without judge or jury. Horror struck at the sight, he rushed amongst them, vociferating by the way, "For the Lord's sake, neighbours! what are you about? Are you mad? Are you going to commit murder?"—"No, no," cried one of the throng, "we are only gibbetting the Squire for turning you and Goody May out of doors."—"Od's my life!" cried Ezekiel, coming nearer to the figure, and discovering something like a human face, with an enormous pair of black eyebrows, "I protest to truth it did deceive me: Never trust me if it is not a striking likeness of that unworthy person, who has turned the widow from his door, and assailed the chastity of her daughter: would to Heaven the original were as harmless as the copy! Oh! thou

thou monster of uncleanness" (for now the spirit had taken hold of him, and he had again forgot he was addressing himself to a dumb image) "Oh! thou idolatrous worshipper of filthy Belial! out-cast from grace, and given up to work all manner of whoredoms and abominations in the land; justly art thou cut off in thy sins, thou he-goat of the flock of Beelzebub! Have you eyes, ye lookers-on; and can you see the fate of this unholy one without trembling? Have you ears, and can you hear me and not mark? Hearts have you, ye obdurate sinners! and will you not understand how terrible is the latter end of the wicked? Let him that coveteth his neighbour's daughter take warning by this wretch's fate! What is the lust of the eye? a snare: What the evil motion of the heart? a serpent in your bosom: What the war of the members provoking to uncleanness? a ramping and a roaring lion. Maidens! (if there be any here that answer to that name) remember that the chastity of a damsel is like the dew-drop on the flower; the sun shineth wantonly upon it, and it is gone: Keep yourselves in the shade; let your concealment be your safeguard, ye are then only secure when no one can approach you: Handle not the asp, for it will sting you; put not your hand to the cockatrice's nest, for there is poison in the tooth of it, and it hath the bite of mortal death."

Whilst these words were upon his lips, Ezekiel, to his utter astonishment, beheld the figure slowly ascend out of the cart; and by the operation of a rope and pulley (of neither of which, good man! he had taken any account, being then warmly engaged with the cockatrice) mount into the air, suspended by the neck from the cross-bar of the gibbet. He cast his eyes upwards with pity and amaze, and piously ejaculated, in the charity of his heart,

—"The

—"The Lord have mercy upon thy soul!"—"Amen!" echoed John Jenkins, who performed the office of hangman, and at the same time run the vice-justice up by the pulley. John was the idlest fellow in the parish, and most in the ill graces of Doctor Daw, for the looseness of his morals.—"Here he goes to the devil in a whiff," quoth Jenkins.—"Art thou so familiar with the devil," said Ezekiel, "as to know whom he will take, and whom he will spare? Have a care of one, John Jenkins, and do not venture to pronounce upon thy neighbours."—John was too busy to enter into argument, so Ezekiel had the last word, and turned aside towards the cottage.

The mob, under the conduct of General Jenkins, the hangman, marched in array to Dame May's cottage, and having drawn up before the door, Jenkins being deputed as spokesman, announced himself, and was admitted.—"By your leave, Dame May," quoth the orator, "we mean you no offence; but being, as you do see, your friends and neighbours, we come to cheer you a bit in your affliction, by telling you, for your comfort, we have gibbeted the Justice upon the Green; and if we had treated him as such a hard-hearted fellow deserves, we should have pulled his house stick and stone down to the ground; so there's the right o' the matter. As for thee, Henry, give me thy hand, my brave lad! I will stand by the man that will stand by a woman as long as I have life, dammee! I beg your pardon, Doctor, for swearing, but when a man's heart is right, lookye, what he says goes for nothing; as for a few hasty words, it is to be hoped there'll be no account taken of them."

"I hope so too," quoth Ezekiel, in an undertone. Dame May returned her thanks; Henry shook

shook the orator by the hand; and the mob, according to custom, adjourned to the alehouse.

CHAPTER X.

The trampled Worm will turn.

THE news of the gibbetting flew to Blachford's ears by one of the humblest couriers Fame had in her service; it made him furious, and as he laid it all to Henry's account, it rendered him as hungry for his prey as a hyæna.

The haughty Peer now seated in his castle, and encompassed by his myrmidons, dispatched a servant with his summons for Henry to attend upon him: What particular purpose he meant to effect by this, does not clearly appear, but it is not unlikely Blachford was the mover of it, with the view of wreaking his vengeance upon the youth by the hands of O'Rourke, on his return from the conference.

The messenger being dispatched for Henry, order was given by the Peer, that his lady should come to him: Blachford and the attorney thereupon took the hint to retire, and her Ladyship having obeyed the call, was welcomed in manner following—"So Madam, you are come; be pleased to take your seat, I have something to say to you. What are the motives, I would fain know, for your late visits to my apothecary in the village? I did not know you was out of health, or, if you are, methinks it is his duty to attend upon you."

"But he is confined to his chamber, my lord."

"So ought you to be, my lady, and so shall you be, if you have no more regard for my honour and your own dignity, than to be seen gossiping and caballing in beggarly cottages, with vagabonds and strumpets, for purposes I blush to name."

"What strumpets and what vagabonds," replied the lady, "do you charge me of caballing with; and what purposes have I ever had in hand, which you, my lord, should blush to name? Declare them."

"Declare to me first, if you can, who that young fellow is, you have been graciously pleased to furnish with cloathes and money, and pick up out of the dirt; a beggarly vagrant, for the worthy purpose, amongst others that shall be nameless, of insulting my friend Mr. Blachford in the most public and daring manner, for which he shall be made an example of my vengeance, be assured, though your folly, Lady Crowbery, (to say no worse of it) should be exposed thereby to all the world. Who is this fellow, I demand? What is his name? What is his business here? What are the mighty charms you can discover in the embraces of a beggar? what the sense of your own honour, that you should fall into his arms, as these eyes have witnessed? And have you not repeatedly done this? Can you deny the charge? and what excuse are you provided with to offer to a husband, who will not tamely suffer such unparalleled disgrace?"

The vehemence, with which all this was uttered, the variety of questions it contained, her unwillingness to answer some, and her incapacity of accounting for others (for she was not yet informed of Blachford's late affair) so totally overpowered the tender and maternal feelings of Lady Crowbery, that unable to collect her thoughts, she remained silent and without an answer.

After

After some little pause, regarding her with a look of anger and contempt, he exclaimed—"Tis well, madam, 'tis very well! I take your silence for confession, and your tears for tokens of your shame. I now tell you that I have sent for your fellow-hither; I would fain see this favoured rival, whom you have singled out to disgrace me. Was he worthy the resentment of a gentleman, I would not part from him till the life of one of us was sacrificed to honour; but being what he is, the lowest, basest, vilest of mankind, fitter chastisement shall be provided for him."

"Hold, my Lord!" she now exclaimed, resuming on the sudden a composed and energetic tone of voice; hold, my Lord Crowbery, nor drive me quite to desperation by your ferocious menaces and false unfounded glances at my reputation, which defies your charge. If you demand to know why I have reached out the hand of charity to this young man, whom you arraign so cruelly, it is because my heart hath feeling for the unfortunate, when undeservedly oppressed, for the stranger and the friendless, for the benevolent, the brave, the generous preserver of another's life, for which he had nearly sacrificed his own—in one word for the relict of a dear departed friend, the last bequest of Ratcliffe, a foundling dropt at his door and adopted by his charity. You have sent for him, you say; you will then see him, hear him, question him, and if you have a heart, approve, admire."—"This to my face!" he cried in a transport of rage; "this to my face! By Heaven I'll not endure it, I'll not live with you, I'll not cohabit with a woman as my wife, who dares to uphold and praise her paramour to my very face."

"My

"My paramour do you call him? Alas! how widely do you mistake!"—Here she dropped her voice, and accompanied these few words with an action and motion of the head so mournful, as seemed to strengthen his suspicions rather than allay them, for he now grew louder in reproach, and with an oath denounced determined separation.

"Be it so," she replied; "acquitted by my own conscience, I shall patiently submit to what you threaten, and will appeal to time and Heaven's good pleasure for the rest: only this I tell you, and accept it from me as a salutary caution, beware how you insult too far a brave, though temperate, spirit."

This said, a servant announced the arrival of our hero.—"Already!" cried my Lord, in a tone of surprize: What struck upon his mind at that particular moment to discompose him, is more than we pretend to account for; discomposed he certainly was, 'till recollecting that some order must be given to the servant who was attending for that purpose, he cried out—"Let the fellow wait."—After a pause, turning a severe look upon his lady, he said,—"I shall exact from you, madam, your most solemn promise never to see or communicate with this fellow more."—"I have told you," she replied, "who and what this fellow as you call him is, and I should be a hypocrite to say I will not fulfil a trust of the most sacred sort that friendship can bequeath: but why need you exact, or I make any promises, when you are determined on a separation, that will release me from your authority, and leave me to account to conscience only for the rectitude of my conduct?"—"But you are not yet in that happy state of freedom," he cried, "and I will be obeyed!"—To this no answer was returned.

He

H E N R Y.

He started hastily from his seat, walked a turn or two up and down the room, and then in a fullen tone said, "Perhaps you expect to see your favourite triumph in his insolence; you'll be mistaken: Please to leave the room."—"Willingly," she replied, "and from this moment I regard it as my dismissal." Her firmness staggered him; he would have called her back, but pride withheld him: Suspicious that his lady in her present temper might in defiance of his orders attempt an interview with the youth in waiting, he rung the bell with vehemence, and called for his attendance on the instant.

Henry made his entrance, bowing respectfully to the Peer, who seated with all due state, from which he did not in the slightest degree relax, eyed him over from heel to head with that haughty air of contempt, which is now so rarely seen, except in our tyrants on the stage.

A string of interrogatories, somewhat in the inquisitorial stile, were the first salutations Henry received from the noble personage; his answers to these, though not always satisfactory to the point of information, were respectfully and modestly conveyed.—"I find," resumed his Lordship, "you are here without occupation or employ, idling about my parish, consorting with a young woman, the daughter of one of the cottagers, caballing with the rabble of the village, and stirring them up to very infamous attacks upon a respectable magistrate, my friend and neighbour; and therefore I would have you know, that I shall consider you as a person of a very suspicious character, and pass you off as a vagrant, unless you instantly decamp."

"My lord," replied the youth, "if I offend against the laws of my country, by being poor and without

without employ, I must patiently submit to all the consequences I may incur by your enforcing them against me; but if I have committed no offence, have behaved myself peaceably, and in one instance, suffer me to say, profitably to an individual of your lordship's parish, I am at a loss to think how I can be represented to you as a dangerous and suspected character: nevertheless, if my abiding any longer on your lordship's soil may give you offence, I shall not oppose myself to your displeasure, but depart."

"Do so then without delay," said the Peer, "and begone; but first tell me what charities you have received from my wife, for what services, and to what amount."—"My lord, I have done no services to Lady Crowbery, nor am at liberty to answer to the other points, on which you question me."

"What, Sir! do you receive money from my wife, and refuse to satisfy me, when I demand how much?"

"I am very sorry to be obliged to decline any thing your lordship wishes to be informed of from me, but in this instance I must, desire, to be excused."

"You have been cationed, I perceive; but do you affect honour?"

"That requires no answer, my lord."

"Why, in truth the question is rather superfluous."

"I treat it as such, for honour is as inherent in my person as it is hereditary in your lordship's: I do not therefore take your lordship's words as conveying any doubt of my preserving that part at least of my natural character, which misfortune cannot rob me of, and which, permit me to add, does not suffer me to put up with a determined insult from any man."

"Upon

"Upon my word, Sir!" replied Lord Crowbery, somewhat relaxing from the stateliness of his manner, and the acrimony of his tone, "you talk a high language considering what you are; and I believe it was somewhat in this stile that you deported yourself with Mr. Blachford."—"Pardon me, my lord, it was in a very different manner I found myself compelled to address Mr. Blachford: he had defamed the character of a young woman, whom he took the basest means to seduce, and as he had falsely charged me with the very crime he himself had attempted to commit, I simply told him, that his attack on Susan May was infamous, and his report of me an impudent and abominable lie. That gentleman, I dare say, very distinctly heard the words; if not, I am very ready to repeat them."

"Not in my hearing; I desire no such familiarity; nor do I wish to be made a party in Mr. Blachford's quarrels."

"Your lordship will be pleased to recollect that you stated my behaviour to that gentleman as matter of charge: in my own vindication therefore I was led to tell you of what sort his behaviour was to me; and in accounting for my words found it necessary to explain the causes that provoked them. I trust your lordship thinks I have not failed in my respect to you by answering in my own defence."

"You have no right over my thoughts; them I shall keep to myself: there are deeper thoughts in my mind than I shall see fit at present to produce."

"Then, my lord, I am to presume you never will produce them, against me at least; for I am here present on your own summons, standing before you like a culprit at the bar, to hear and to answer

answer every thing you can urge against me; I therefore humbly beg leave to know from yourself whether I am clear of all you have to charge me with."—"I have nothing more to say to you, Sir," replied my Lord; "you may retire when you please."—"I understand you, my lord," cried Henry; "you have restored to me my character, and I will take care so to guard it that no man shall traduce it with impunity."

CHAPTER XI.

A Blow well placed in the Dark, or, in other Words, according to the Greek Proverb, Blackford shears a Lion.

AS Henry passed through the hall, after his conference related in the foregoing chapter, he was met by Lady Crowbery, who hastily put a packet into his hand, conjuring him to take care of it, and keep secret the contents.—"In that paper," she said, "you will see the mystery of your birth revealed: Betake yourself to my uncle Manstock without delay, and Heaven in its mercy protect and guard you!"

Henry, almost overpowered with joyful surprize, at hearing what that paper was to disclose, took it with all the rapture and devotion, which its interesting contents excited, and carefully secured it in his pocket. He had yet sufficient recollection left to seize the opportunity for returning the ring to Lady Crowbery wrapped up in paper and tied; at the same time he briefly recited what had been said to him by the man who found it: Lady Crowbery seemed

seemed a good deal surprized, and denied having missed any one of her rings, however as the time was pressing, and the danger of being discovered instant, she took it from him, and again bidding him tenderly farewell, hastened away.

There were two roads to the village; the shortest by a foot-path through the plantation, which was close and now dark, the other was the common coach-road through the park, open and secure from ambuscade. As Henry came out from the hall-door, he found old Weevil the miller waiting in the court-yard: he had been to the house with flour, and had been chatting as usual with the servants; he understood from them, that Henry was under examination with my lord, and having noticed O'Rourke prowling about the plantations with his bludgeon in his hand, entertained some suspicions of a plot upon Henry, and was determined to accompany him home, and persuaded him to take the open road through the park.

This was a task of some difficulty on the part of the friendly miller, for Henry's eagerness to open the important packet made him very adverse to any proposal that prolonged the time; the point, however, was carried, and he, accompanied by Weevil, arrived safe at the widow's, whilst Larry O'Rourke laid close in his ambush at the bottom of the grove, where was a little foot-bridge that led over a narrow stream, thickly shaded with alders.

When a much longer period of time had elapsed than would have served to carry Henry through the grove, Blachford, who calculated minutes, with some anxiety, set out from the Viscount's upon the scout, and took his way secretly and solitarily down the plantation-walk: as he approached the spot where the attack was to be made, he
stopt

stopt and listened; all was silence: he took counsel with his own thoughts, and concluding the business was done, advanced, nothing doubting, till he had one foot upon the bridge, when, as if fortune had in that instant recovered her eye-sight and bestowed the bludgeon with strict retaliation upon its proper owner, Larry O'Rourke, supposing he had now made sure of his victim, took aim with such success, and dealt his blow with so hearty a good-will upon the pericranium of the magistrate, that Blachford, having uttered one horrid yell as his heels flew from under him, instantly paid his compliments to the muddy naiads of the brook.

The George and Dragon alehouse, where the party was carousing, who had performed the ceremony of the gibbet, was so near to the scene of action, that Blachford's yell was most distinctly heard by the persons there assembled, who immediately turned out upon the alarm. Amongst the first of these was John Jenkins the hangman, who found Larry O'Rourke employed in dragging the justice out of the water, for he had now, though somewhat of the latest, discovered a small mistake as to heads, but in point of execution no fault could be found with his work, which seemed to be effectually done, as the blow had taken place just above the temple, and the bludgeon was loaded with lead. John Jenkins being somewhat more than elevated with his evening's festivity, was for leaving the justice to his fate, making use of the trite proverb, that the man who was born to be hanged, was in no danger of being drowned; but the soberer part of the company, who saw further into the case than John did, lent their hands to the work, and assisted in dragging Blachford out of the brook, who during the whole operation observed

observed a perfect silence, which we are far from imputing to any sullenness on the part of that gentleman, he being at that time from home upon a temporary trip to the regions of insensibility.

One of the company had been dispatched for a candle and lantern, and by the light of this the body of Justice Blachford, stretched upon the ground and motionless, exhibited a most ghastly spectacle; his temple streaming with blood, his eyes fixed, and no symptom of life appearing. Upon the sight of this, Larry O'Rourke set up a most dolorous howl in the true Connaught key and cadence, crying out.—“Ullaloo! Master, why would you die? Hadn't you horses and cows and cattle in abundance, with plenty of strong drink in your vaults, and store of money in your lockers, and why would you leave poor Larry to iameen and cry over you at such a rate, when you might have been easy and quiet at home, and no harm done? Ah! wasn't it a foul step of your's to thrust your head in the way of my cudgel, when you knew well enough, aye and would witness it too, if the grace of God wasn't just now out of your memory, that if every one had his own, that big knock on the head you have got is another man's property, only he chanced to be out of the way when I gave it to him.”

“Seize the murderer,” cried one of the troop, upon which John Jenkins and the rest laid hold of him.—“What is it you are upon, ye pagans,” exclaimed Larry, “to be seizing me? Let the dead man speak for himself, and mark if he don't tell you another story about the matter, whereby it was no murder, only a small mistake, and if that's a hanging matter, woe betide my countrymen! Ask him now, ye sparrow-hawks, if it wasn't at his own desire that I killed him, and how should I know

I know one man from another in the dark, when I could see neither?"

Somebody now cried out to hold him fast, for it was confessedly a plot between master and man to have assassinated Henry.—"To be sure it was," said O'Rourke; "Do you think I'm such a graceless teif as to kill my own master? Huh! you are a cunning one; are you not, to find out that?"

Three or four of them now began to hale the Irishman away with them, whilst others fetched a blanket from the alehouse, on which they laid the body of Blachford, and in this manner carried him to his own house.

END OF BOOK THE FOURTH.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

A short Treatise upon Love, antient and modern.

LOVE, as a deity, was invested, by those who made him such, with the most contradictory attributes: they feigned him blind, yet called him an unerring marksman; gave him wings, yet allowed that constancy was his best qualification; described him as an infant, yet were not to learn that infancy alone is exempted from his power.

These are contrarieties, which none but the initiated can reconcile. They justify his blindness, when hurried on by the impetuosity of passion they espy no danger in the precipice before them; they acknowledge he is swift of wing, when the minutes

notes they devote to his enjoyments fly so quickly, and they cannot but regard him as an infant, when one short honey-moon begins and terminates his date of life.

A thousand ingenious devices have been formed to suit the various properties of this fabulous divinity, and every symbol has it's moral; he has been allegorized and enigmatized in innumerable ways; the pen, the pencil and the chissel have been worn out in his service; floods of ink, looms of canvass, and quarries of marble, have been exhausted in the boundless field of figurative description. The lover, who finds out so many ways of torturing himself, cannot fail to strike out symbols and devices to express the passion under which he suffers; then the verse flows mournfully elegiac, and the bleeding heart, transfix'd with an arrow, is emblematically displayed; thus, whilst the poet varies his measure, the painter and the sculptor vary their devices, as joy or sorrow, success or disappointment, influence their fancy. One man's Cupid is set astride upon a lion, to exemplify his power; another places his upon a crocodile, to satyrize his hypocrisy; here the god is made to trample upon kingly crowns, there to trifle with a wanton sparrow; the adamant rock now crumbles at his stroke, anon we see him basking on the bosom of Chloe, his arrows broken and his pinions bound.

The Greeks, who had more caprice in their passions than either nature or morality can excuse, nevertheless bequeathed their *Cupid* to posterity with a considerable stock in hand; but the moderns added more from funds of their own, and every thing they bestowed was honestly appropriated to the only sex that has any claim upon the regular and solid firme of *Venus, Cupid, and Co.*

When

When superstition met its final overthrow, and the heathen temples were dismantled of their images and altars, Love alone, the youngest of the deities, survived the disaster, and still holds his dignities and prerogatives by christian courtesy; and though modern ingenuity has not added much to his embellishments, yet, in the ardour and sincerity of our devotion, we do not yield to the antients: the whole region of romance has been made over to him; our drama, tragic as well as comic, has gone far beyond that of the antients in building its fable and character upon the passion of love. Last in point of time, but not of allegiance, comes the fraternity of novelists, who are his clients to a man; Love is the essence of every tale, and so studious are our authors not to let the spirit of that essence become vapid, that few, if any, fail to conclude with the event of marriage: connubial love is of a quality too tame for their purpose.

As the majority of our novels are formed upon domestic plots, and most of these drawn from the very times in which they are written, the living manners must be characterized by the authors of such fables; and we must of course make our Love of such materials as the fashion of the age affords: it will not therefore resemble the high flown passion of the Gothic knights and heroes of the old romance, neither will it partake of those coarse manners and expressions, which our old comic writers adopt; it will even take a different shade from what a novelist would have given it half a century ago, for the social commerce of the sexes is now so very different from what it was then, that beauty is no longer worshipped with that distant respect, which our antiquated beaux paid to their mistresses.

As

As the modern fine gentleman studies nothing but his ease, and aims only to be what he terms *comfortable*, regarding all those things, that used to be considered as annoyances and embarrassments, with cool indifference and contempt, even Love in him is not an active passion; he expresses no raptures at the sight of beauty, and if he is haply provoked to some slight exertion out of course, it must be some new face just launched upon the public, that can fan his languid spirit into any emotion approaching towards curiosity. Nothing is an object of admiration with him; he covets no gratifications that are to be earned by labour, no favours that are to be extorted by assiduity; his pleasures must court him, and the fair one he affects must forget that she is a divinity, and banish from her thoughts the accustomed homage of sighs and tears and bending knees, for all these things give trouble to the performer, and on that account are by general consent exploded and abolished.

Now the writer of novels has not the privilege, which the painter of portraits has, of dressing modern characters in antique habits; so that some of our best productions in this class are already become, in some particulars, out of fashion; even the inimitable composition of *The Foundling* is fading away in some of its tints, though the hand of the master as a correct delineator of nature will be traced to all posterity, and hold its rank amongst the foremost of that class, which enrols the names of Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, Voltaire, Rousseau, Richardson, Smollet, Johnson, Sterne, and some others, whose pens death hath not yet stopt, and long may it be ere he does!

Having now allowed the historic muse her customary bait, we shall soon urge her to fresh exertions,

tions, by which a certain young lady, who as yet has barely stepped upon the stage, will begin to support a more important interest in the business of this drama. Isabella Manstock, in the bloom of youth and beauty, cannot long remain an idle character; though she has flattered herself that filial affection will keep possession of her heart, to the exclusion of that intruding passion we have been speaking of, yet nature and experience will compel me to exhibit that lovely recusant as one amongst many, who have been fain to truckle to the tyrant they abjure: the time is drawing near, when impressions, which she never felt before, will force their way; when the merits, the misfortunes, the attentions of our hero, will take hold upon her heart; when her eye will dwell upon his person with delight, her ear listen to his praises with rapture, to his sighs with pity, to his suit with favour: then if Love, who is not to be affronted with impunity, gives a loose to his revenge, and makes her feel the full terrors of his power, the reader will be pleased to bear in mind, that I have not taken my lovers from the inanimate groups that form the circle of fashion, but sought them in the sequestered walks of rural life, where the senses are not deadened by variety, nor indifference become habitual by the affectation of it.

CHAPTER II.

A Letter spares a Blush.

WHEN Henry entered the cottage, and found it cleared of it's inhabitants, who had joined the crowd that was collected about the wounded body of the justice, his heart palpitated with eager, yet anxious, curiosity, as he unfolded the interesting packet which Lady Crowbery had given him, and therein read as follows :

" Nature forces from me them portant secret ;
 " my heart can no longer suppress it's struggles :
 " I am your mother. A victim to love, before
 " reason or experience had armed me against that
 " dangerous passion, I yielded to a fatal propofal
 " of escaping with my lover to Scotland from my
 " father, who inexorably opposed our marriage.
 " Made desperate by that cruel interdiction, we
 " set out upon our rash adventure ; were closely
 " pursued, and, in the last stage of our journey,
 " overtaken. When we found ourselves cut off
 " from any further progress, despair seized us,
 " but it was the despair of lovers, resolute to sa-
 " crifice every thing rather than their fidelity and
 " plighted faith.

" In this forlorn and hopeless moment, love,
 " importunity, the interchange of mutual vows
 " and promises, and, above all, the visionary hope
 " that so we might compel my father to unite us ;
 " tempted us to seal our contract without the
 " ceremony that was needful to confirm and sanc-
 " tify it.

" I own the rashness of the deed, nor aim to
 " palliate it's culpability ; I prostrated myself at
 " VOL. I. O " my

" my father's feet, confessed my weakness, im-
 " plored his pity and forgiveness, and, in an ago-
 " ny of grief, besought him to consent to join our
 " hands, and save me from the shame and misery
 " that would else befall me. 'Twas in vain; we
 " were torn asunder; a noble youth, unexception-
 " able in birth and character, the younger son of
 " the Lord Pendennis, was discarded; he went
 " upon his adventures to India; I remained dis-
 " console, and in ignorance of his fate, till in
 " the course of time I was, in secrecy, delivered
 " of a son.

" That son you are: Henry Delapoer, if he
 " lives, is your father.

" For the love of heaven keep this secret bur-
 " ied from the world, till—but I can no more;
 " the meltings of a mother's heart forbid the
 " rest."

The mystery thus revealed, Henry awhile stood
 fixt in dumb surprize; the first emotions of his
 heart burst into unpremeditated prayer and pious
 thanks to God. Claspings the paper in his hands,
 with bended knees and eyes uplifted, in the fer-
 vour of his soul, he broke forth—" I thank thee,
 Father of all mercies, that thou hast now vouch-
 safed to take thy humble creature out of darkness
 into light, conducting me through various chances
 by thy all-gracious providence, and giving me at
 length to know what nature languished for in vain,
 the mystery of my birth. And, O my God,
 though I were born in guilt, yet sanctify me;
 though the child of disobedience, with my whole
 heart I'll serve thee; so shall I gain in heaven
 what I have forfeited on earth, a name and an in-
 heritance."

CHAPTER III.

Some Folks are no nice Discerners of Times and Seasons.

A Few minutes only had passed, whilst Henry was endeavouring to compose his agitated spirits, when behold! Ezekiel, followed by the women, returned to the cottage, full fraught with texts of holy writ applicable to the scene he had been present at, and which he was so impatient to discharge, that how to find room for them all, and what order to bring them out in, seemed to be the only thing that puzzled him; and though the hour was drawing towards bed-time, preach he must, and Henry must hear him, though any other person but Ezekiel could not have failed to notice the distraction of his thoughts; but times and seasons never were a part of that good man's studies, neither was he one who thought there could be too much of a good thing; and the best of all possible things, in his opinion, was his own preaching.

"*The wicked is trapped in his own snare,*" quoth Ezekiel; "this is one of the proverbs of Solomon, and Solomon, my children, was a wise man, the wisest man in all the world, every school-boy can tell you that: he was king of Israel, it is not all kings are as wise as Solomon; put down all they ever said in a book of proverbs, and one chapter, nay one single sentence of his shall be worth them all, and he spake three thousand proverbs, his songs were a thousand and five; he could entertain the Queen of Sheba with something worth her notice, when she came to prove him with hard
O 2 questions;

questions ; I cannot tell you where Sheba was, I wish I could, but I know it was somewhere in the south, and that she travelled out of a far country to hear his wisdom ; now you can hear it and not move out of your chairs, and yet you cry-out 'tis bed-time, *yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.* A terrible judgment hath lighted on this wicked Blachford, the cry of the widow is gone up against him, the persecutor of the innocent man hath fallen by the hand of his own accomplice ; *If they say, come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause, behold they lay wait for their own blood, they lurk privily for their own lives.*"

Scarce had Ezekiel brought this sentence to a close, when the unexpected appearance of Doctor Zachary Cawdle cut him short.—"May I believe my eyes?" exclaimed Henry.—"Here I am sure enough," replied Zachary, "and no ghost, rather too fat for that still, though a good span in the girdle less than I was ; but *venienti occurrere morbo* is my maxim, you understand me, brother Daw : if I had not played the doctor with the devil, he would have played the devil with the doctor, I can tell you ; but I have parried him for this turn."—Ezekiel groaned.—"Here's been fine doings amongst you ; there's one head in the parish, that I would not have on my shoulders for all the money that belongs to it. Zooks and blood ! my old Sawney would have made a posset of the Justice's brains, had'nt I stept in at the nick."—"Is the wound dangerous," quoth Ezekiel, after another groan.—"Dangerous !" replied Zachary, "*tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but it will do :* many an honest man has walked out of the world, and not so good an apology for taking leave of it, as Master Blachford has, believe me,

brother

brother Doctor. My Sawney prognosticated he would do well, because forsooth he slept so quietly; blockhead, quoth I, the somnolency augurs injury to the brain by fracture, or concussion, or depression of the skull; and sure enough I found it so, a damnable squat upon the occiput;—Good night to you, thought I, your nap will be a long one.”—(“Alas, alas!” murmured Ezekiel) “I believe, brother surgeon, we must apply the trepan, we must break a way into his small cargo of brains.”—“Mercy upon me,” quoth Ezekiel, “the man will die.”—“Most men will do that,” said Zachary, “and he perhaps as soon as most.”—“But he’s not fit to die,” reiterated the preacher.—“I’ve long thought,” rejoined the doctor, “he was not fit to live.”—“Is he in his senses,” Ezekiel asked.—“If he is,” quoth Zachary, “he keeps them to himself.”—“How then shall he be warned of his approaching end?”—“Methinks he is pretty well warned of that,” replied the doctor; “if you had such a crack on your skull, you would find one warning full sufficient.”—“But I mean,” cried Ezekiel, exalting his voice and rearing himself up into the perpendicular, “who is to awaken him to a recollection of his sinful life, to call him to repentance, and prepare his poor departing soul for eternity?”—“That’s another matter,” replied the man of medicine, “that’s a business out of my way altogether.”—“Yet give me leave to say,” resumed the preacher, “’tis a business that imports him highly, ’tis that which he, and you and I, and every mortal breathing must take seriously in hand: he is the artist that can heal those wounds, he the best friend that can assuage those pangs, and find a balm to allay the rage of a tormented conscience.”

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This was one of the last subjects Zachary wished to talk upon, yet so it happened, that Ezekiel seldom failed to start it in his company; to turn it off therefore for the present, Zachary observed, that death to be sure was a serious thing to every man, but that was no reason we should be always talking about it; 'twould come soon enough of its own accord: "For my part," continued he, "I hold it good to keep up the spirits of my patients, and do my best to drive such gloomy thoughts away from them; whereas, whenever one of your sort comes about them preaching and praying, I constantly observe they sink and pine away, the pulse grows low and feeble; tremors seize them, ~~and symptoms~~, which before were only menacing, thenceforward become mortal: therefore do you see, friend Daw, you and I directly counteract each other, for whilst I am bracing you are relaxing, and I would as soon administer cathartics to my patient in a putrid case, as bring you to his bedside to sound the death-watch in his ear. Leave the justice then to me, I beseech you, and when I have mended his head, if ever that shall be, it will be time enough and task enough for you to mend his heart."

Zachary concluded in time, for Ezekiel's tongue would not have been restricted to silence any longer; as there was something in this harangue which touched him in the tenderest part, and as the good man was always ready armed for religious controversy, he was just stepping into the lists, when he saw the person of the doctor vanish at the door with hat and cane in hand, not waiting for a rejoinder, which was likely to be so little to his taste.

"Aha!" cried Ezekiel, "let him go for an obstinate despiser of things sacred. Is that man, who carries a tub full of mortality before him, a proper
champion

champion to set death and repentance at defiance? But mark the valour of this boastful challenger; he throws down his gage, and then runs away from the combat. Oh! if he had but stayed to hear me, I would have made his ears tingle with my answer; like a two-edged sword, the word of truth should have pierced that belly-full of wickedness to the dividing of the marrow; I would have told him."—Here Ezekiel recollected so many things that he would have told, and new matter flowed in so fast whilst he was working out the old, that if Henry's patience could have reached the length of Ezekiel's sermon, the best example of this virtue would not have been that of holy Job.

All things, however, come to an end, and even Ezekiel's preaching did not last for ever, so that our hero was at length left to his repose, or I should rather have said to those interesting meditations, which occupied his mind too fully to admit of sleep. The important paquet was again resorted to; the discovery therein contained, gave him a name and station in society; new duties, new sensations now commenced; now he discerned the pure maternal source, from whence those tender transports were derived, that had occasioned his alarm, and roused the jealous rage of Lord Crowbery; but he saw with infinite regret, that circumstances, justified by nature, never could be explained, and how to rescue his unhappy parent from her danger he knew not: ardently he longed to throw himself at her feet and receive her blessing, but all approaches were barred against him; no choice was left but to resort for protection to the hospitable house of Sir Roger Manstock, and he now regarded him not only as the friend of Ratcliffe, but as the uncle of his mother; a consideration that greatly

greatly relieved him from many of his scruples; a sum in bank notes, which was inclosed within the cover of his mother's letter, very amply furnished him with an independence as to money matters, a favor of all others the most painful to solicit from any benefactor but a parent. He resolved therefore to set out for Manstock-house with the return of morning, and it is no improbable conjecture, that in forming this resolution, ideas of a certain sort, not absolutely devoid of hope, nor far removed from the first dawnings of a tender passion, had a share in his decisions; certain it is, that he had little courage for the undertaking in his former humble obscurity, though the invitation had been held out to him by the worthy Baronet in the most gracious manner.

At length the morning dawned, when the sound of voices under his window occasioned him to open the casement and enquire into the cause of it. Two or three peasants, who had taken the body of Larry O'Rourke in charge, had missed their prisoner, and were reproaching each other with what seemed to have been the joint neglect of all, for they had contented themselves with shutting him into an upper chamber in the alehouse, whilst they regaled themselves in the kitchen: the points they had now in debate were, first, how it was possible for him to escape; next, whose fault it was that he did escape; and lastly, whether it was worth their while to pursue him; this however was soon decided in the negative, as one of the company assured them that the law would give them no reward for apprehending him, and all parties instantly agreed that there was nothing to be got by running after him. In this conclusion all were of a mind, and the business ended in their separating on the spot, and severally returning quietly to their own homes.

CHAPTER. IV.

A new Scene opens upon our Hero.

WITH the break of day Henry left his pallet, and Susan at the same time shook off the soft bands of sleep, and presented to the eyes of morning a figure worthy to enlist amongst the Hours, that dance before the chariot of Apollo. When she had packed up her wardrobe, and arrayed her person in the simple dress of snow-white callico, she was prepared to obey the promised summons from her young mistress at Manstock-house.

Our hero in the mean time had accoutered himself to the best advantage: though the effects of a sleepless night were discoverable in his eyes and complexion, his model was such as academies might rejoice in, and theatres applaud; the child of love, offspring of parents in the prime of youth and bloom of beauty, he inherited all his mother's sweetness, and his father's fire; whilst nature and education had united to repay him for those penalties, which the law had laid upon his birth.

The old Dame and Ezekiel had not yet made their appearance. Susan entered the room, where he was sitting wrapt in meditation; her eyes met his, she sighed, blushed, and retired: nothing was said, and we do not presume to dive into the thoughts and emotions of the heart.

After a few minutes Ezekiel Daw descended from his loft; his air and step had more than usual solemnity, and his countenance was expressive of a tender melancholy; his voice, naturally sharp and acrimonious, was now pitched in its softest and lowest

lowest key, when he addressed himself to our hero in the following terms :

“ I perceive, my beloved child, thou art about to depart from us. I have remembered thee in my morning exercises, and put up my petitions to the throne of grace for blessing and protection to thee in thy future pilgrimage through this world of woe. Verily, my good child, I do love thee as a father loveth his own son ; and if it were thy destiny, amidst the gross temptations of a sinful age, to fall from virtue, and a state of grace, I would ask of Heaven to smite me now with death, rather than let me live to know and to lament thy soul's sad forfeiture of happiness to come. But I will hope thou art not in the way of such perdition ; Heaven forbid ! And now I pray thee, hearken to me awhile : I have lived longer in the world, and know it better, than thou possibly canst, who hast such short experience of it : mark me therefore ! Thou art adventuring forth upon the word of promise given to thee by the Lady Crowbery ; 'tis well ! I do agnize good dispositions in the Lady Crowbery, she is a bounteous lady, but she is a woman ; and of that sex I draw my caution from the book of books, yea verily I take them on the word of the wisest of men, for what he found them to be to his cost : Yes, grace of God ! young man, I studied them betinies ; *never took fire into my bosom, as the preacher hath it ; never lusted after her beauty, neither let her take me with her eyelids ;* therefore thou seest I have good right to say I know them well ; and though I should be loth to misinterpret the fair-seeming acts of any one, yet seeing thou art comely in thine outward man, and goodly to look at, being withal in that prurient state of early youth, which is most apt to lure the wandering eyes of woman, I warn thee not to run

into

into a snare. What art thou to the Lady Crowbery?—a stranger; wert thou her son, could I do more? Great favours granted without cause to comely men, and outward decking of the person, as thine now is, my child, rather betokens love, and amorous desire, than true and perfect charity: The Lady Crowbery, I say, is but a woman.”

“I grant you,” replied Henry, “she is a woman, but such an one as never must be mentioned in my hearing but with reverence.”—“Enough said!” cried Ezekiel, “enough said, young man, I have done! Take your own course; good luck go with you! proffered advice, they say, has a bad savour with it: there is a certain animal, (I name no names) which, if you throw a pearl to him, will turn and rend you. I’ll not strive to make a cap of grey hairs for a green head. You are wise, I warrant me; you are all-sufficient; I am an ape, an ass, a ninny; I have not studied women, I know nothing of their tricks, their whims, their fancies, not I. Well, well, I’ve done, I say I’ve done; and so good bye to you.”

This said, he turned away; when Henry, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, cried out, Stop, my good friend, let us not part in anger.”—“Let go!” replied Ezekiel, “beware you rend not my vesture; what wou’dest thou, intemperate boy?”—“I would not hurt you for the world.”—“Then loose your hold upon my vesture.”—“I would not, by the soul of me, I would not anger you.”—“Anger me!” cried the preacher, “when didst thou see me angry? when did I ever yield to wrath, or vent one hasty word? Never; I know myself too well: thou dost mistake, rash youth, to call me angry; ’tis thou thyself that art in wrath; I’m calm as water.”

“If

"If I am angry, then, forgive me," said Henry; "if I am a rash youth, pity me, for, by my soul"—"No more of that," interposed the preacher, "thou hast used that strong asseveration twice, thou hast twice pledged that sacred part of thee already in a slight trivial matter; perhaps I can believe thee, though thou dost not stake thy immortality upon the assertion."—"Without a pledge, then," rejoined the youth, "I tell you, in plain honesty and truth, that your advice, however well-intentioned, and, in other cases, good, in this of Lady Crowbery is misapplied; and, did you know with what my heart is charged, you would not wonder at this start of passion and impatience: bear with me then, and do not doubt but I know how to value both your counsel and your friendship."

"Well, well, well, replied the worthy creature, "here is my hand; you see your fault, and there's an end of it; but never think that I can be surprised by the unruly passion of anger: No, no, thank Heaven, no man can ever throw that stone at me. And now, my dear child, as I am a sinner, I could almost think that thou hadst drugg'd me with some potion, so much I love thee; and when thou dost leave me, Henry, 'twill almost break my heart; but what of that? Fortune calls thee hence; go, never think of me; for by my soul I swear."—Here a smile on Henry's countenance brought the good man to sudden recollection—"What was I about to say?" he cried; "Oh! this it was: my soul is in that state of readiness for misfortune, pain, adversity, nay, death itself, that, as to any thing that can befall myself, I am perfectly indifferent; but I should indeed be wretched, my dear child, if any evil chance be-tided thee."

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Here the conversation ended with a very affectionate reply from Henry, in return for this kind speech; and, not long after, a servant arrived from Sir Roger Mansstock's, in a one-horse chair, for the conveyance of Susan and the baggage, and at the same time a groom with a led horse for Henry.

After a ride of about twelve miles through a fertile and pleasant country, our hero came in sight of Mansstock-house, the antient seat of that respectable family, which through many generations had preserved it in it's original character without alteration or derangement: the same venerable avenues, the same walled gardens and formal parterres, held their stations around it; it's turrets were untouched,, it's windows had not felt the hand of modern art, and the parish church still kept it's post of a close and faithful centinel over the morals of the family. The village spread itself to the north and west, and in the opposite quarter an inlet of the sea, at about a mile's distance, bounded a park well furnished with groupes of stately timber-trees; the fields and pastures about the village shewed themselves in a state of high cultivation, whilst several farm-houses in detached situations added greatly to the life and beauty of the landscape.

Henry had stopt upon the height to contemplate this animated prospect, and whilst he was thus employed, the venerable Baronet and his fair daughter joined him on horseback. Sir Roger was not a man of many words, neither did he excel in the modern fashion of address, but he had a stile of welcoming his guests, that expressed his own sincerity, and put them effectually at their ease: his reception of our young adventurer was peculiarly cordial; it told him in few words that
the

the heart of the owner was like the house, open, large, hospitable, and old-fashioned. Susan was sent home in the chair by the shortest road, whilst Henry, at his own request, was permitted to accompany the party on horseback in their circuit through the grounds, which, after a very pleasant tour, brought them to the village: here they stopt at a neat little mansion, which seemed newly repaired, and had a piece of ground at the back of it laid out as a garden, and well cropt with useful vegetables.

"This little tenement," said Sir Roger, "belongs to Isabella, and she is mistress of the works here carrying on; therefore I believe we must pay our court to her by dismounting from our horses, and taking a view of her performances."—Upon the word, Henry leapt from the saddle, and presented himself at the lady's stirrup, who accepted of his assistance.—"I propose," said she, "with my father's leave, to put Susan's mother into this cottage: what is your opinion of it? Perhaps she will not find herself so comfortable here as in that she is accustomed to, but I flatter myself she will be more mercifully treated."—"Tis a little paradise," cried Henry, as he looked about him; "and, if I could contemplate her happiness with envy, it would be for living in such a place, and under such a patroness."

It was truly a most enviable little mansion, in which the generous care of the fair owner had provided against every want, that its destined inhabitants could be suppose to have: upon the ground-floor, besides a kitchen stocked with every necessary, there was a sitting-room neatly papered, and beyond that a small office fitted up with shelves, which, Isabella observed, would serve the good dame as her shop of medicines. Over the chimney

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in the sitting-room Isabella had hung a print, which not only bore the name, but also a very strong likeness, of her father. When Henry had contemplated this print for some moments, he turned his eyes upon Isabella, as if he was searching for a resemblance in her features: some tender sentiment at that moment had called the tears into her eyes; Henry caught it by the swiftest glance that delicacy permitted him to indulge—swift as it was, it offered up her whole heart to his view, where filial affection, amidst a thousand tender sensibilities, held pre-eminence, the sympathetic impulse was communicated in an instant; the intelligence of kindred souls is quick as thought itself: in spite of his address the glance had passed and repassed, that carried with it the reciprocal sensation of two feeling hearts: nothing was said, but all was understood; souls can confer without the noisy vehicle of words.—Sir Roger Manstock was at this time talking with a labourer in the garden.

“I must shew you the chambers on the upper floor,” said Isabella. Henry followed her in silence: the stairs were steep; he forgot himself, and let her lead the way: he suffered for his oversight as such forgetfulness deserved; his heart was doomed to encounter an emotion of another sort from that he had so lately felt. Ill-fated youth! are all Ezekiel’s precepts so soon forgotten? He would have told thee there is danger in every atom of a beautiful damsel, from the crown of her head even to the taper extremities of those elegant limbs, which thine unguarded eye took in. Thoughtless, devoted victim! whither art thou climbing? Thou dost but follow to inevitable sacrifice: thy fate precedes thee, and trains thee up a precipice, from whence it is decreed that thou must fall.

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At length they have reached the summit of their ascent : a door on each side opened to a bed-chamber, which seemed to say that here benevolence had provided an asylum for the repose of peace. The simplicity here displayed, which Horace in two happy words describes, I could not convey in twenty ; it was elegance, that modest poverty would not blush to avow ; it was taste so void of ornament that the disposer's excellence consisted in the concealment of her art.—“ You see,” cried Isabella, “ I have provided for the good man, who lodges with the widow ; if he comes,” added she, pointing to the bed, “ there is rest from his labours.”

Henry took notice that Ezekiel's chamber was provided with a small nest of shelves for books ; neither did it escape him that Isabella had conveyed a compliment to his charity by adorning his chimney with a print of the *good Samaritan*. In the chamber of Dame May she had hung a print also, which represented the story of the widow of Zarephath and the prophet Elijah. These, with many other circumstances in the accommodations of the house, shewed him how thoroughly Isabella possessed the happy quality of doubling her favours by the grace of bestowing them.

They now remounted their horses and proceeded to the mansion. To Henry, who had all his life been accustomed to the small and private scale of a country clergyman's establishment, this was a new and curious scene ; as they passed through a Gothic gateway into the front court, a venerable personage, dressed in a tufted gown, and holding a silver-headed staff in his hand, presented himself to the wondering sight of our hero ; at the same time a bell was tolled in the turret, which gave solemn notice of their approach, and summoned

moned the domestics to their posts in the great hall: here, according to the fashion of old times, the Baronet took Henry by the hand and welcomed him to Manstock-house. Scenes, that he had only read of in description, were now present to his view; every thing within the house perfectly corresponded with the stile and character of the exterior: walls built for perpetuity, rooms calculated for feudal hospitality, and space wantonly lavished without regard to oeconomy or convenience, bespoke the rude magnificence of the founder; the very servants seemed in age and habit of another century. The hall was hung round with banners and trophies of various sorts, both of war and of the chace: over an immense span of fireplace was displayed the family shield, containing a vast number of bearings properly illuminated and arranged according to the rules of heraldry, and at the upper end the portrait of an old man at full length in a black habit, with the ensigns of the garter and the blue ribbon hanging in a point from his neck, holding a scroll in his hand, on which was traced the ground-plot of the house, and bespoke him to be the founder of it.

Sir Roger Manstock's family consisted of one only daughter; he had lost his lady about three years past. Isabella, the darling of her father, had now entered her eighteenth year, and since her mother's death had constantly resided with him, and of late had taken the post and presidency of mistress of the family. With a table always open to his friends and neighbours, Sir Roger passed his time in a constant residence at Manstock-house, in the center of a very noble property, beloved by all that knew him, and doing good to all that depended on him. When his friends solicited him to stand forth as county member, telling his

him that all parties would join in electing him, his constant answer was, that he thanked them for their good opinion, but his utmost ambition was to live amongst them, fulfilling to the best of his capacity the duties of an acting magistrate and a plain country gentleman; in which station he humbly conceived he should serve them better, and approve himself a more useful member of the community, than by attending upon parliament; for which he modestly, and perhaps truly, asserted that he had no talents.

CHAPTER V.

The Coward out of Doors is a Lion in his own House.

HAVING now so happily disposed of our hero for a while, we are at leisure to look back to the state of affairs at Crowbery Castle, where the misadventure of Justice Blachford had made no slight impression. The Captain, who had laid his plan of the press-gang, as we have related, was now deterred from putting it to the experiment, not only by the shameful catastrophe of Blachford's murderous plot, but also by the consideration of Sir Roger Manstock's having taken Henry into his protection. Blachford's case was still extremely doubtful; he seemed to be dosing away his life, with few and short intervals of faint and imperfect sensibility; the skull was evidently fractured, and Zachary had pronounced upon the trepan as indispensable: it had been thought proper, however, to call in the assistance of a London surgeon, and his arrival was hourly expected.

Nobody

Nobody doubted his being the victim of his own plot; but O'Rourke, who probably would have brought it home to him in his own defence, had escaped from the people who apprehended him, and was far enough out of reach; nobody stirred in his pursuit, and the few persons, who were interested to conceal the evidence of Blachford's criminality, were much more likely to assist his flight than to stop it. To leave the matter mysterious, or rather to aim at making it so, was the most they could hope for: to cast suspicion upon Henry was out of their power, no chicanery could do that against the joint force of so many witnesses, who could depose to the very words that O'Rourke had uttered, when he confessed that what he had done was by his master's orders, only that he had mistaken the person upon whom they were to have been executed; and this account, in which they perfectly agreed, was circulated over all the neighbourhood. In the mean time old Weevil the miller, who had been eventually the preserver of Henry's life, by persuading him to return with him through the park, was not idle in publishing his account of the affair, and the motives that induced him fortunately to advise as he did. Blachford, therefore, whether living or dying, was effectually ruined in reputation, and so universally execrated as the vilest of wretches, that even the Viscount himself, and his satellites the lawyer and the captain, were fain to disavow him. Still the heart of the proud peer rankled with rage and jealousy: disappointed of the revenge he had promised himself to enjoy through the means of others, and intimidated from taking any open measures of his own against the object of his malice by the firm language Henry had held in his late interview, his dastardly spirit had no other resource

resource but to vent itself upon the defenceless party in his power, and in this his cruelty knew no bounds. In his treatment of Lady Crowbery he kept no terms of decency or reserve, publishing to all parties (not even his own domestics excepted) the charges he had against her—"Will you tell me," he would ask, "that wife is virtuous, who was not only seen by others, but whom I myself saw, hanging upon the neck of a handsome vagabond, embracing him in her arms, and caressing him with all the ecstasy of an enflamed and guilty passion? Who will say that this is not an action that implies criminality so strongly, that ocular demonstration could scarce add to the conviction of it? What other motive but one can a woman of her sort have for a conduct so extraordinary towards a fellow, who is a perfect stranger to her, and who, till she put cloaths upon his back, had not a pocket to hold the money she lavishly bestowed upon him? Will any one persuade me that all these favours and fondnesses are to be accounted for from mere respect to the memory of a certain parson Ratcliffe, who picked him up as a foundling, and whom she has not set eyes on for these twelve years past? The merest dupe in nature could not find credulity for such a tale."

In this stile his Lordship took every occasion to vent his grievances, and make public the breach between himself and Lady Crowbery: When in conference with her he would hold a harsher language; and as he pressed for answers, which the difficulty of her situation would not allow her to give, every interview served only to strengthen his conclusions and enflame his animosity.

It was generally suspected that a separation would take place, and this he had threatened her with; but when she showed a willingness to meet him
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in this measure, he seemed to drop it altogether, and the rather, as in that case her paternal estate would have remained with her, which during their joint establishment was so liberally applied to the common stock, that the major part of the family disbursements was provided for out of her fund. He had however long abandoned all hope of any benefit upon the contingency of his survivorship, and of an heir there was now no longer any prospect. As he had therefore no interest in view on either of these accounts, he kept no check upon his ill-humour and chagrin, but persecuted her without reserve, absolutely confining her to the house, and, as far as he could prevent it, not suffering her to correspond with any one, particularly her relations of the house of Manstock, to whom he bore peculiar hatred and inveteracy.

"What does your uncle mean," said he in one of his altercations, "by receiving that fellow into his family, who has so effectually destroyed the peace of mine? Can there be a grosser insult, a more outrageous breach of decency and good-manners, than thus to hold him up in my defiance after what has passed, and when he knows that I myself have discovered him in a situation, that no husband, who has any sense of honour, can put up with, nor a wife, who has any sense of modesty, would permit him to be found in? Does Sir Roger think that I want spirit to resent such conduct, or can he suppose that I am tame enough to submit to an indignity, which he renders ten times more galling by the countenance he shews to the despicable object of my resentment—your Ladyship's beggarly Adonis?"

To this she patiently replied, "That her uncle knew her innocence, and the motives of that tenderness

derness, which pity for the sufferings of the guiltless had extorted from her; that with a heart naturally susceptible of compassion, she had a further interest in the sufferings of the young man in question, as a relict of her valued friend Mr. Ratcliffe, who had protected him from his infancy, loved him as a son, and left the strongest testimony in his favour, describing him as endowed with every good and virtuous quality, that can centre in the human heart: that for these reasons she had determined to stand in the place of her deceased friend towards an unfortunate youth, who seemed destined to be the victim of suspicion, and to meet punishment where he merited praise."

" 'Tis one thing," said my Lord, "to protect; to caress him is another: you, or I, or any body may relieve a beggar, but who embraces him? Your purse you may pour into his hands, but your person you had no right to throw into his arms, seeing that I have a claim upon that, so long as it is my lot to be called your husband, and your privilege to bear my name and title."

"True, my lord," she replied, "your right and title to my poor person is absolute and exclusive, and had my heart been made of sterner stuff, I should not have yielded it even to pity, as you saw; to impurity it has never been surrendered since you called it your's. If your sense of pity cannot find excuse for mine, I must submit to my fate; I have no other means of softening your displeasure."

"Sincerity will soften it," said my Lord; "confession will in part atone for the injury which my honour has received, because to own your faults is one step towards repenting of them: confess then that you are in love with this young fellow, that you was captivated with his person, that you

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was surprized into a weakness, which your constitution must apologize for.—Nay, start not, Madam! nor affect to be offended at what I suggest, for that you have loved is well known, and that you can go great lengths for those you love is not to be denied; why then may I not presume that your nature is the same, kind, soft and yielding as it ever was? A father's authority could not restrain you, why should I suppose a husband's can? Let me know therefore the extent of my disgrace, and I will then decide as shall be best both for myself and you: till then you must give me leave to suspect the worst, and to conclude against you as much from your silence and reserve as from my own reason and observation."

"In one word then, my lord, and I call Heaven to witness to the truth of what I say, I am as incapable of the idea you annex to my tenderness for this young man, as I am of murder, incest, blasphemy, or any crime the most dire and detestable that only beings totally abandoned can commit: the criminality you suspect me of would be such as but to think of makes my blood shudder and my heart shrink back with horror."

"Hold, Madam; not so strong in your expressions, if you please; moderate the energy of your language, if you wish that I should credit the sincerity, or even understand the meaning of it: let me have a plain answer to a plain question—Did you ever see this young man before?"

"I saw him about twelve years ago, soon after my father's death, when he was a child under the care of Mr. Ratcliffe."

"Is he the bastard son of parson Ratcliffe?"

"That is a plain question truly, my lord: your delicacy might have couched it in politer terms."

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"Very true, Madam, I should have been more select in my expressions, as I might have recollected that none are so affectedly regardful of the forms of delicacy as those, who have bidden adieu to the essentials of it."

"Tis well, my lord; I shall give you no further opportunity of insulting me, by answering to no further questions: here ends our conference; proceed against me as you please; be as cruel as your heart will let you; there is a friend at hand that will soon rescue me from your tyranny."

"Say you so, Madam! Who is that friend?"

"Death."

CHAPTER VI.

Danger approaches, and the Doctor is dismissed.

IN this manner the sad and heavy hours dragged slowly on at Crowbery-castle. Domestic alterations, jealousies, and complaints on the part of Lord Crowbery, pressed down the spirits, and now began to sap and undermine the constitution of his unhappy lady. Her confinement was become no less a matter of necessity than of obedience; she took her meals, and passed her whole day, in her separate apartment; and as great pains were bestowed in keeping the affair of Blachford's plot and its providential issue from her knowledge, it was not till after the dialogue recited in the preceding chapter had taken place, that she came to the knowledge of that disgraceful business.

His Lordship's suspicion pointed at Zachary as the informer on this occasion; and though a pretty

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ry strict watch was kept upon him in his visits, probably the suspicion aforesaid was not ill placed, for our honest Doctor had great attachment to his noble patient, and very little to her ignoble lord: our hero also had an interest in his heart; Blachford he detested, and though he did his duty to him faithfully and skilfully, for he had now performed the operation of the trepan, yet if he had been dressing the wounds of a wretch condemned for murder, he probably could not have felt less sympathy for the sufferings of his patient. The impression, which the story of Blachford's plot made upon Lady Crowbery's mind, was such as left a strong persuasion of my Lord's participation in that base attempt, and from this moment she could not see him without horror: fixt in her resolution to enter into no further discussions with him, all intercourse between them was suspended.

One day, as she was sitting alone and pensive in her chamber, ruminating on the sad fortune of her life, and the miseries which an attachment fatally traversed had entailed upon her, as she drew out her handkerchief to staunch the tears that were flowing from her eyes, a little packet dropt on the floor, which she took up, and soon discovered to be the same that Henry had delivered to her, inclosing the ring, but which, in the hurry of her spirits at that moment, she had hastily put into her pocket, and from that time it had escaped her recollection.

What was her surprize, upon unfolding the envelope, to discover the very ring she had given to her beloved Delapoer, when they exchanged their pledges, and solemnly devoted their hearts and affections each to the other.

With eager trepidation she turned it over and over, minutely examining it in every part. The

hair, the stone, the setting, the motto, every particle deposed to the identity of the object; not a doubt remained; astonishment possessed her wholly; she shook in every joint, and felt a tumult at her heart, that her enfeebled frame could scarce support. Happily she was alone; and when she could command sufficient recollection to debate the case, and shape her thoughts into some form and order, she began to give them vent, talking to herself, in broken sentences, after the following manner:—"The very ring I gave to Delapoe! the pledge of love, my first, my only love! assuredly it is the same! I cannot be mistaken! Oh memory of a fond fleeting moment, thou art much too faithful to deceive, or be deceived! How came it here? Is he that owned it living, and returned to England, or is he dead, and, dying, gave it in commission to some friend to render back to me? Let me recal to mind what Henry told me; a man had found it, a poor man, returned from transportation; that may be himself; well may he call it so; 'twas banishment, 'twas transportation for the crime of loving one, whom the hard heart of an inexorable parent wrested from his arms too late for honour. Ah cruel father! there was a moment, when, if you had relented, your poor child had never known these agonies, that now must plunge her in the grave: had you permitted her to take her own heart's choice, and at the altar sanctify those vows, which Heaven had heard and registered, your daughter had been now a happy mother, and posterity would have blessed you; instead of which, behold a jealous tyrant and a barren bed! Oh! barbarous soul-enslaving law, devised in an accursed hour to counteract the first great blessing pronounced by the Creator on his works, which alike makes wretched those who obey,

obey, and those who desperately evade it; which gives a power to parents that is their curse, entailing a dreadful responsibility on such as enforce it, and violating the most sacred privileges of all who are restrained by it."

This said, she rose, and opening a little casket, where other tokens were deposited, lodged it amongst them, referring it to time, the revealer of all mysteries, to elucidate this amongst the rest; and recollecting it had been told her by Henry, that the finder of the ring said he would call again for his reward—"Alas!" said she, as this reflection occurred, "what have I to bestow, that Delapoer would now deem a reward? Could I endure the meeting, ought I even to wish it? Should I not in discretion avoid it? If there is any remnant of affection left in his heart for me, will not the sight of such a faded form, and the discovery of my wretchedness, give anguish to his feelings?—But then my son! my Henry!—How else shall I disclose to Delapoer the interesting intelligence that he is a father? O Henry, for thy sake I would abide that trial!"

It was now the hour for Zachary to pay his professional visit: curiosity, or some motive not connected with kindness, induced Lord Crowbery to accompany him on this occasion: his presence was not calculated to quiet uneasiness of any kind; and Zachary's fingers had no sooner touched his patient's pulse, than he gave my Lord a significant look, which not only indicated alarm at what he discovered by his touch, but seemed to intimate that he knew, by his intuition, where the cause of it was to be found.

"I am told, madam," said my lord, "you are indisposed; I should wish to hear the nature of your

your complaint, and what this gentleman's opinion is of your case."

"So please you, my lord," replied the man of medicine, "it is not our practice to discuss those points in the hearing of our patients."

"Cannot you prescribe then," said the Peer, "when I am present; or have you no advice to offer, till you have consulted with her Ladyship what remedy she likes best?"

There was a taunting sneer in this, which Zachary's spirit did not quite relish; he had all due consideration for the dignity of a noble; but he was not without some sense of his own consequence, and the honour also due unto the physician: he answered, therefore, with more quickness than was expected, that, to the best of such judgment as he possessed, he should prescribe in due time; but there was a disorder in her ladyship's pulse, which he took to be incidental rather than symptomatic, and he believed the best remedy for her case, at present, would be perfect quiet and a silent room.

"By which I am to understand," rejoined the peer, "that you could very readily dispense with my company, and remain here yourself—will that promote silence, do you think? If you have nothing to say that I should not hear, and silence be so necessary for her ladyship, I can sit here without opening my lips, whilst you pursue your observations without interruption, and meditate at leisure on the remedies you are to apply."

"My Lord," replied the sage, "if I am worthy to be entrusted with the health of Lady Crowbery, I hope I am not suspected as unfit to be left with her in private."

"No more arguing, Mr. Apothecary, if you please," quoth the noble intruder; "do the business"

finess you are sent for; and remember, that it is for the contents of your gallipots, and not for the charms of your conversation, that I employ you in my family."

"I have been employed," quoth Zachary, "for my lady and her family, many years before I was honoured with your Lordship's commands, and I never was treated in Sir Andrew's family but with confidence and kindness: I hope I am not likely to forget my station in society, and how far it is removed from that, which your Lordship now fills; but I can at the same time recollect, that the distance between them has not always been so great."

For the better understanding of this glance, at the conclusion of Zachary's reply, we must inform the reader, that the noble personage, at whom it was pointed, had, in the early days of his worldly pilgrimage, walked in the humble line of an officer of his Majesty's customs, in which station he was totally unnoticed by the head of his family, and, indeed, by every other family whose notice was worth having, until the title, and such part of the estate as was entailed upon it by a variety of intermediate contingencies, devolved on him. Though not deficient in talents of a certain sort, he had been greatly cramped in his education by the poverty of his parents, and, as far as precept and example reach, very little benefited by either. With the great world, since he had been made a part of it, he had formed little or no acquaintance; and conscious of his deficiencies in the acquirements of a gentleman, he had never taken his seat since his accession to the peerage; shutting himself up in his castle with a few mean dependants about him, who flattered him in his humours, whilst they fed at his table, he lived in sullen pride, avoiding

avoiding all his neighbours of a better sort, and avoided by them. When he made proposals for his present lady, he had newly succeeded to his title, and, it may well be presumed, he was more indebted to a certain incident in her history, well remembered by her father, though carefully concealed, than to the elegance of his own manners and address. A title and estate, however, were circumstances not overlooked in the brief catalogue of his accomplishments; they doubtless had their weight with Sir Andrew; and for the lady's share in the transaction, that was purely negative; a broken spirit, a dubious reputation, and a blank indifference to all mankind, with one exception only, made her consent to an act of duty and atonement, not of choice and free will. In this manner they married, and upon the terms which such marriages naturally produce, they lived together joyless, comfortless, childless.

The glance, therefore, which Zachary had retorted upon his lordship's former obscurity, roused his present dignity into a flame of rage. It is not in the art of the most ingenious tormentor to punish the object of his vengeance half so bitterly, as the proud man, without any art or ingenuity at all, naturally contrives to punish himself. No sooner had Zachary's words entered the porches of his ears, than in an instant, like *the leperous distilment* described by Hamlet's ghost, it coursed through all the natural gates and alleys of his blood, post-haste, to the seat and head quarters of the spleen (if any of my readers know where that is to be found) and there it swelled and fermented at such a rate, that his bosom was not wide enough to hold it, but out it burst, sputtering and frothing, from his lips, in accents very little resembling those that shortly after fell with gentle cadence

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from the softer lips of Lady Crowbery. Enough was understood, from the inarticulate vehemence of his lordship's wrath, to discover that Zachary Cawdle, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife, was in no future time to exercise any one of these several branches of his art within the walls of Crowbery Castle, or upon the person of any one who belonged thereunto.

Zachary had risen from his seat with an irascibility little less than boiling hot, and with a countenance, whose scarlet hue of downright honest anger wonderfully contrasted the pale and sickly complexion of his lordship's malice, when the gentle invalid, directing a look of mild benevolence to her discarded attendant, addressed herself to him in the following terms—"Farewel, my long approved and worthy friend! I lose your services when they can be of no further use to me; you see the situation I am in, and you know it is incurable. It is not in your art to save me, and you are only dismissed from a fruitless attendance, and the painful spectacle of an expiring friend. For all past care and kindness, and a thousand zealous offices, which your good will to me has prompted you to perform, I render you my last, my cordial thanks. Go to my uncle Manstock; tell him I am in a fair way to shake off all complaints, and want no more medical assistance: when that is over, and my cure completed, he will shew you that your services have not been overlooked, and that I have bequeathed you a fee, which I hope will set me clear at the close of our account."

"God forbid! God forbid!" cried Zachary, the tears bubbling from his eyes, "it should be my sad lot to outlive you. Providence in its mercy restore you! But continue, I beseech you, the valerian draughts: I had other medicines in reserve;

serve; but I take heaven to witness, I am dismissed from my attendance, when my patient's pulse is at a hundred and twenty-five."

CHAPTER VII.

Shews how some People pass their Time in the Country.

ZACHARY returned disconsolate to his shop.—“How do we go on at Lord Crowbery’s?” quoth Alexander Kinloch.—“The devil take Lord Crowbery,” replied Zachary, “and the blind bitch Fortune into the bargain, for putting a coronet over the ears of a custom-house-officer.—“She has put a crest as well as a coronet over his ears, if Fame says true,” resumed Kinloch, with a grin.—“If Fame says that, Fame lies,” said Zachary. “A fellow that but yesterday, as it were, tramped about with a pen and inkhorn in his button-hole, to talk to me in such a stile: I have been treated scurvily, friend Sawney; he has dismissed me from all further attendance on his lady: poor dear soul, she will be lost without my help; there is not a man in England can discern the cause of her complaint so well as I can; it breaks my heart to think that any other person should prescribe to her; yet there’s not a minute to be lost, for her pulse was going at an hundred and twenty-five when I left her.”—“That betoken a crisis,” said Kinloch.—“Right,” quoth the Doctor, “and ’tis then the patient has most need of a physician; *urgente morto adsit medicus.*”—“I foresaw what would happen,” cried the North Briton; “your

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own dear wife has made all the mischief, tattling about Henry and my lady, and how they met at your house, and what passed at their meeting when she hugged him in her arms, which has been told my lord; and so they would not let the man be a cuckold in quiet, but must be talking to him about it, which, if it was your own case, you must confess, is not the pleasantest thing to hear; but for my part I make it a rule to let all such trifles pass, and say nothing of the matter."—"Aye, aye," answered Zachary, "you are a wise man, Sawney, and know how to keep peace and silence in a family; but my tippling saint of a wife has such a curst tongue of her own, that there is nothing she so dearly loves as scandal, except it be the brandy-bottle; but her pleasure will be her poison, for she's tacked in the liver, and tumbling off the perch. As for that blustering lord, his custom I should not value at a doit, nor his castle neither; if my lady was not in it; I can live without either; for I don't believe that obstinate fellow has taken a dose of my drugs these ten years past, and if he lets it alone for ten years to come I care not; let him go off in his own way; I should be sorry to save him a trip to the other world, and employ my skill in his cure, which I must in conscience do, was I called in; 'tis exactly the case with justice Blachford; I know I am defrauding the devil of his due by keeping him alive; but if a man won't die when his brains are out, how can I help it? If some folks had had the handling of his scull, the world before this would have been rid of a monster."

Whether the deputy doctor took this as a side-blow at himself I cannot tell, but certainly a learned dispute sprung up between him and his principal upon the application of the trepan, which

branched out into so many zigzags and crosscuts, and was carried on with so little method, and so much abuse of brevity, that after Zachary's vanity had run foul of Alexander's spleen, his choler began to chafe and fume at such a rate, that pestle and mortar never set up a more clamorous argument than now ensued between master and man, which was only put an end to by the superior din of Jemima's bell.

In the mean time the hours at Manstock House moved on in harmony and peace: each division of the day had its appropriated occupation or amusement: the morning ride, the social meal, the evening walk, the hour of rest, each link of time kept it's due place and period: order and regularity were so perfectly observed throughout the whole establishment, that though the spirit of the master pervaded every part, his voice was no where heard; the domestics were a numerous body, but, like well-disciplined veterans, each knew his duty, and no one swerved from it.

Here our hero might have reposed in absolute tranquillity, had his feelings been less alive to the disconsolate situation of his suffering mother, or had his wandering fancy (for why should I conceal the truth?) permitted him to enjoy the comforts of an amiable society, without a profest partiality to any one in particular belonging to it: but nature and philosophy are at constant variance; the warmth which one inspires ill suits the coolness which the other prescribes. Though the conversation of Sir Roger and the Reverend Mr. Claypole offered all the edification that experience could minister to a youthful hearer, yet perverse nature (or something we are willing to ascribe to nature) biased the judgment of our hero so as to induce him to prefer the slightest syllable, that gave mo-
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tion to Isabella's lovely lips, before all the anecdotes of Sir Roger, or the metaphysics of Mr. Claypole; this was not a preference which his understanding gave, for that he never called into council on the question; but he listened as his eyes directed him, and judged as his heart prescribed. Though he was not to learn that time moves on with equal step, yet he miscalculated most grossly, reckoning hours but as minutes when alone with Isabella, and minutes as hours without her. Any other person would have found out these were symptoms of love, Henry only found out they were mistakes, and never ventured to search into the cause of them: Isabella, who was even less experienced, and somewhat younger than himself, was so sure that she loved no human creature comparably to her father, and really did love him with such true devotion, that she had no idea there might be attachments of another sort to share her heart with him, and, in the full conviction of her own security, never once thought of what she held impossible to happen; she took her evening walks with Henry by her side, and then the weather was so fine, or the prospect so charming, or the discourse so entertaining, that the minutes stole away so imperceptibly she could not understand how they were gone so fast, and she so far from home; now she must hasten back, and Henry's arm was wanted to assist her speed: stiles sometimes intervened, and then both arms found full employment; hillocks, and dales, and foot planks over rills with waters half a foot in depth tremendously rolling underneath, demanded a conductor of no small address; in defiles and difficulties like these, all Henry's care was none too much; yet they occurred so frequently, that slander would have said they were more sought than shunned.

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Sometimes, when nothing more material occupied her thoughts, Isabella would divert the subject of discourse to questions about Susan May.—“Did’nt Henry think her very pretty?—Was’nt she a very open-hearted natural girl, a little wild or so?—Had’nt she turned off her late mistress on his account? and did’nt that look as if she had a liking for him?”—These were leading questions, which Henry did not always chuse to follow without swerving. With a great respect for truth, he had something more than respect for the person he was to address it to, and though he scorned to say what was directly false, he did not altogether like to say what was strictly true. A little equivocation, but as little as his delicacy could dispense with, he certainly made free with upon these occasions; and if Isabella did not give him perfect credit for sincerity in all particulars, it was because she was as thoroughly informed of facts, as Susan’s full confession, honestly avowed, could make her: she was not however so mere a novice in the world as not to comprehend that there are subjects, on which men of delicacy will not be perfectly explicit; but on the point of reputation Isabella was as forward to believe, as he was firm in asserting, the perfect innocence of Susan’s conduct; pure in her own nature, she was too candid in her judgment of others to suspect that want of chastity was implied in freedom of behaviour.

In their conversations about Lady Crowbery, their hearts and tongues completely coincided in bearing testimony to the loveliness of her nature, and in lamenting her unhappy lot.—“I should not wonder,” said Isabella, “if that cross ugly creature was to scold and scandalize my poor cousin for what he saw in the plantation walk, when her benevolent heart overflowed with tenderness and
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pity for you, so that she could scarce support herself from sinking to the ground; his hard nature is not capable of understanding, and allowing for the soft emotions of a soul like her's. I know what she felt on your account, because I have heard her talk so warmly in your praise, and how Mr. Ratcliffe loved and admired you; and then she would bewail his loss, and the misfortunes which it brought on you; I know also the impression that Lord Crowbery's behaviour made on her, and how she execrated that horrid Blachford, whom Providence has now chastised; and I don't doubt but she foresaw some wicked plot would be concerted against you, as in fact it was: all these terrors were in her mind when she was so affected as to fall upon your neck, and vent herself in tears; and who can wonder at it? What is so touching as the sight of innocence distressed and persecuted? How could a heart so soft and sensitive as her's reflect on all that you had suffered, all that you was still exposed to, and not melt with sympathy? Was ever act so noble, generous, and humane, rewarded with such base, malicious, and unjust oppression? For my part I cannot conceive how any one of common feelings can hear the story and be unmoved: I'm not ashamed to say my tears kept pace with her's on the occasion; yet I was not informed of all particulars, as she was; neither was I, like her, the friend of Mr. Ratcliffe; I had not seen you, but as you passed into the house of Mr. Cawdle; she had both seen you and discoursed with you, and heard those worthy creatures at the cottage, in their natural manner, relate a thousand circumstances, which your modesty would not speak of. Heavens! must we be hypocrites because we are women! withhold our love for virtue in the dread of slander, and not bestow our praise
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and admiration where they are so justly due! That would be hard indeed! But when we see a character like this accused, insulted, punished, treated like a malefactor and a murderer, all mouths open, all hearts shut against him, without a friend, or house, or food, but what one poor widow and her charitable cruise supplied, what heart can stand it? and he must be a monster that can doubt my cousin's purity, because her arms encircled what her heart pitied and approved."

Here Isabella paused: Henry was silent; it was a subject he would not venture to commit himself upon; his too great sensibility to a mother's praises might excite suspicion: Isabella resumed her discourse—"To be sure, if people will decide from appearances only, the most innocent actions may be construed into guilt, and, as I take Lord Crowberry to be one of those people, I am sadly afraid my poor cousin may suffer wrongfully by his hasty temper; not that he can seriously and from his heart suspect a woman of her established character; but he may pretend to do it for the malicious pleasure of tormenting her; for I am sorry to say, I think him capable of being very cruel, nay I am sure he is, having been a painful witness of very harsh treatment on his part; in short, he is a bad husband, and nothing surprises me more, than that a person of her taste and intuition should have been deceived by such a character; and that with youth, beauty, great fortune, and good sense, she should be induced to marry a man neither suitable to her in age, manners, principle, or person; nay, I rather wonder she should marry at all, at least whilst her father was alive, for she was then exactly in the situation I am now, the only solace of a widowed parent; and sure it is a daughter's duty (Heaven knows I feel it such) never to quit
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that post till nature's debt is paid by one or other of the parties.

As she spoke these words, they had approached the gate that opened to the garden from the park; Henry advanced towards it, but, stopping short, he turned, and with an anxious look asked if what she had now delivered was her determined purpose and opinion.—“Assuredly it is” she said; “for what have I to think of, blest with such a father, but to please and study him? Can I fulfil two duties at a time? Never will I devote less than my whole heart to him; how then can I divide it with another? No, no, that is impossible: whilst he has life and health I shall be happy in my present state; if Heaven should snatch that blessing from me, I shall have full employment for the short remainder of my wretched days in mourning and lamenting him.”

The tears were starting from her eyes; sympathy, or some other impulse, struck the heart of Henry: he supported himself against the gate, trembling and pale, as if some sudden faintness had come over him: it was a transient attack; a few moments sufficed to recal his recollection; when, half sighing, half smothering a sigh, he thus began in gentle terms to controvert what she had said—“Your sentiments, Miss Manstock, are too amiable not to be admired, but suffer me to say, too melancholy to be admitted without some reserve: Daughters have sacrificed their youth and beauty to the pious offices which you describe; but it has been to parents helpless and distressed, to age, to poverty, or to sickness, which otherwise had wanted those kind services that they bestowed:—the Grecian Daughter was a heroine that stands, as you well know, recorded to all ages for her filial piety; she fed her father in a prison, but,

but, take notice, he had else been famished; remember too, that daughter was herself a mother; and, let me not offend your delicacy if I presume to say, that in a heart like your's, filial affection may possess its place, and yet make room for conjugal love, without restricting either. To put the case, that any man is likely to be found, who may deserve your love, is more for argument than fact; I know of no such man, nor am inclined to think our sex can boast of one, who merits such distinguished happiness; but grant there was, could he desire to divert you from the exercise of those attentions, which must at once endear your character to him, and by his sharing them might recommend his character to you? Think for a moment what his gratitude must be to the author and bestower of all his earthly happiness; by heavens! I think his reverence and devotion to your father must be such, as hardly to be exceeded by your own; how then, by adding his attentions, could the sum of them be less? When age and infirmity shall call for support, might not his manly strength, activity, and courage conspire to uphold that venerable parent, which your soft sensibility and gentle pity would be employed to sooth? This, you must own, would be to double rather than divide your grateful task. But when you speak of dedicating your surviving days to sorrow, I must hope you speak but as you apprehend, and not as you would act. I know, alas! the agonizing loss of one, that was to me a father, a voluntary father; and, methinks, that is an obligation on my part beyond what Nature can impose; a duty more impressive than the nearest ties of blood can devolve upon a son: that father is dead, and his death plunged me not only in affliction but in adversity; still I have a post to keep, and I must not desert

Desert it: one man, at least, snatched from destruction, has some cause to say I have not lived in vain; but you, beloved, admired, adored, you should well reflect, before you give yourself to such sad thoughts, how many you make sad thereby; for, be assured, should you sink under affliction, you would not sink alone."

Nature hath given to some a tone, a manner, an expression, that makes language but a secondary vehicle for what passes in their mind: this endowment Henry possessed in a most striking degree; his heart was in his features, voice, and action. Isabella needed no interpreter to understand his feelings in their full extent: how to recall a resolution vouched so solemnly she knew not, yet something she wished to say or do to mitigate it.

By one of those unpremeditated movements, which Nature sometimes betrays us into before our perception can correct it, her hand was pressed by his: which was the aggressor in their meeting neither party knew; the one therefore could not reprove the other, yet both were awakened to reflection at the same moment, both sympathized in the same effect, and both were overspread with blushes. There was a thrilling nerve that ran to Isabella's heart, through which her sensibility conveyed a voice that whispered to her—"She had said too much:"—a second notice intimated to her—"That 'twas no crime to love:"—a third, and that was followed by a throng of soft insinuating ideas, suggested to her pity a regret, that one so brave, so young, so generous, so engaging, should languish in despair, and deprecate her stern decree in vain.—"He'll die," these tempters said, "if this your cruel resolution should take place: why tell him he must never hope? 'twould be but charity

city to leave him that delusion for his temporary comfort."—To all these arguments her heart in gentleness accorded, and as language was not needful, and probably not present for the purpose, in that instant he felt, or fancied that he felt, a gentle trembling pressure of his hand by her's: a blush of sensibility glowed on his cheeks: it was health to his sick hope, light to his dark despair, oil to that dying spark, which reason scarce permitted to languish in his desponding bosom: still he repressed all rapture; tenderly, but yet respectfully, he stooped his lips upon her hand—"You are all excellence," he cried; "'tis so I should expect the friend of my protectress, and the daughter of the best of men, to console the mourner: I have been witness to your filial love and piety, Heaven grant I never may be witness to your sorrows; for Heaven can testify how gladly I would meet my death to rescue and preserve that sacred life, so dear to you, and keep affliction from the tenderest heart that ever animated the most lovely form."

CHAPTER VIII.

He is the true Hero, that can conquer himself.

THE next morning brought Doctor Zachary Cawdle to Manstock House. No sooner did the figure of old Bess, shuffling under the non-elastic load of her rider in the cinnamon suit, cross the optics of our hero, then upon a solitary ramble in the park, than he ran to the encounter.—"What news," cried he, "my worthy master?"—"Ill news," quoth the rider in cinnamon, "for those

those who are sick, when I am dismissed: that pettyfogging peer has put me out of his house, when the situation of his lady should have kept me in it."—"No matter for that," eagerly resumed the other; "tell me how that lady is."—"How should she be," again quoth Zachary, "when I am not allowed to come near her? And do you say no matter for that? Marry, but there is a great deal of matter, and matter of a very ugly nature, and a very rapid pulse, let me tell you; and I should think no man, who has ever been within the sound of my pestle, would have the hardiness to say, no matter for that."

"Pardon me, my good Doctor," replied Henry; "mine were the words of impatience, not of contempt: I am very seriously alarmed for Lady Crowbery."—"Enough said," quoth the Doctor; "'tis natural you should be alarmed for one so near to you, and your impatience is excusable. As we have here no listeners within reach of us, I shall let you know that I am made privy to what has passed between you and your mother, and that I bear you the blessing of that best of ladies; she is indeed a saint, a suffering saint and martyr to the merest persecutor in creation."—The filial heart of Henry swelled with indignation, his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed, as he broke forth into vehement denunciations against Lord Crowbery, and it was with some difficulty Zachary could preach him into patience; the storm, however, subsided by degrees; and when Zachary told him, that he came over at his mother's desire, to consult with Sir Roger Manstock, he became perfectly calm, and declared that he would resign himself to what that worthy person should advise: at the same time he said, that he could not but lament the peculiarity of his situation, which invested him with

with a character, that he was not permitted to avow; and as the relation in which he stood with regard to Lady Crowbery was not known to Sir Roger Manstock, he could not expect, that any such part would be assigned to him in that lady's vindication, as his interest in her wrongs would otherwise intitle him to demand. The result of the conference, however, was an appeal to Sir Roger in the first place, and for this purpose Zachary proceeded onwards towards the house, whilst our hero struck into the grove adjoining, which, by a more circuitous path, led to the same point.

Upon entering this scene of meditation and retirement, Henry found himself unexpectedly encountered by a fair nymph, whom fortune seemed to seize every occasion of throwing in his way, when solitude and secrecy conspired to put his virtue to the test. Susan May was on her return from the village, where she had been to welcome her mother to her new habitation, which she had that morning taken possession of. Though certain events had now parted these friends into separate spheres of life, Henry accosted her in the same stile and manner as when they lived together upon the level; their conversation began by her recounting the kindnesses of Miss Manstock to her mother, and the comforts she had provided for that good woman in her new abode: Ezekiel Daw had staid behind to attend the calls of Justice Blachford, who, in his lucid intervals, (if such they might be termed) was visited by certain fits of terror and compunction, which made the spiritual assistance of that pious creature not unwelcome to him, and it is needless to remark, that from duties like this Ezekiel was, by no interest or allurements, to be detached.

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Henry's mind was, just now, too much occupied to be in the best of all possible dispositions for the present meeting, but it was not in his nature to give pain to a fond heart like Susan's; he made no effort, therefore, to divert the conversation from those interesting points, to which she wished to lead it. Few girls of Susan's sort had greater quickness of intuition; and as love is, in some cases, a mighty sharpener of the eye-sight, she had taken her observations pretty accurately as to the effect of Isabella's bright eyes upon the heart of Henry, and being fully satisfied she had no chance against such a rival, she good-naturedly resolved to do him all the services in her power with that young lady, and though she had little comfort to administer to him at present, yet she discerned enough to warrant her in talking on the subject, and reporting such particulars as might serve, at least, to keep the spark of hope alive; when Henry, therefore, asked her if she was happy in her service, she answered, that her young lady was an angel for goodness, and if she herself was not as happy as she might be, it was only because she was not altogether so wise as she ought to be; but time, she observed, would cure her of those follies which had taken such possession of her:—"A kind word however," added she, "now and then bestowed upon me, when superior objects do not engross your attention, will be a generous way of assuring me, that I am not entirely out of your thoughts; more than this I do not expect, but without this I should indeed be wretched."

Henry consoled her with the most soothing assurances, and he accompanied them with certain tender looks and actions, which carry more persuasion with them, than the strongest professions can convey without them. Turning to him with
a smile

a smile—"Ah! my dear friend!" she cried, "I suspect there is a certain lady of mine, not far off, who will give you the heart-ache before long, and then you will know what it is that we poor love-sick mortals suffer; these evening walks of your's, with that captivating fair one, will lead you into a maze that will puzzle you to escape from, unless I give you a clue to guide you out of it. We women of the chamber have many opportunities of diving into the secrets of our mistresses, especially of such as, like my lady, are all nature and sincerity. I must tell you then, in one word, that there is a terrible resolution gone out against all mankind at once, never to marry; she has made a vow to devote herself to her father; she has not the most distant idea of falling in love; and has been very curious in her enquiries how it came to pass that I suffered myself to be surprised into so extraordinary a weakness. I laid it all upon Nature and a tender heart: this she did not admit; for she contended that her heart was as tender, and her nature as compassionate as another's; that she could pity the unfortunate, admire the brave, and applaud the deserving; but to sigh, and pine, and languish, as she conceived I did, was what she had no conception of. Love to our parents, and good will to the rest of the world, she thought was all that any one heart could fairly entertain, and as much as in reason it ought to undertake for. At this I smiled, and took the freedom to tell her, (for she is the most frank and affable creature living) that, according to the old saying, it was every body's fate to fall in love once in their lives; and if that was true, my destiny was past, and her's was to come: as for myself, I owned I was justly punished for presuming to think of one so infinitely my superior in all respects; but no-
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body could prevent their fate; and I doubted if many were to be found, who could be indifferent to an object so deserving."

"There you spoke too humbly of yourself," said Henry, "and too partially of your friend."—"My young lady did not seem to think so," replied Susan; "and, if I have any guess at her heart, you have more interest there than she is aware of."—Here they found themselves at the extremity of the grove, and within sight of the house.—"Adieu!" cried Susan, "I must not be seen with you:—Persist courageously, and you will conquer: my life upon it, Miss Manstock has a heart disposed to you and love."—"Has she so?" cried Henry, and suddenly stopt short, whilst Susan quickened her pace, and left him to his reflections.—"Has she a heart for me and love," he repeated; "and shall that flattery tempt me to persist? 'Tis fatal flattery, and I will not pursue it. Grant it were truth; grant that I could succeed to gain an interest in her heart, to shake her resolutions, and detach her from the duteous purposes to which she has devoted herself; can I reconcile such conduct to the principles of honour, and the gratitude I owe to her father, the uncle of my mother? What presumption would it be in me to conceive, that I can be acceptable to Sir Roger Manstock, as a pretender to his daughter! 'Tis impossible! Circumstanced as I am, it is against all reason to suppose he could admit of my addresses. What then am I doing? Gratifying a propensity that will be my ruin; listening to advice, that, whilst it flatters my vanity, conspires to blind my reason, and betray my honour. I will not persist; no, Susan, though I were sure to conquer, as you call it, I will not follow your seducing council; I will stop whilst it is yet in my power; I will tear myself

self away from the snares, which every moment of delay will draw closer about me, and escape, whilst I have strength and resolution for the effort. If ever that day comes, when Sir Roger Manstock shall know me as the cousin of Isabella, and if this tumult at my heart shall be quieted by time and absence, he may then once more receive me, as one attached to him by gratitude and consanguinity, and permit me to pay to him the devotion of a son, and to his beloved Isabella the attentions of a brother: this will be something still: it will be tender friendship, it will be love, that strikes no sting into the conscience; it may assuage her sorrows when she will want a comforter, and enable her to say, when her father's eyes shall close — 'I have fulfilled my promise, I have persisted in my resolution, and devoted my whole heart to the pious duties of a daughter.' — By heavens! 'tis great, 'tis noble! Shall I rob her of this triumph? I will go this instant, and prepare for my departure."

CHAPTER IX.

It now becomes doubtful, if a certain Hero is any Hero at all.

HAVING thus decided betwixt love and honour, our hero, firm in his gallant purpose, marched triumphantly to the house; here, on the very threshold of the hall, he was met by the lovely object who had occasioned all his struggles. — "I have been seeking you," she said, "all over the house: I am terribly afraid there is some bad news

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news of my dear Lady Crowbery, for her Doctor is closetted with my father, and I dare not interrupt them. They have been calling for you in the library, and I am sure you will put me out of suspense, as soon as you can learn what it is that has happened."—"Certainly," replied Henry; "but I believe I have heard the whole: Lady Crowbery is indisposed, but I hope not dangerously; if I hear any thing more, you shall be informed of it."

—This said, he passed on to the library, where Zachary and the worthy Baronet were in close confabulation: at their desire he seated himself between them—"Henry," (said Sir Roger Manstock) "I have just now received a very unpleasant account from this gentleman, which makes it necessary for me to pay a visit to my niece at Crowbery castle, without delay. I am afraid there is too much cause to apprehend a speedy decline; and as my Lord is not disposed to avail himself of this worthy gentleman's skill and experience, it behoves me very seriously to urge him to some other measures for her relief, with all the expedition that her case demands. If this were all I had to do, I should not suppose that any difference could arise between my Lord and me; but I suspect there will be some points of a more difficult nature to discuss, in which we cannot possibly agree, so long as he persists to avow certain jealousies and suspicions of his lady, my niece, which I hold to be highly injurious, and totally without foundation: in this part of the business, Henry, it happens that you are involved; and though I want no protestations on your part to satisfy my mind in the matter, yet if Lord Crowbery either cannot, or will not, be brought to reason upon any other terms, than your consenting to put yourself at a greater distance than where you now are,

I am free to say, it is a requisition, however unreasonable, to which I should be disposed to sacrifice the enjoyments I derive from your society, rather than to leave him any pretence for the complaints, which, I understand, he makes of me, and the very harsh treatment, which, I am grieved to hear, he practises against my niece."

Henry now heard the very measure proposed, that he was pre-determined to adopt; his answer therefore was ready, and his acquiescence unqualified.—"I shall be gone, Sir," he cried, "before his lordship can repeat his murmurs against you for harbouring a guest so obnoxious to his repose; as for the suspicions he annexes to my stay in his neighbourhood, I will not so degrade the evidence of truth and innocence, as to honour those suspicions with a discussion; they are the forgeries of his own malicious imagination, fabricated with the base design of giving some colour of excuse for that tyranny of temper, which it is natural to him to indulge in, and of which, it seems (just Heaven requite him for his cruelty!) your injured niece, and my ever honoured benefactress, is to be the victim. For her sake I am not only ready to forego the comforts, the delights of abiding here under your protection, but to remove myself to any distance, far as sea and land can carry me, if so required, beyond the reach of his pretended jealousy. But let him have a care how he does more than brood in secret on his suspicions; let him confine his murmurs within the dark recesses of his own gloomy breast; let him take heed how he circulates them beyond the walls of that castle, in which he keeps innocence immured; for if any word of his shall reach my ears, by which he attaches my name to an imputation, that my nature shrinks from with horror unutterable, the cause is then

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then my own, and I will bring him to so strict a reckoning, as shall either silence his calumny, or stifle my resentment, for ever."

As the youthful hero of this story thus delivered himself, his eyes glistened, and the spot of anger glowed upon his cheek. Sir Roger noted his emotion, and was enraptured, not less by the contemplation of his countenance, than by the energy of his sentiments: so charmed was he with what he saw and heard, that his heart smote him with compunction for having signified to him a kind of warning from his house.—"Gracious Heaven!" he cried, turning to Zachary, and striking his hands together, (as was customary with him when surprised with any sudden thought) "am I to sacrifice the delight of cherishing a spirit like this, in compliment to the caprice of a domestic tyrant? What store of virtues do I contemplate dawning in the bosom of this gallant youth; and shall I lose the pride of fostering their growth? It is too much: Henry, my noble fellow, we'll set this paltry Peer at nought; I never can consent to part from you."

Age had not deadened the sensibility of this venerable old man; he was greatly moved, his voice shook, and he clasped the hand of Henry in his. Zachary, who had much of the milk, or rather the butter, of human kindness in his composition, melted like a thaw; and taking out his handkerchief, without any finesse, began a tune upon his olfactory organ little less sonorous, and not more musical, than the cow-horn of Joe Jenkins. Our hero himself was shaken, but not overthrown; his courage reeled, but it did not go back from the post he had taken, and he maintained his resolution of abiding by Sir Roger's first proposal, which he asserted to be necessary on more

accounts than one; at the same time he expressed a hope, that he might be allowed to accompany him to the castle, where he thought he had a right to appear, as the party accused; and observing withal, it was possible that Sir Roger, in conference with a person of Lord Crowbery's brutal nature, and alone, might not be treated with all the respect due to his person and character.

This proposal did not suit the spirit of Sir Roger, neither was it a thing practicable or advisable, so that he put a peremptory negative upon it at once, adding, in a tone of voice somewhat above his usual key, that if an affront was offered to himself or family, though he was too old for hasty measures, he was not yet past the age for manly resentment. He now ordered four horses to be put to his chaise with all haste, and desired Henry to inform Miss Manstock, that he was simply going to pay a visit to Lady Crowbery, and would return to dinner.

Charged with this commission, Henry returned to the hall, where the lovely Isabella was still waiting, and made his report. She expressed herself much alarmed by the tidings, not only on Lady Crowbery's account, who, she feared, was in a very dangerous way, but on her father's also; she declared there was nothing she more dreaded than his interview with Lord Crowbery; his visits there were at all times unpleasant, but much more so on the present occasion, when, she was sure that cruel man would fly out into some violence, and, perhaps, say or do something so very galling to her father's spirit, as might draw him into a serious quarrel; and what then would become of her! the mere possibility of it was terrifying in the extreme.—“Oh! this odious visit,” she cried, “would it were well over! I cannot think of it without trembling.”

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To these tremors and apprehensions Henry applied all the comfort his kind consideration for such generous feelings could suggest: He promised her he would take a horse, and ride over to Crowbery, on the pretence of visiting his friend Ezekiel, but, in fact, to be at hand for any service that occasion might require; he begged her to rest assured that no attention should be neglected by him, where a life so valuable to her, to himself, and to the world at large, was concerned; but as for any danger personally affecting her father, from the brutal manners of that dastardly Peer, he held that in sovereign disregard; he had seen enough of my Lord to know how far his insolence could go, and where it would stop.—“He would fain,” added he, “have practised it upon me, when he considered me as a wretched helpless worm, that he might safely tread upon; but no sooner did he see that worm could turn upon him, than he shrunk back like a coward as he is, and in spite of all his pride and haughtiness, lowered his high tone at the rebuke of a poor friendless being, whom he expected to have crushed with a word.”

This consolation so effectually cheered the filial heart of the grateful Isabella, that she re-assumed her spirits, and with a smile, that gave animation to a thousand charms, expressed her thanks with so captivating a grace, that if Henry's heart, assailed by so many interesting sensations at once, was just then in no humour to fulfil its self-denying resolution, some excuse may be fairly offered for his transient infirmity of purpose.—“I'll not leave sight of the chaise,” he said, “either going or returning. If Sir Roger Manstock does not approve of my accompanying him to his interview with Lord Crowbery, nothing shall prevent my being watchful of the issue of it, and attending upon

upon him in every other moment of his absence from you."

"You are infinitely kind and indulgent to my weakness," said Isabella; "and I know your gallant spirit is such, that every thing it protects must be safe; I will therefore dismiss my fears on my father's account;"—then tendering him her hand with a look of modest sweetness and benignity—"Fare you well," she cried, "I shall think them heavy hours till you both return; but I hope we shall have a cheerful meeting at dinner time, and a pleasant walk in the evening."—With these kind words dismissed, he was going, when she called him back, saying—"One word more before we part: I insist upon your not taking that flighty animal you rode yesterday; and if you will do me a particular favour, you will exercise my mare for me."—"I shall be in continual terror," replied Henry, "lest any accident should befall her."—"Judge then," rejoined she, "of me by yourself, and let your fears, that have such a trifle for their object, give place to mine, that have so much at risque."

"Where am I?" said Henry within himself. "What is become of the resolution I had taken?"

CHAPTER X.

Symptoms of falling in Love.

SR Roger Manstock had no sooner set out, attended by Henry on Isabella's favourite mare, when Zachary Cawdle summoned old Betty to the door, and at that instant recollected a small packet

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he had in charge from Lady Crowbery, to deliver to her son: vexed at himself for his forgetfulness, he saw no better way of redeeming his neglect, than by putting it into Miss Manstock's hands, requesting her to give it to Henry on his return: he then took his leave, and departed, having a patient or two to visit by the way.

Isabella retired to her chamber; she took up a book, opened it at random, run her eye over two or three pages, and threw it aside; she was not in the humour for reading. Susan was dispatched for her work-bag; she rummaged it for something to employ herself upon; nothing suited her fancy, though several things presented themselves to her choice; the bag fared no better than the book; both were discarded.

"I am just now," said she to Susan, "in that sort of humour, when one can fix to nothing, and yet I want something to occupy me."—She then began to examine the little packet she had in charge for Henry; she could perceive that it contained a ring; it puzzled her to divine what Lady Crowbery could intend by such a present: she put it into her purse, and for some minutes sat silent and thoughtful; then directing her eyes to Susan, who was employing herself in some arrangements of the toilet, "I am convinced," she cried, "that Henry has an excellent heart. I begin to think, Susan, that though it is a very foolish thing to fall in love, and every girl's duty to guard herself against such idle notions, yet in your case, I can suppose, it was hardly to be avoided, where you had so many opportunities of knowing the good qualities of that engaging young man: it is not every body can be content only to admire and approve a person and character like his."—"I hope, Madam," replied Susan, "you will not think the
worse

worse of me for owning that my heart is capable of love."

The conference was now fairly opened; by Susan, with a design to probe the heart of her fair mistress; by Isabella, innocently, incautiously, and with no other motive, but for the present relief of certain new and hitherto unexperienced sensations, of which she neither knew the real nature or extent.

To Susan's frank appeal above recited, she candidly replied—"No, no, I don't altogether condemn you for being capable of love, but I am afraid you have bestowed your love upon one, who is not susceptible of the like passion: I take Henry to have a mind superior to the weakness of liking any woman, but as a friend."

"To the weakness of liking me in any other light," Susan modestly replied, "he is certainly superior; I know the little services I did him in his distress are rated by him above their value, for he has a grateful and a feeling heart; too generous to treat me with unkindness, too sincere to deceive me with false pretences; for what am I, to aspire to a person of Mr. Henry's sort, conscious as I am that he is of high birth, with such talents, so accomplished, and with so fine a person."—"He has indeed a very fine person," repeated Isabella.—"I have never seen his like," resumed the other.—"But you yourself are very handsome," said the lady, surveying her with a gracious smile.—"I handsome!" said the damsel, affecting a surprise at a compliment, which had been repeated to her a thousand times; "surely, Madam, you are laughing at me; such a clownish girl as I am can have no charms for Mr. Henry."—"Didn't I tell you," said Isabella, "he had no heart for love?"—"It would be happy for him if he had not,"

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Susan answered; "for I am afraid his love is likely to produce nothing but sorrow and disappointment."

Isabella eagerly demanded what she meant—"Pardon me," replied Susan, "I must not explain myself; neither should I have ventured to say a word on the subject, if I could have conceived what was so plain to be seen could have escaped your notice. I am sure he would be very angry with me, was he to know that I presumed to hold such discourse with you, Madam; but I should indeed have thought, that of all persons living you would have been the last to doubt if he had a heart for love. Alas! he only loves too well for his future peace and quiet, and, I fear, he will live to rue the day that ever he came within the walls of Manstock House."

"Heaven in its mercy forbid!" cried Isabella, "that any thing should befall him in this house, that might cause him to regret the coming into it! I am sure, if I am innocently the occasion of it, sooner than be the means of bringing him into misery and misfortune, I would, I would——" Here she faltered, not daring to complete the sentence as her feelings dictated it. The intelligent waiting-woman well understood her embarrassment, and prompted her to a conclusion, which, at the same time, she knew was far short of her meaning.—"You would pity him," she said.—"From my soul," cried the lovely Isabella, with an agitated air and accent; "I would run away and hide myself, if I thought what you allude to was the case, and that my presence gave him pain."—"That can more properly be done on his part," said Susan; "and if I may venture to guess at his fate, that sad remedy will very shortly be resorted to."—"How so! how so!" exclaimed the fairest of

her sex, her fine face glowing with blushes, and the tear of sensibility stealing down her cheek, "is he going from us? I would not have him leave us for the world! what can he see in me, that should frighten him away?"—"Every thing that is lovely and engaging," replied Susan; "that's out of all doubt. But when he sees what he must love, and cannot hope to obtain, if he has one grain of spirit, which I think he does not want, he will escape whilst he can, and not persist to stay, where every hour must render him more fond and more unhappy."

This was a conclusion that Isabella could not parry; it was an inference from her own asserted resolution, which she was not aware of, and could not answer: probably, if Susan had not just then reminded her of that unlucky resolution, she might have been as well pleased; and it is more than probable, had she never let it pass her lips, this was not the very moment she would have chosen for imparting it; it was done, however, and Isabella was not so regardless of consistency as to revoke it; she had made a vow, and vows are too sacred to be sported with; she could be silent, at least, and cut short a conversation that so pleasingly had led her on into a dilemma so embarrassing; this she could do, and this she did.—"Fetch me my cloak," she cried; "it is time for me to take my walk."

Sir Roger Manstock, in the mean while, followed by Henry on horseback, proceeded rapidly towards Crowbery; arrived there, he entered the castle, whilst Henry struck off towards the cottage on the green, where Ezekiel Daw still sojourned in pious attendance on the dying justice. The good man was at home when Henry rode to the door, and received him with the greeting of a father to
his

his son.—“Welcome, my dear child,” cried Eze-
kiel, as he took him by the hand; “never trust
me, but it maketh my heart glad to behold thee.
Let it not be a wonder with thee, that I tarry here
awhile, till it shall please the Lord to dispose of this
wretched creature, languishing on the bed of
death, conscience stricken, and wounded in the
spirit no less than in the flesh. Thou mayest well
believe I have not failed to awaken him to a proper
sense of his lost and desperate condition: as his re-
turns of reason are but short and rare, I have made
the most of them, and set forth the heinousness of
his sins with all due horror, and in its blackest hue.
As death hovers over him momentarily, I have
prepared his ears for the awful sound of the last
trump, and the dreadful warning of eternal con-
demnation. Fain would he have snatched at the
vain hope of pardon and forgiveness; but I told
him not to flatter himself with any such fallacious
hopes; and that his offences against man must first
be atoned, before he thought of mercy from God:
he appealed to his present sufferings, and demand-
ed of me, if I did not think they were punishment
sufficient for all the crimes he had meditated or
committed. I forbid him to draw any comfort
from such false persuasions, reminding him, that
mere pains and sickness could not expiate offences;
that he was indeed diverted from the perpetration
of a murder by a sudden judgment, but it was the
hand of Providence, and not his change of pur-
pose, that had frustrated that horrid design; the
crime remained with him, though the execution
of it had been turned aside; I advised him, there-
fore, to solicit your forgiveness in the first place.”
—“He need not doubt of that, cried Henry, with
eagerness; “I heartily and from my soul forgive
him, and I beseech you so to assure him.”—

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"Thou speakest, Henry, as it becometh a Christian to speak, but I much question if these tidings can be imparted to him: by me at least they cannot, seeing I am interdicted from all further visits to him, by one who hath the care of his body, but regardeth not the salvation of his soul. A certain eminent practitioner hath come down from London, to inspect his wounds, and advise in the case. The man is a notable man in his profession, and no less skilled in pharmacy than surgery; but, alas! he lacketh the one thing needful; for he declaimeth vehemently against my spiritual admonitions, crying out amain, that they depress his pulse, disturb his spirits, and sink him into that despondency, which defeats his efforts, and portendeth death. Thus doth this man of medicine set his face against those wholesome terrors of the Lord, by which we persuade men: but, in truth, this Mr. L——, of whom so much is said for his skill in the management of wounds, regardeth not the doctrine of a wounded conscience, which, probably, he hath no experience in."—Henry smiled: Ezekiel made no stop.—"However, I have taught the sick man that, which has sunk deeper into his brain than the surgeon's probe can reach; I have sown those seeds in his heart, which the enemy cannot root out; and, I flatter myself, he hath a feeling foretaste of those torments, which are prepared for the impenitent sinner in the world to come."

"Alas! alas! my zealous friend," cried Henry, "could you not, in pity to a dying wretch, strike out one spark of comfort from the hope we have in God's all-gracious mercy? Could you preach nothing short of absolute despair? How can a wretch repent, who has no hope of pardon? If you display all hell before his sight, how can he
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lift his dying eyes towards Heaven? Indeed, indeed, my pious friend, you have been too gloomy in your doctrine."

"And who shall tell me that!" exclaimed Ezekiel, "a boy! a child! a new born babe! Wilt thou reform, correct, reprove my doctrine! thou! Remember the fate of those saucy brats that mock'd at the prophet Elisha; a bear out of the forest devoured them; I don't say it will be exactly thy fate, for there are no bears in England, I know that well enough; but have a care of a judgment no less; have a care, I say, young man, how you flout at my doctrine."

"I flout not either at you or your doctrine," replied Henry, "but I compassionate the situation of this unhappy Blachford; and if he feels contrition for his faults, why should he not be cheered with hopes of being pardoned for them?—"I tell thee, Henry," quoth Ezekiel, his gust of anger being now pretty nearly blown off, "there is not a more deceitful propensity in the heart of man, than what is called pity; it is as unlike true charity as it is unlike strict justice; some people have a soft heart, and a watery eye, at every body's command that chuses to apply to them, by which means they are dupes of every knave and impostor, who can put on a crying countenance, and tell a canting tale; but a nature of this cast is only active, when it is spurred into motion by some interesting spectacle; provoke it not, and it sleeps; mere pity never seeks for employment; it is a virtue of parade and popularity; it searches not for distress, nor follows the sequestered mourner into his melancholy haunts, to administer the secret charities of consolation and relief; these offices demand a firmer spirit, nerves better braced, and a more manly nature, that can face affliction without whimpering,

ing, do its business boldly, and wipe away the widow's tears with a steady hand. What is it to me that a rogue is on his death-bed? he is a rogue no less; and I don't see the charity of sending him out of the world with a lie of my telling, because the truth is unpleasant to him to hear. Blachford has been a tyrant and an oppressor all his life long; he has not felt for others, neither does he now; his feelings are for himself, and if he has any compunction, his fears call it up; it is not voluntary repentance; 'tis the dread of death, the remorse of a thief at the gallows."

Here Ezekiel sung forth in his best key.—"Let us not judge too harshly," cried Henry; Heaven only knows the hearts of men: we will leave Blachford to his conscience, and turn our thoughts to a more interesting object. Have you any news of the Lady Crowbery?"—"Ah!" said Ezekiel, "I fear there are dark doings in that quarter; she is a prisoner, and, which is worse, she is sick and ill, and has been ordered to Lisbon, if her Lord will let her go thither."—Henry now, with much anxiety, questioned Ezekiel as to his authority for this intelligence, and found that the London surgeon, who attended Blachford, had been called in by Lord Crowbery, who could no longer shut his eyes against the alarming situation of his Lady, and this gentleman had pronounced a change of climate absolutely necessary, and recommended the air of Lisbon without delay.

The chief object of Sir Roger's visit was thus anticipated, and though the news was painful in the extreme to Henry, yet he drew the consolation from it, of seeing the way smoothed for a peaceable conference between the parties now met at the castle; and it further opened to him a prospect of better opportunities for paying his attentions to his

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mother, when separated from her tyrant, and in a foreign country, whither he was determined to resort, and at the same time disengage himself from the snares of the too charming object, who had taken such hold of his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

An angry Altercation with a Person unknown leads our Hero into imminent Danger.

THESE pious and prudent resolutions of our hero for renouncing his abode at Manstock House, and following his mother to Lisbon, were not taken without a struggle; for all complaints on the part of Lord Crowbery were more effectually avoided by his remaining with Sir Roger, in the absence of the Lady, than by his leaving him, to which it could not fail, but that suspicious conjectures would be affixed. This was a staggering circumstance, and could hardly escape being stated and oppose to him by the hospitable Baronet, nay, perhaps, by Isabella herself, and of her powers of persuasion, should she exert them on the occasion, he had full sense and conviction; neither was it absolute despair, from which he was preparing to retreat; there was no repelling sphere about the lovely person of Isabella; on the contrary, all was attraction there, all was sweetness and smiles; still, native honour, reverence for the feelings of a father, and a due sense of the young heiress's superior pretensions, held him to his purpose; but, above all other motives, devotion to a suffering mother decided against all temptations.

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Ezekiel had left him to these meditations, and was gone to the next door, hoping to find some opportunity of making Blachford acquainted with Henry's forgiveness of his attempt against him. In the mean time a person entered the cottage, whom he recollected to be the finder of Lady Crowbery's ring: though he no longer presented himself in the mean and humble dress he before appeared in, his countenance was pale and sickly, and his frame emaciated, yet there was something noble and impressive in his air and deportment. After the ordinary salutations, he desired to know if there was any message or commission from Lady Crowbery. Henry informed him, that he had nothing of the sort in charge. This was heard with strong expressions of surprize. Some small acknowledgment, he owned, he did expect for his honesty; what did she say upon the delivery of it? She took it, and said nothing, was the answer.—“Impossible!” exclaimed the disappointed stranger; “Lady Crowbery would not receive it in that stile; such indifference is totally out of character; it exceeds all credibility. Suffer me,” he added, very seriously, “to desire you will be pleased to recollect yourself; any one word you can call to mind, as uttered by her on that occasion, will be of moment to me; consult your memory, I beseech of you; perhaps it may have slipped you in the hurry of your thoughts; nay, it is possible, being so small an article, you may have forgotten to deliver it.”—“How, Sir!” exclaimed Henry, sternly fixing his eyes upon him.—The man paid little regard to this angry interjection, but went on with his discourse, observing, that it was nothing extraordinary if the memory of a young man should fail him in a commission not very interesting.

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"I stand in need of no apologies," replied our hero, "for defect of memory; I am clear in what I tell you, and having once asserted it, shall repeat it no more, nor patiently submit, that any question should be made of my veracity."—"You talk loftily, young Sir," said the stranger; "and before we proceed any further in this kind of altercation, it will be proper for me to clear up some preliminary points between us, that may else involve you in a mistake you may repent of. Appearances, I presume, have deceived you; from what I said to you at our last meeting, when I confided to you the ring, you doubtless considered me as a needy abject man, and yourself, then newly taken into favour by Lady Crowbery, as my superior; before you suit your conversation to that idea, I must forewarn you, that you are talking with a gentleman."

"I am sorry for it," replied Henry; "as I cannot put up with those suspicions from a gentleman, which, in a vulgar person, I should have disregarded: you talked to me of being returned from transportation, and in such a man it was an unexpected merit to restore the property he had found? but what can a gentleman require more, than the satisfaction of knowing, that the owner of the ring is in possession of what she had lost? This you are now informed of, and you must prepare your mind, before we part, to dismiss every shadow of doubt, that I could possibly be guilty of a false report."

"Hold," replied the other, "I could never in my life regulate my thoughts at the word of command; and if you mean to make them accord to your wishes, you must give me some leading aids towards conviction of your sincerity, before I can repose implicit faith in it: the word, that pledges
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the honour of a gentleman to me, I shall not dispute; I am ready to acquiesce in it; but I am not willing to make a tender of my confidence to a person, who exacts such high demands upon me, until I am convinced he is entitled so to do; let us, therefore, interchange explanations with each other, before you require, or I render, satisfaction for what you seem to treat as an affront. Informed as I am, I am to consider you as a child of fortune, newly emerged from the lowest state of human wretchedness; your looks, your language and demeanour, certainly are not those of a mean uneducated person; give me therefore your name, condition and pretensions, and I will give you mine; then, if you tell me Lady Crowbery has received the ring I sent her by your hands, and treated it as a bauble not worthy her remembrance, and the sender of it as an object not deserving her enquiry, I think I must be compelled, hard as it will be even then, to say that I believe you."

Our Henry's candour saw the reasonableness of this stipulation, and the dilemma was a very awkward one to which he was reduced by it; sensible that he could not justly press his requisitions any further, yet unwilling to submit to the indignity of being doubted—"I am not at liberty," he replied, "to give you the information you require; I must leave you, therefore, to draw your own conclusions, and we must part, as we met, strangers to each other. Your disappointment about the ring certainly has an anxiety in it, that goes deeper than to the mere fact of my delivering it or not to the Lady Crowbery; but whatever my curiosity on that account may be, I have no right to be inquisitive as to your secrets, so long as I withhold my own. When you appeal to the Lady, you will find I have told you truth; but I did not recollect

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collect to tell you, that she never saw the ring I gave her; it was wrapt in paper, and she, being in haste, put it into her pocket without examination; if then there is any mystery about it, and more was annexed to it, than as a common trinket dropt from her finger, you have the satisfaction of knowing there was no time for her to develope it, neither have I set eyes on her since."

"It is enough," exclaimed the stranger; "I am satisfied, completely satisfied, and ask your pardon for my hesitation in giving credit to you: had you told me this at first, I should not have expressed myself as I did."

Anger, which in Henry's bosom had no lasting tenure, instantly disappeared upon this apology, and he began to explain as much of his own history as was proper to be told. This was attentively listened to by his companion, who owned having been betrayed into wrong notions, as to his connection with Lady Crowbery, report having stated to him, that her Lord was jealous of her on his account, and not without grounds—"these you have now," added he, "very naturally accounted for, and 'tis too clear, that the man is by nature a suspicious tyrant, and that he uses her most harshly: Alas! poor Lady, how I pity her hard lot; but how, in the name of wonder, could she ever consent to join herself to such a husband, whose person she could not like, and whose manners could never have been suitable to a woman of her taste and elegance? I am not acquainted with Lord Crowbery, but I have had a glimpse of his person, and some traits of his character; I own I could not have supposed Cecilia Adamant, one of the richest heiresses, and most accomplished young women of her time, would have condescended to the proposals of such a suitor."—Henry said, he supposed

supposed it was a match of her father's making, and such marriages, he observed, were not apt to be happy.

"I can readily believe," replied the stranger, "that her father forced this odious Lord upon her; for, if I am rightly informed of Sir Andrew's character, he was capable of some violence, and not very well disposed to consult his daughter's inclinations; she, perhaps, might yield to his authority, and consent to be miserable for life, rather than disobedient in any one act of it. From my soul I compassionate her! And now she is dropping into a decline, and must go to Lisbon; this I gather from the person himself, who advised it: mark, therefore, the issue of these matches of compulsion. What has not that parent to answer for, who forces a child, against the natural bent of her affection, into the arms of a man; whom her heart revolts from! But it is a painful subject, and we will say no more on it."

"Agreed!" cried Henry, rising from his seat; "let us dismiss this melancholy topic; besides, my time is expired, and I have business I must now attend to."

END OF BOOK THE FIFTH.

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BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

The Author hints at a Reform in the Constitution of a Novel.

IT is my wish to devote these short prefatory Essays to our fraternity of Novelists; if haply my good will can strike out any thing for their use and profit; it is, therefore, in the friendly spirit of criticism, that I protest against a practice, which some few of the corps have lately taken up, of adulterating their compositions with a dash of politics, which I conceive to be a kind of fraud upon their customers, that not only brings disgrace and loss upon themselves individually, but is injurious to the trade in general. I shall not point out the particular offenders, as they are sufficiently noted by those who have read their productions; and, if they have but wisdom enough to reform, I should be loth that past errors should be remembered to the prejudice of their future fortune.

I trust, they need not be told, that there are clubs and coffee houses in this free country, where nonsense may be talked with impunity; but it is a serious risque to print it. Round their own firesides their zeal may boil over without scalding their fingers; but when they cater for the public, they should be warned how they mix up any such inflammatory materials, as temperate stomachs will not bear; our only aim should be to refresh our friendly visitors with an exhilarating wholesome draught, not to disturb their reason with an intoxicating nauseous drug.

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All that I am bound to do as a story-maker is, to make a story; I am not bound to reform the constitution of my country in the same breath, nor even (Heaven be thanked!) to overturn it, though that might be the easier task of the two, or, more properly speaking, one and the same thing in its consequences. Nature is my guide; man's nature, not his natural rights: the one ushers me by the straightest avenue to the human heart, the other bewilders me in a maze of metaphysics.

Doubtless, it becomes the gentle nature of a female votary of the Muse, and of every author soft as females, to let no occasion slip for making public such their amiable propensity, through every channel that the press affords; the poor African is therefore fair game for every minstrel that has tuned his lyre to the sweet chords of pity and condolence; whether he *builds immortal verse* upon his loss of liberty, or weaves his melancholy fate into the pathos of a novel, in either case he finds a mine of sentiment, digs up enthusiasm from its richest vein, and gratifies at once his spleen and his ambition. The happy virtuous negro, torn from his own fine temperate climate, and transported into the torrid heats of our inhospitable islands, there to sweat and bleed beneath the lash of barbarous task-masters, inspires so fine a rhapsody, and gives so touching a display of British cruelty, that, against the force of truth, the unguarded reader credits it, and blushes for the country that he lives in. No matter that the world at large bears testimony to the charities of our land, to her magnanimity, her honour, her benevolence; though thousands of the persecuted sufferers for conscience sake fly to Britain as the universal philanthropist, in whose arms there is a sure asylum for the wretched, still the degrading
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fiction bears down truth; black troops of savages are raised to cast the nation's character in shade; the African lives free and happy under the mild government of his native princes; he never licks the dust in their presence, nor loads the gibbet to adorn their palaces, and, though snatched from death by his purchaser, yet not emancipated from slavery by his employer, he must be taught to murmur, and the sigh, which he cannot draw from his own bosom, must be inspired into him by the breath of others, till urged by these incendiary condolences, he shakes off his contentment, rises terrible in his enthusiasm, and, though redeemed from death by those whom he destroys, sates himself with carnage, and ripping forth the heart of his benefactor, shows the trophy of his freedom, and gloriously asserts the Rights of Man. Cast your eyes towards those blood-besprinkled islands, which ye have conspired to illuminate, ye merciful reformers, and glory in your doctrines, if your consciences will let you. I blush to think, that folly can effect such mischief.

A fast friend to the interests of the press, and a great authority in point, who vends our wares to the amount of one hundred thousand volumes annually (Heaven augment his little modicum of trade!) ingenuously acquaints us with those honest arts, by which he rose to eminence so justly earned; of these, one trifling requisite, amongst many more noble acquirements, he mentions to be, that of keeping himself always *pretty well informed of the state of politics in Europe*, not exactly by the reading of novels, nor purposely for the writing of them, but for reasons much more wise and weighty, namely, because he has *always found, that bookselling is much affected by the political state of affairs*. May the secrets of all the cabinets in Europe.

Europe be ever open to a politician who makes so good an use, and draws such worthy profit from his information; and I would to Heaven, those wrong headed zealots of our fraternity above alluded to, had his political knowledge for our edification, or would copy his prudence for their own amendment.

This experienced personage further observes, that *the best time for bookselling is, when there is no kind of news stirring*: it is a little mortifying, I must own, but his authority is conclusive, for he tells us, that *then many of those, who for months would have done nothing but talk of war or peace, revolutions and counter-revolutions, &c. &c. for want of other amusement, will have recourse to books*. If this observation be true, (and who can doubt that men love talking better than reading?) the author's golden age is that of public tranquillity; how ill then does he employ his talents, who, instead of exerting them for the peace and quiet of mankind, turns them to the purposes of discontent, *of revolutions and counter-revolutions*, writing the world into such a temper, that no readers are left in it? The true patriot in the republic of letters is he, who, in times of war and tumult, can so write as to invite the world's attention to his peaceful studies, and divert it from its sanguinary politics; the incendiary author, on the contrary, is a fool and a felo de se.

If men, therefore, have so little disposition towards the purchasing of books, when there is *so much news stirring* abroad, let him who writes at such a moment, give double diligence to what he writes; let him so manage it as to contrast the tedium of the politician's task, and not revolt him with a double dose of what he is weary of. Strong efforts will succeed, when feeble ones must fail;

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novelty and surprize will ever attract admiration, the most enthusiastic passion of the human mind; and though the philosophy of Rome cried it down, Plato himself confesses it to have been the moving spring of the philosophy of Greece.

Here then we discern the proper province of works of fiction; for *novelty and surprize* (as Bishop Warburton defines them) *are the inseparable attendants of imposture*; and the very time, when strong attractions are required to draw men to their books, is the time for such productions to appear, and the strength of their attraction will depend upon the writer's care and talents. Now, though *novelty and surprize* are what we aim to treat our readers with, we are no otherwise *impostors*, than those fair-dealing jugglers are, who candidly warn their spectators before hand, that their tricks are nothing more than mere slight of hand, the effect of nimble art and practised adroitness, by which they cheat the sight, but aim not to impose upon the understanding; like them, the Novelist professes to deal in ingenious deceptions, but deceptions so like truth and nature, that whilst his performances have all the vivacity of a romance to excite admiration, they have the harmony of a history to engage approbation. Monsters, and prodigies, and every species of unnatural composition are not to be admitted into a novel; for these tend only to raise wonder in the ignorant and superstitious, and are a sort of black art, now universally exploded. A writer of romances, in the present age, cannot make so free with the credulity of his readers, as Herodotus or even Livy did with their's, though profest historians.

A novel may be considered as a dilated comedy; its plot therefore should be uniform, and its narrative unbroken: episode and digression are

sparingly, if at all, to be admitted; the early practice of weaving story within story should be avoided; the adventures of *the Man of the Hill*, in the *Foundling*, is an excrescence that offends against the grace and symmetry of the plot: whatever makes a pause in the main business, and keeps the chief characters too long out of sight, must be a defect. In all histories, whether true or fictitious, the author cannot too carefully refrain from speaking in his own person, and this is yet another reason to be added to those already given, why political discussions should never be admitted in a novel, as they are sure to be set down to the author's account, let him assign them as he will. It is not necessary that the leading character of a novel should be honest and amiable, but it is indispensable it should be interesting and entertaining; and every writer, who wishes to endear man to man by pleasing pictures of human nature, or, in other words, by presenting virtuous characters in amiable lights, will let the good preponderate over the evil; he will not take his maxims from Rochefoucault, nor shape his fellow-creatures after the models of Hobbes or Swift; the spirit of the author will be seen in the general moral and tendency of the piece, though he will allot to every particular character its proper sentiment and language; the outline will be that of nature, and fancy will dispose the group into various attitudes and actions, but the general colouring and complexion of the whole will reflect the peculiar and distinguishing tints of the master.

CHAPTER II.

A terrible Encounter, in which our Hero is totally discomfited.

WHILST our hero had been occupied at the cottage, Sir Roger had concluded his conference with Lord Crowbery. Nature had endowed the worthy Baronet with an evenness of temper, that was a great sheather for the ill humours of those he had to deal with. On this occasion, however, matters passed better than he had laid his account for; not that the conversation went off without some mutterings on the part of the Peer, but they were such as rather shewed his sullenness than ferocity.

The reception given to Henry at Manstock House was touched upon, with a kind of contemptuous sneer at the weakness of Sir Roger for admitting such a guest.—“But perhaps,” added my Lord ironically, “you find all those charms in his elegant society that my Lady your niece did; or, if you yourself don’t immediately discover them, your fair daughter perhaps may, for prejudices are apt to run in families; and, I dare say the young gentleman well knows how to profit by such prejudices; but you, no doubt, have weighed these matters well before you made an inmate of him.”

Sir Roger, who was no dealer in side speeches and insinuations, took little notice of this trash, and turned the subject to his niece’s illness. My Lord replied, that she was certainly much indisposed, for which, in fact, she had to thank herself; that for his own part he had done, and should continue to do, every thing in his power

for her recovery ; change of climate had been suggested to him, and by authority he was much inclined to defer to. His neighbour Blachford had called down a very eminent surgeon from London, and he had taken his advice in Lady Crowbery's case; it was the very Mr. L——, who had made so wonderful a cure of Sir George Revel, after his duel with *Arundel* in Flanders.—“ I confess to you,” said the Peer, “ I am charmed with him; he talks to the understanding, and I comprehend what he means; but he will not let us decide on what he recommends without a reference to the faculty, and it seems we are to have a consultation of physicians in London, who are either to pass their patient on to Lisbon, or revoke the voyage, and take other measures; so the matter stands at present; but if you wish to see your niece, she will give you fuller information.”

Sir Roger said; it was what he much wished; and notice being given to Lady Crowbery, he was instantly and gladly admitted. To his great surprise, he was suffered to be alone with her; the moments were precious, and she availed herself of them for putting a packet into his hands, containing her will, and other important papers, the seal of which he was not to break but upon the event of her death.

“ You will find,” she said, “ that I have made provision for this unprotected youth, whom Ratcliffe's death has thrown upon my care; and if your candour ever shall be shaken by the vile reports, that have been raised against my fame, you'll see so full a confutation of them in that paper, that, however they may affect me living, dead, they cannot rest upon my memory. Whether my Lord believed what he took pains to propagate I'll not pretend to say, but now at least I

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can no longer be an object for his jealousy, and, to do him justice, I must own he has relaxed much of his severity, which happy change I am indebted for to the good offices of the gentleman, who has been called in upon my case: I see that he compassionates my sufferings, and I've reason to believe he guesses at the cause of them; I am told, he has had long sittings with my Lord, and it is clear that he has gained an influence over his bad humours, of which I happily experience the effects, witness the present moments I enjoy with you; but we'll make prudent use of them, and not trespass on indulgence so precarious. Farewell; if I am destined to Lisbon, and my Lord allows of it, I hope that we shall meet once more."—Thus ended this affecting interview, Sir Roger parting with a heavy heart, encharged with many kind remembrances to Isabella and to Henry.

Our hero, who had kept watch upon Sir Roger's departure, joined him as he came out of Lord Crowbery's gate, and, when he was clear of the park, at his request, got into the chaise, and gave his mare to one of the servants. Sir Roger's spirits were sensibly affected, and it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered for him to enter upon a recital of what had passed, and a description of the state, in which he found Lady Crowbery: it was not, however, his manner to paint in strong colours, so that all which Henry collected from this description was, that his piece looked very ill, and was much altered since he had seen her last: of his interview with my Lord he simply observed, that it was a disagreeable job well over; he was a man, he said, in whose company he was never at his ease; he dealt too much in dark hints and side blows to please him, who had no taste for any talk but what went right onwards

to

to the point before it.—“There is no proscription, however, against you,” said the Baronet; “and if there was, perhaps I should not have regarded it, for I am too old to be dictated to in that style, and told what company I am to keep. He is pleased to be considerate of my repose, and would not be sorry to make me as jealous of my Isabella on your account, as he pretends to be of his own lady; but I can assure you, Henry, such absurdities make no impression upon me, and I desire you will take no notice of it to my daughter. ’Tis true, Henry, you are a handsome fellow, and, I hope, in proper time, some honest girl may be of the same opinion, and make a man of you; but if my heart never aches till Isabella is in the fault of it, sorrow and I shall never be acquainted more. Apropos to that,” added the Baronet with an encouraging smile, “here is my friend Claypole’s niece coming to us this very day; Fanny is a fine girl, and, between you and me, has a hawk’s eye at a handsome fellow; if you mind your hits, who knows what may come of it? She has a very pretty independency, I can promise you.”—“And I am a beggar,” said Henry.—“Not so, not absolutely so,” replied Sir Roger; “I have that in my hands, which will keep off beggary at least. I don’t promise, nor would I have you expect, any great matters; but I have my niece’s word for saying you are remembered in her will, and that will is in my keeping, so you won’t be beholden to a wife for the bread that you eat, as some folks are.”

Henry was high-minded enough in conscience, and there were few people from whom he would have relished this kind of discourse; but he took the Baronet in his own way, and contented himself with observing, that he was ill-qualified for a fortune hunter, for he should be as scrupulous with
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respect to the good qualities of a wife, and as indifferent to her money, as if he had the fortune of a prince in possession.

They were now entering the avenue that opened to the house, when Henry, suspecting that Isabella might be upon the look-out, and alarmed with the sight of a led-horse, begged leave to stop the chaise and get out. The measure was a considerate one, for his presentiment was verified by the sight of that young lady walking towards them up the avenue: he galloped onwards, and greeting her with the good tidings, that all was well, stopped his career, and leapt to the ground in an instant of time; in the same instant joy illuminated her bright eyes, and glowed on her cheeks.

Oh! all ye Loves and Graces, what were you doing at that moment to make your favourite, already mistress of poor Henry's heart, so irresistibly alluring, and why thus league yourselves in mighty combination against one weak son of nature, unhappily too sensitive for his repose? Why meet him, lovely Isabella, with that magic sweetness, those alluring smiles, and, to a form so beautiful add those charms, that would have recommended homeliness itself—the nymph-like robe tucked up above the instep, locks loose and flowing, quick breath, and panting bosom?—Why must every wind conspire to unveil new beauties to his sight, and why too must that cunning painter exercise, heighten the bright carnation of your cheeks to such a dazzling hue, that the admiring eye could not behold its lustre, without betraying the emotions of the heart? Is this fair dealing, tempter? Goddesses, ye should have mercy, and remember that my hero is but a mortal.

CHAPTER III.

Our Hero is led towards a Discovery highly interesting.

WE left our hero, at the close of the foregoing chapter, like the son of Tydeus in the fields of Troy, contending with the Immortals: if in that encounter any lady got a wound of Henry's giving, we, who must be tried by modern rules of honour, not by ancient lore, will be the last to boast of it; certain it is, that Isabella stepped into the carriage, and took her seat there, with an agility that argued the free use of all her limbs; neither did she fly to her father, as her fair prototype Venus did to Jupiter, to murmur and complain of the audacious mortal who assailed her; on the contrary, she parted with him in peace, caressed the favourite steed on which he rode, and, as she mounted the chariot, accepted his assisting hand; from all which we infer, that Isabella came heart-whole out of the fray, or, at worst, with no such visible injury as could impeach the manhood of our hero. He, on the other hand, whether disabled by some secret wound, or from whatever cause, attempted not to vault into the saddle with his usual glee, but slowly pacing under shelter of the trees with horse in hand, unfolded the small packet Isabella had delivered to him, and taking out the contents, which Zachary's carelessness had neglected to give, read as follows—

“Accept this ring: it was my gift to your father; the pledge of love and constancy: the person, who pretends to have found it, either

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"is Delapoer himself, or can inform you of his
"fate."

"'Tis Delapoer himself," cried Henry; "'tis
he! How cruel is this disappointment! How per-
verse, vexatious, and unpardonable the negligence
of Zachary! and what fatal consequences might
have followed from our altercation in the cottage!
Heaven and Earth! I might have been the mur-
derer of my father! my blood chills at the reflec-
tion! Three times I have met him, and each time,
save once, have treated him with sullen disrespect.
O Nature, where were those secret workings we
are told of; where that sympathy of souls, that
instinct, to impel us to each other? 'Tis plain why
he disguised himself; he came to spy the land, to
hover round the spot, where his first love was
planted: he knew the rumour of Lord Crowbery's
jealousy; nay, he confessed he did, and (oh strange
involution of unnatural circumstances!) accused
me in his heart of incest with a mother. Mon-
strous perversion of ideas! by what horrors have I
been unknowingly encompassed! by what provi-
dence have I escaped! He must be Delapoer; he
must be the unconscious author of my mysterious
birth. Where shall I seek him now? No matter!
I will ransack the whole island ere I renounce the
search. He said he was a gentleman; 'twas truly
said! for when I roused him into wrath, his pale
and sickly cheeks caught fire, and his eyes witness-
ed to the highborn spirit of a noble gentleman.
Thank Heaven! we parted not in anger, but in
peace."

Thus venting his sad thoughts aloud, he faun-
tered towards the house; and, there arrived, be-
took himself to his chamber, deposited the sacred
pledge securely, and was summoned from his me-

editions to the task of dress by the tolling of the bell, which solemnly announced the arrival of a numerous party of visitors to the hospitable house of Manstock: these visitors, who were of the first respect in the county, came uninvited: but though Sir Roger's liberal stile of furnishing his board defied surprise, his table was not proof against their numbers, so that Henry, who was late in his appearance, shaped his course aside from the main body, and attached himself to a supplemental table, where sat a young officer in a captain's naval uniform, whose open countenance and easy manners soon unlocked restraint, and put both parties at their mutual ease.

"Jack," cried Sir Roger, addressing himself to the Captain, "that gentleman is a friend of mine, I recommend him to your care, and you to his; I pray you waste no ceremony in being known to each other."—"Enough said, uncle," quoth the Captain, and tendered his hand to Henry.

Gallant, congenial hearts, how quick ye harmonise and are attuned together!

This officer, Cary by name, was nephew to Sir Roger, and youngest of five sons, which his sister had borne to Sir Nicholas Cary, deceased. He was in person short, but of athletic mould, hard favoured in his features, which, though they could boast no beauty, made ample compensation by a strong display of candour and benevolence; they needed not a herald to proclaim—"this is an honest, brave, well tempered man; him you may trust without a pledge, and take into your heart without a trial."—He was a prime favourite with his uncle, of which he had received many unequivocal proofs at times when pay run short, and prize money did not come in; and this very day had greeted his eyes with the Baronet's name at the

foot

foot of an order for an hundred pounds, together with an excellent time-keeper, presented to him by the fair hands of his cousin Isabella, which Claypole, who was a great martinette in things of that sort, had procured for her in London for this very purpose. Captain Cary had lately been made post into a frigate, as a reward for his gallant behaviour in an action with the enemy, when he had command of a cutter; in this frigate he was now hovering upon the eastern coast for the purpose of collecting some prest men to complete his complement. His presence spread joy through the whole family; every one of the old servants, in their turns, made an errand to the side table, which was soon overloaded with their offerings, for none came empty handed, and it had been a vain attempt to think of checking their good will; none went away without a kind word; and in all these manœuvres Henry discovered such a flow of heart on both sides, that before many minutes had gone by, he and Cary had hatched a friendship for each other, which some bosoms would have taken as many years to brood upon without the same effect.

"I am going to sea in a whiff," said Cary to our hero; "but I was determined to snap a fight of my uncle and Isabella, if it was in my power, and consistent with the service: I have now brought my ship to an anchor, by order of my superiors, and shall be off to-morrow by peep of day."—Henry asked how long it would be before he left the coast, and how far off his station was?—Two hours smart riding might carry him to it, and in five or six days, at most, he expected to take his departure.—"I know," added he, "that my destination is to Lisbon; 'tis a pleasant trip, and if you have a mind to volunteer with me so far, I'll give you the best welcome that my accommodations

commodations admit of, and thank you for your company."

An opportunity so tempting, and a companion so much to Henry's taste, were not to be slighted; it accorded so critically with the project he had in mind, and so fully met his wishes, that he told Cary in a whisper, he would talk with him farther upon it in another place; and if a certain event came to pass as he expected, he should most thankfully embrace his kind proposal, and esteem himself happy in carrying a musquet on his quarter deck, under so gallant a commander. Henry, for reasons best known to himself, spoke this in so low a voice, that it may be presumed he wished it not to be overheard at the other table: whether it was or was not, time, perhaps, may shew; but there was a glance just then directed towards him from a certain person, who there presided, which had a great deal of tender intelligence in its expression, and, we are apt to believe, though it sounds paradoxical to say it, that the sensation it created in him was at once both pleasurable and painful.

There was another person at table, though at some distance from the sender of the glance in question, who was not idle or indifferent in the intimations, which her eyes occasionally condescended to bestow upon our hero. This was none other than Fanny Claypole herself, the niece of Sir Roger's reverend friend, and whom, as the reader may probably recollect, the worthy Baronet had charactered as an accurate observer of beauty in the male sex, and not unkindly disposed, as it now seemed, towards Henry, who possessed it in such high perfection. She was seated between her uncle and Sir Roger, but to the attention she paid to either of them, or to any thing passing round or upon the table, she might as well have been in
another

another planet. Henry had all her notices, and nobody any share of her conversation. Her particular location as a spectatress of what was to her so interesting a phenomenon was as happy as good fortune could make it, for there was nothing to cut the line of vision between her eyes and the object they were engaged upon, and those eyes, which were truly very communicative, sent such plain-speaking messages every now and then, that Henry must have been duller than *the fat weed on Leith's brink* not to have read their meaning; even Cary himself, who was not over-critical in this kind of language, wanted not the help of his sea-glasses to spy it out—"Look to," he cried, whispering Henry in the ear, "by the lord, volunteer, there's a signal out for you to come on board the Fanny sloop of war: launch away, my brave fellow, for you'll have warm work when the decks are cleared."

Henry smiled, and said nothing; but the prediction was not a whit the less true for his disregard of it; for no sooner was the cloth removed, and grace pronounced by the Reverend Mr. Claypole, than Fanny began her manœuvres, and having introduced a chair between herself and uncle, she beckoned Henry to her, and with a hitch that edged Mr. Claypole considerably out of the line, brought her prize close alongside of her, to the infinite delight of Cary, who calmly seated himself in a more envied place, beside his cousin Isabella.

Next to absolute privacy, nothing is so favourable to a determined tête-a-tête as a large company; Fanny seemed aware of this, for she devoted her regards entirely to her next neighbour. She possessed in a very eminent degree those graces and qualifications, which are more properly styled allurements than beauties, and attract more lovers
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than they fix; she had besides the art of arranging her forces in the best way possible for her own purposes; and suffering none to be idle in her service, made up by discipline what she wanted in numbers; she might, however, be fairly called a very pretty woman, dressed with a becoming negligence, and talked with a familiar ease; with a ready flow of words ever at command, she had a vivacity that might pass for wit, and a raillery that resembled humour; she was quick to apprehend all meanings that a word could carry, and not afraid to shew, that she both apprehended and applied them; she was, in short, an admirable actress, and never more so than when she affected to look modest and demure.

It was not the habit of Sir Roger's house for the ladies to sit long after dinner, and as Isabella naturally concluded that the gentlemen now present had come upon county business, she was the quicker in her motions, and, to the sensible regret of Fanny Claypole, broke up the female part of the assembly, and left the stage entire to the lords of the creation.

CHAPTER IV.

County Politics debated over a Bottle.

WHAT Isabella had surmised was true: one of the county members lay at the point of death, and Sir Roger's visitors, who were the leading men of the opposite parties, had united in referring themselves to the worthy Baronet as a middle man, and acceptable to both, for the sake
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of preserving peace in the county, and preventing a contest, which, from the state and temper of parties, seemed to be inevitable, unless he could be prevailed upon to step in upon the vacancy. This had been so often tried before, and his aversion from the undertaking was so well known, that though they came upon him in great strength, and as it were by surprise, yet they rather laid their account for a hard-fought battle than an easy victory.

One of their junto, an elderly gentleman, and much respected, was Sir Roger's particular friend; he was accordingly put forward as their spokesman in the opening of this business; he acquitted himself of the task in a manner that did credit to their choice; he appealed to those passions, in which he knew his friend was most assailable, the spirit of patriotism, and the pride of being marked as the preserver of the public peace. Sir Roger, in plain words and few, made his hearty acknowledgments for the great honour conferred upon him, candidly stated his unsuitness for the office to which they invited him, and humbly solicited to be excused from undertaking it.—“My age,” said the good man, “my habits of life, my attachment to the quiet character of a country gentleman, disqualify me for the active duties you would lay upon me. I love my country, it is true, and, in my small sphere, do all the good I can amongst my neighbours, but in the politics of the state I am as ignorant as a child.”—“For that reason we appeal to you,” said one of the gentlemen, who was of an opposite interest to the last speaker; “to your honour and impartial judgment, unconnected with party, and unbiassed by politics, we would fain delegate this important trust, and in your nomination only all voices will unite; you alone can keep
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us all in harmony and good fellowship, and, I flatter myself that Sir Roger Manstock, as a lover of peace, will not refuse to his friends and neighbours their conciliating petition, though it may be at the expence of some small share of his repose."

Sir Roger said truly he was no adept in politics, neither was he versed in shifts and evasions, which we take to be an inferior branch of the same science; where his conscience, as in the present case, could not stand by him, wit never came to his assistance; in short, he was a good man and a bad orator; these arguments, therefore, which pushed right forwards at his heart he could not parry, and whilst he was thus balancing the pro and the con in silence, Cary, who saw the conflict, and which side his honour ought to take, filled his glass, and cried aloud—"Come, uncle, let us drink, 'Peace at home and victory abroad;' if you'll preserve the one, we'll struggle to obtain the other." This lucky start of gaiety was pledged by all present, and Sir Roger seemed to be carrying his election very fast against his will; one hope only remained, and that was centered in his friend Mr. Claypole, who hitherto had sate, with a neutrality of countenance, in perfect silence. He was a cool, deep-thinking man, and one on whose opinions Sir Roger reposed a very catholic faith; when he found himself invited to speak by a certain look, which his friend in doubt directed to him, and saw all other eyes upon him at the same time, and evidently with the same expectations, he delivered himself with much gravity, as follows:—

"I am so inconsiderable a person in this company, and have so little right to speak upon the point in question, that I should naturally have been silent, had not my respected friend signified to me by his looks that my poor opinion would not be
unwelcome

unwelcome or impertinent; I say, gentlemen, I should be without excuse for uttering a word on this subject, but for Sir Roger's wish that I should do so, and your encouragement in giving ear to me; I shall not, however, abuse your indulgence by going out of my line, which certainly has nothing to do with parliamentary matters, but shall simply submit to my friend's consideration what my conscience obliges me to recommend as a minister of peace, and a well wisher to the good order of society. The monstrous excesses and gross enormities of a contested election are seriously to be deplored, and every worthy means for preventing them have my hearty concurrence; how then can I withhold my approbation from the means now proposed, which, having for their object a person so worthy, cannot fail to be worthy in themselves? It has been my happiness to live in the closest intimacy with my friend here present for many years, and, if Heaven sees fit to add others to them, I pray that it may continue to me that blessing also; I can boast therefore that I know him well; but what of that? you know him also, as your present application testifies, and know him pre-eminently deserving of the honours you would fain confer upon him; I therefore join my humble suit to your's, that he would be pleased to accept them; and this I do, not unconscious of the sacrifice he must make of many comforts, nor even indifferent to the loss which I myself must suffer by his absence, because I cannot bring myself to put the sacrifice of any one man's peace, least of all the sacrifice of my own, into the balance against the peace of many."

The reverend speaker ceased, and Sir Roger had no more to do but to signify his assent, and take up his burthen with the best grace he could. The victory

victory was complete, and the glass began to circulate to the health of the Baronet; Captain Cary was in the chair, and the very soul of good fellowship; the wine was excellent, the company in high good humour, and Sir Roger's courage began to rally; he had now his joke at his nephew Jack, and a whisper for Henry at his elbow, which intimated to him that his prediction about Fanny was in a fair course to be made good; in short, there was no one present who did not seem to sympathise in the festivity of the moment.

When the gentlemen negotiators were three parts tipsy, and their servants entirely so, they set out, at the risque of their necks, towards their respective homes. Henry and the Captain joined the ladies in the drawing-room, whilst Sir Roger, according to custom, exercised himself with a walk up and down the great hall with his friend Claypole: though a man in general of few words, he was just now in a talking vein, and having gently tapped the parson on the shoulder, as if to bespeak attention, he began as follows:—

“Well, my good friend, these gentlemen have carried their point, with your assistance, and I am in a fair train to find myself, where I never expected to be found, a mute member in the British senate, and the unworthy representative of this great county. Pr'ythee, Claypole, what do'st think that I can do in that place? a pretty figure I shall make; a mere country putt, amongst wits, lawyers, orators, and politicians. I may perhaps be able to say aye or no, but good chance if I do not say it, like Sir Francis Wronghead, sometimes in the wrong place.”

“No fear of that,” quoth Claypole; “if all were speakers that sit in parliament, our House of Commons would be a mere club of spouters. The assent

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assent or dissent of an honest and right-judging country gentleman will never be a matter of indifference."

"Why, truly," said the Baronet, "speech-making has not been in vogue with my family for many years past; not but there have been those heretofore who could do it, and roundly too; we have a record of my ancestor Sir Thomas Manstock, in 1566, making a flaming speech in the Commons to constrain Queen Bess to marry or appoint a successor; he was a bold man, and called her a faint hearted woman in the face of the House, for which, by the way, she tweaked his nose in the face of the Court, and called him cuckold. It was scurvy treatment, and, I am apt to think, gave the orator a surfeit, that has run in the blood ever since; for all our generations in descent from Sir Thomas have been as mute as fishes to the present day."

"Well, Sir Roger," said Claypole, "there have been times since those of Elizabeth, when taciturnity was a good family qualification, and that same royal tweak of the nose may have been the means of keeping some heads upon their shoulders: after all, it must be owned, it was a rough way her Majesty took of snubbing the good man Sir Thomas, and what few old maids in the like case would have done; but match-making for crowned heads is a ticklish business."—"For any heads," added Sir Roger; and though a matter of that sort may, for aught I know, be going on at this very moment under our noses, I shall keep mine at least out of danger, as I should be loth to have it tweaked, even by the fair fingers of Fanny Claypole."

This was a hit that Claypole had not quite given his friend credit for, and it was at least a proof to him

him that his own remarks had not been singular; for he argued rightly enough, that if Sir Roger had spied it out, nobody could have overlooked it; he thought it best therefore to treat it in the same strain, between jest and earnest, and observed in reply, that Fanny was a free-hearted girl, and her own mistress.—“She is out of my hands,” said he; “so should not I be out of her’s with a whole skin, if I was to play the part of Sir Thomas Manstock, and dictate to her on the subject of matrimony. Henry is a fine fellow, it must be confessed, and it is no impeachment to her taste that she likes him; if, therefore, she is resolved to make him a present of fifteen thousand pounds and her fair person, much good may it do him; I can’t gainsay it.”—“And if it was to come to that,” said Sir Roger, “it might not, perhaps, be the very worst thing she could do: I have a very high opinion of Henry, and though we are in the dark about his parents, I would risque a wager that my niece Crowbery knows him to be a very honest man’s son, and one for whose memory she has a great regard; and as a proof of it, friend Claypole, I can tell you in confidence, that Henry will be well provided for at her decease; but he has a high proud spirit of his own, and it must be Fanny’s charms, not her money, that will weigh with him.”

Claypole was a man that looked to the main chance, and not a word of this was lost upon him: his eyes had not been idle, whilst Fanny’s were employed with Henry; he knew her well, and had had a painful trust whilst she had been under his guardianship; he saw her daily in danger of being made the prey of the first slightly knave that laid his traps for her, he had as high an opinion of our young hero as Sir Roger himself had, and

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was in the same persuasion as to his being the son of Ratcliffe; believing also that he was in a fair train shortly to become his nephew, he was by no means sorry to hear of Lady Crowbery's intentions in his favour. Upon these grounds he not only became reconciled to the necessity he was under of leaving his niece to her own choice, but was secretly disposed to further the connection by all the means in his power: all these thoughts he kept to himself, and quietly followed his friend Sir Roger to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

Fresh Mischief in Meditation against our Hero.

WHEN Sir Roger and his friend entered the apartment of the ladies, they found the young people distributed into pairs; Cary in high talk, and sitting by his cousin: Henry in no talk at all, but fairly pounded in a corner of the room by the manœuvre of Fanny Claypole, who was so posted as to cut him off from all chance of an escape: she had seated herself in a chair with her back to one side of the room and her knees to the other, so as to form the exact hypotheneuse of a triangle, and Henry in the area of it. There were many fortunate circumstances concurring with the position she had taken to favour her operations; the size of the room was enormous, and the little share of light, that only two candles could have bestowed upon her at that distance, she fairly intercepted by sitting with her back to them, and suffering no one ray to fall upon the person of her prisoner;

prisoner; he also was not the less attuned to her purpose, for being somewhat flustered by the many toasts he was obliged to pledge by Cary's strict attention to discipline, which he took care to exact with the utmost impartiality towards all under his command, unless he could be said to favour Henry as a volunteer, by thrusting him into the thickest of the fire. To this circumstance only it was owing, that our hero, contrary to his natural good breeding, suffered himself to be so long detached from the rest of the company.

Something or other had discomposed Isabella's spirits, and all Cary's efforts could not rally them. The presence of her father was a relief to her, and, upon his entrance, Henry started from his corner, and joined the circle; Claypole placed himself next to him, and drew him into talk about Blachford and his trepan. Henry, with a good deal of humour, related Ezekiel's account of that gentleman's state of conscience, and his mode of comforting him on the bed of sickness. Claypole observed upon this with some degree of asperity, and hinted, that he should consider Ezekiel as a dangerous enthusiast amongst his parishioners. This led Henry to speak of him in a more serious stile, and to give such a delineation of his character as turned all hearts in his favour, especially that soft charitable heart, which Isabella wore in her bosom.—“I should do him injustice,” said Henry, “if I were only to bring forward his oddities, and keep his virtues out of sight; I acknowledge that my friend, in some instances, has a super-abundance of zeal; but it is not that zeal, without knowledge or discernment, which would betray him to intrude where there is no call for his services; he is only a shepherd to the stragglers of the flock; at Crowbery he had full employ, here he

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he will find none."—"I hear," said the divine, "he has been preaching out of trees."—"I don't doubt it," replied Henry, "and to the trees if he thought it would edify a single leaf upon their branches."—"And is it true," resumed the said divine, "that he addressed a funeral sermon at the foot of the gibbet to the effigy of justice Blachford?"—"Perfectly true," quoth Henry, "and I honour him for it, for his heart was right, though the mistake was otherwise ridiculous enough."—"I perceive he is a favourite of your's," repeated Claypole.—"And with me a very great one," said Isabella, with some quickness.—Claypole said no more.

When Cary understood, from Henry's discourse, that he had been living in the same cottage with Ezekiel, it struck him that he must be the very person, who had been represented to him by Captain Crowbery as an idler and a vagrant, proper to be pressed into his ship, and upon a fuller explanation of what had passed on that occasion, there was no doubt that he conjectured rightly. This was a new discovery of another plot, unknown to Henry, though not unnoticed by this history, which that base junto, of which Lord Crowbery was the head, had contrived against him. His countenance upon the developement underwent a change, that shewed the struggle he had within himself to repress the angry emotions of his mind; nevertheless, he commanded himself before the ladies, and simply enquired of Cary if he was acquainted with Captain Crowbery: the answer was, that he had served in the same ship with him some years ago, when he himself was a youngster and Crowbery a lieutenant of marines.—"I shall find an opportunity, perhaps," said Henry, "to convince the gentleman that I want
no

no pressing into a ship, when I can have the honour of fighting under the eye of so gallant a commander." This was at best equivocal, and Isabella turned pale.—"My quarter-deck is at your service," cried Cary, "and, if occasion calls upon me, I will do my best to preserve the good opinion you conceive of me." This made matters not a whit the better in Isabella's sense of them.—"Don't talk of fighting," cried Fanny Claypole, who had stolen a glance at Isabella, "for if you do, some of us will faint; look, if you have not already turned Miss Manstock as pale as a lilly. The remark was true, but cruelly ill-timed; Isabella's countenance suddenly changed to the other extreme, and was scarlet with blushes. Henry bit his lips with rage, but had the prudence to keep silence; Claypole gave his niece a reprimanding frown, but to no purpose.—"I dare say," added she, "Mr. Henry is too wise to put himself into any post of danger, where it is not his duty to be."—"Pardon me," said Cary, with a kind design to turn the attention of the company from Isabella, "that does not appear, for I think I have just now seen my friend in a post of the greatest danger, and I am mistaken if it was duty, and not choice, that brought him there." This sally brought all parties home; Fanny tittered, but seemed rather piqued that Henry had no speech upon the occasion: Isabella in the mean time recovered so far as to glance a momentary look of approbation at our silent hero, which said to him—but where is the commentator that will help me to a construction of what it said, in words that will not debase the sense of the original? It is enough that Henry understood it.

Hearts easily impressed with sudden passions are generally communicative; Fanny Claypole's was of

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of this sort; prone to love at first sight, and not in the practice of suppressing her emotions, she had given Henry pretty clearly to understand that he was not indifferent to her. This she contrived to convey to him, during their conference in the corner, through the channel of more senses than one, and though they were not all just then in the clearest state of apprehension, none were so disabled as to lose their functions. The fondness of a fine woman never can, nor ever ought to be treated with indifference and contempt; neither was it in the present instance. This gallantry, so indispensable on the part of Henry, confirmed her in the full persuasion, that the impression was reciprocal, so that when her uncle afterwards took occasion, as they were passing to the supper room, civilly to submit to her in a whisper, if she was not a little too particular with a new acquaintance, she answered him in the true spirit of independence, that he need not concern himself about appearances, she and her new acquaintance, as he called him, perfectly understood each other. This, though something more than she was warranted to say, was no more than she thought prudent to assert, by way of check to any objections, which she was prepared to expect from that cautious quarter. For Isabella she had another language; from her she expected no opposition, and dreaded no rivalry; but there was an innate delicacy of character in that amiable young lady, which made it necessary for Fanny to conform to it, in appearances at least, and she was sensible that the levity of her behaviour stood in need of some softening and apology, for she had not been so totally engrossed by her own pursuits, as not to perceive that Isabella did not entirely approve her proceedings in the corner. She followed her therefore

into her dressing room, when they retired for the night, and as soon as Susan was sent away, the ensuing conversation took place:—"I can see by your looks," said Fanny, "that I am out of favour with you; you think I have behaved like a fool, and exposed myself, I know you do; but, dear sweet soul, don't turn that grave countenance upon me, but hear, and pity me, and be my friend. I confess to you, I never was so taken by surprise in all my life. I know what young men in general are, and how cautious we ought to be in our behaviour towards them; but you never told me that I was to behold what I did not believe was in nature, and so my poor heart, being caught in an unguarded moment, and not being made of either flint or steel, could not stand the shock, but, alas for me! was overthrown in the end; not at first, do you mark me; for, handsome as he is, if he had been only that, I could have looked upon him as one does upon a picture, and thought no more about him; but the misfortune is, he is so irresistibly engaging withal, that it requires either more insensibility, or more hypocrisy than I am mistress of, to prevent his finding out how agreeable he is to me: now I dare say you see him with other eyes than I do, and think all this very silly, and perhaps it is not very wise; but upon my life, my dear, I find it very natural."

"Whether I see Henry exactly with the same eyes that you do," replied Isabella, "is more than I can answer for; but if it is on the goodness of his character that you found your regard for him, we certainly do not differ in opinion as to that."—"Oh, you chilling creature!" exclaimed Fanny, with an affected kind of shriek; "that is so like you, so guarded, and so precise: the goodness of his character indeed! why 'tis an expression for an attorney;

attorney; and then, my regard for him truly! there's a freezing word! regard for such a man as Henry! I much doubt if I have any such sensation belonging to me; 'tis a mere icicle compared to what I feel. Pray, my dear Isabella, let me ask you one plain question, and honestly resolve me; if you do not think him positively and without compare the finest young fellow in the creation?"

The lovely Isabella paused upon this question; she drew up, and with a somewhat stronger tint of the rose in her cheeks than was natural to her, said—"I never think or speak in such a rapturous strain of any man, neither do I call them familiarly fellows; it may be the fashionable name for them, but I have not yet brought my lips to the style of it."—"In your own style then," replied Fanny, "and without any trespass on the purity of your immaculate expressions, tell me, if you please whether you consider a tender sentiment for a young man like Henry as a violation of the laws of modesty, as a sin against the delicacy of the sex; but understand me rightly, I do not put the case as applying to you but to myself."—"That's a little hard, methinks," said Isabella, "to put a question of conscience to me, that does not respect myself. If I was apt to talk of other people's conduct you might have a just excuse for tying me down to my words; but as I promise you I shall in no time to come pass a censure on your actions, I think, dear Fanny, I may be excused from pronouncing upon them before hand."

"Well," answered she, "you are always too wise for me; and yet I am persuaded, if you saw me in any danger you have too much good nature not to guard me against it. If man was such a monster as some old maids make him to be, you, who are far enough out of his reach, would not

suffer me to be devoured by him. If Love be not harmless, why do they describe him as a child?"—"When I have been taught Love's catechism," quoth Isabella, "I may be able to answer your question; at present I know nothing about it, but I should guess, if you was to apply to Henry, he would be much more likely to satisfy your enquiries than I am."—"I believe you, on my conscience," said Fanny, looking archly as she spoke; "Henry is likely enough to tell me how harmless love is; but question may lead to question, and in the end he may be found to preach one thing and practise another."

To this the fair moralist gravely answered—"Never, Fanny, will Henry, or any other man of honour, lose his respect whilst you preserve your dignity. How he might treat questions of so frivolous a sort, and flippancies so profest, as I never proved him with any thing of the kind, so I cannot answer for him in the case; certain it is, that if a woman is not secure in herself, no man should be trusted by her; for my own part, I have walked and conversed with Henry at all hours, and in all places, without fear or reserve."—"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Fanny, "and you survive it! well, but in the first place you are not in love with him, that is out of all doubt; nature seems to have exempted you from that weakness; and the insurmountable barrier which your rank and fortune oppose to ambition on his part, was he disposed to entertain it, throws him at such a distance, that he can only regard you with an awful respect. You are the heiress of Sir Roger Manstock; Henry is, the Lord knows who; you have a beloved father, for whose sake it is well known you have rejected, and would again reject, suitors of the best pretensions; this young man, obscure,

unknown

unknown even to himself, and without pretensions, must of consequence be without hope; and where there is no hope, my dear Isabella, you know there can be no spirit for enterprize; nay, I should think impossibilities can scarce provoke desire; so that at all events you are out of danger, and being immoveable in your own resolutions, have nothing to fear either from Henry or yourself."

Whilst Fanny reasoned in this manner, it was as much as Isabella's politeness could do to attend with patience the conclusion of her argument, upon the very first pause she interposed by replying,—"When you labour to convince me that I am in no danger with a person of Henry's sort, you do but argue to assure me, that when the sun gives his light I am not in the dark; but when you would assign other causes of my security, than what are to be found simply in his honour, your argument becomes more ingenious than solid, because there needs not more than one good and sufficient reason for any one thing. As for that awful respect, which you ascribe to him, as applicable to my rank and fortune compared with his own, believe me, Fanny, I am not likely to exact, nor he to pay it, on that account; if he gives as much as my behaviour merits, be assured he adds nothing on the score of those worldly advantages fortune has for the present thrown into my scale, and which she may have in reserve for his in an equal or superior degree; I desire, therefore, to be understood as owing no security to those insurmountable barriers, which you fancy you discover between us, but which are as imaginary as the exemption that you flatter me with supposing I enjoy by nature from the common weaknesses of my sex, or the resolution you credit me for having fixed so immoveably against all suitors, because

because I have declined the tenders of some. If there is an imputation that would wound me deeper even than the charge of levity and coquetry, it is that of being thought a proud despiser of those beneath my level, and insensible of soul to merit in an humble state of fortune. When I have said this in justification of myself, we will leave the subject where it is, observing only, that if you, being your own mistress in all respects, are serious in this attachment, and can engage the heart of a man so truly amiable and so strictly honourable, you will be the happiest of women; and if some few may condemn you for your disinterestedness, there will be many more to envy you for your good fortune."—"Well then, my dear Isabella," said Fanny, in conclusion, "if I was resolutely to marry this young unknown, you would not think me quite run mad?"—"Upon my word," replied she, "I will not flatter you so far as to say I should."—"Then I will go and consult my pillow on the matter," said Fanny, "and so good night to you!"

CHAPTER VI:

Love is a subtle Arguer.

WE who are historians of fiction have a privilege that historians of fact do not enjoy, which, like the ring of Gyges, gives us the power of invisibility, by which we insinuate ourselves most completely into the secrets of our heroes and heroines, and instead of arguing, as our unendowed brethren do, from records and authorities,

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up to the thoughts and characters of our actors, which at best is but an uncertain kind of guess-work, we can go point-blank to their hearts, in spite of all the obliquities of words and actions, and give to our readers the idea in embryo before it has been brought to the birth, or ever mounted to the lips. In virtue of this privilege I shall let Fanny Claypole go, as her meditations may easily be guessed at, and remain with the lovely Isabella, whose thoughts are probably more deep, and undoubtedly more interesting.

As soon as she was alone, she began to take a strict review of what had been her state of mind and temper during the foregoing scene: the first reflection that occurred to her was of the self-accusing sort; she had acted with duplicity.—“Have I not permitted Fanny to conclude that Henry is indifferent to me? and is he?”—To this her heart replied that he was not. Her next reproach was for the coldness and reserve with which she had met the warmth of Fanny’s friendly confidence:—“I hate myself for that,” she said; “it looks so like what I detest and disavow, pride and disdain.”—Here she paused, and began to call over, as near as memory enabled her, the very words she had used in her past discourse with her friend. Her faults did not appear so glaring upon this review; her silence with respect to Henry did not strike her as so direct a breach of that frank sincerity which was her nature; she did not see the obligation she was under to make discovery of impressions, the reality of which she was not yet assured of: why should Fanny’s levity, who said every thing at random that was uppermost in her thoughts, draw her into the like idle vein of talking?—“If she will pronounce upon my insensibility, it is not I that lead her into the mistake,
nor

nor am I sure it was my business to lead her out of it."—She now commenced a stricter examination of her heart, inspected it with a severer eye, and found, or thought she found, some cause to suspect it of jealousy, a baneful passion.—“Oh horrible!” she cried, “what’s this that I discover? this pang I never felt before! this disposition to repine and murmur at another’s happiness! Hateful propensity! I’ll banish it at once; it makes me mean and loathsome to myself. Why could not I be well content when she was pleased? why sigh and vex myself, and love her less than ever I did before, because she sat with Henry, and engrossed him to herself?” I’ll call her back, and tell her I admire her generous, her disinterested passion; nay, I’ll do more, I’ll go and be her advocate with him she loves; that will be noble, that will be a gallant conquest over myself; and she deserves him, she will marry him; she has the happy privilege of chusing for herself; I am—Alas! I know not what I am; but this I know, I am not quite so desperate and romantic as to sacrifice myself, and be officious in her cause, and so, perhaps, give Henry just offence, and yet do her no service: no, that won’t do; I am not bound to go so far as that, nay, I am sensible I cannot: alas! alas! I but deceive myself; the more I look into myself the more dissatisfied I am with what I see: I find my heart incapable of generosity; it is not what it was. I will not injure Fanny, or betray her, but I perceive I cannot be her friend.”

Ah Isabella! dear ingenuous girl, you see the point which honour would fain reach, but do not see the interposing passion that diverts it from his course. This night you must wear out in sleepless meditations; within the region of your heart there’s one at work, whose innovating spirit never

rests

rests till it has perplexed the reason, overturned the peace, tampered with the loyalty, and shook the bosom's lord upon his throne. Love is that subtle dark incendiary, which unexperienced candour has no guard against: he wears a soft alluring smile, flatters in gentle whispers, woos you to pleasure, vexes you with no complaint, is social, gay, familiar, void of care; charmed by his artful approaches you admit him of your parties, make him your intimate, and lodge him in your bosom; then the turmoil begins, then all his specious qualities are seen no more; unsocial, murmuring, discontented, he begins to brood upon his schemes, frowning the face of man and day, renouncing food and sleep, hiding himself in dark and solitary places, till all is anarchy, misrule and madness, to the destruction both of heart and brain.

Ah Isabella! dear ingenuous girl, there was a time when you would have entertained this openness of heart, this frank confession of your friend with heart as open, confidence as frank; you would have given her warm disinterested passion then a noble name, encouraged it with your applause, promoted it with all your power; but jealousy, that fierce and active partisan of love, will not permit these energies of native generosity to have their play; it is a monopolizing miser that will let no partner have an interest in that stake at which it singly grasps, and often, in the zeal of competition, over-rates the prize which it would fain engross.—This probably was not its error in the case of Henry; but though the rivalry of Fanny could not easily give more than its true value to the object in dispute, yet, doubtless, it excited sensations in Isabella's bosom, which, had they not been stirred so roughly, might have en-

joyed a longer calm; the passion, which she saw reflected from the fond eyes of Fanny, quickened her curiosity to scrutinize the engaging form on which those eyes were fixed; she followed them to the attracting point, and there she found enough to warrant all that rapture and delight with which they seemed inspired; she saw the art with which Fanny had posted herself, heard the murmur of her voice in soft and tender tones, and marked the animation of her action, her starts, and utterings, and coquetries, to all which she gave meaning and matter as her fancy dictated. This was the state of her mind, whilst Cary's railleries, once so entertaining, distracted her attention, and Fanny was enjoying her triumph, till her father's presence drew Henry from his corner, and dissolved the spell.

If the gentle Isabella, with a heart thus agitated, fell short in any degree of her wonted candour towards Fanny, either during her conversation with her, or in the course of her reflections that ensued upon it, let any who have experienced similar situations arraign her, if they can.

"Dear Madam," cried Susan as she entered the room, "how pale you look! I hope nothing has happened to vex you."—"What should vex me?" said Isabella sighing as she asked the question.—"Nay, Madam," replied the girl, "I can't pretend to say what should vex you, unless it be that teasing miss who has held you so long from your repose, and who, they say, is so forward amongst the men, that I'm sure you can't approve of her goings-on with Mr. Henry."—"Who tells you this?" said the mistress; "who are they that say she is forward with Mr. Henry?"—"Nay, Madam," replied the girl, "I don't know who says it in particular; every body says it that saw it;

it; if I were to name names I should pass for an informer, and I'm sure I should be sorry to make mischief in the family, and stir up a combustion amongst my fellow-servants; if it offends you, Madam, I will have done."

"It does not offend me, Susan," said Isabella, looking graciously upon her, "nor need you have done on that account, as supposing what you say to me can possibly be repeated in this family. No doubt the servants, who waited at table, must have observed Miss Claypole's particularity; she was very unguarded to be sure."—"And very ridiculous, Madam, if I may say so," cried Susan, "for every body seems to think she can do herself no good by it, and that her schemes won't take with the young gentleman, who certainly did not relish her behaviour, though he was too much of a man to turn his back upon her publicly; yet they tell me he looked very cross at times, and that I'm sure is not natural to him: I dare say, Madam, you never saw him look cross in your days; for my part I can safely swear I never saw a frown upon his brow, though he has had enough to vex him, poor dear soul; therefore I'll forfeit my life if this lady has not done for herself; and if ever I come cleverly to the speech of him, I warrant me I'll get it all out, unless you are pleased to order otherwise, and see fit to forbid me."—"Why should I do that?" Isabella replied, "since you will speak only for yourself, and not let him suppose that I can have any interest in the state of his heart towards Miss Claypole; in that, you know, I cannot possibly have the smallest concern, further than as mere matter of curiosity to hear how she stands with him; that is natural enough, you see, because, somehow or other, Susan, I have taken it strongly into my head, that Henry is not over-

over-fond of forward girls."—Susan blushed from consciousness that the remark was just, to which she ingenuously gave testimony, saying, that she believed the world did not contain his like for honour towards the sex, and true modesty of nature.—"I have reason to say it," added she; "for love would have made a fool of me, and something worse perhaps, but for his care and generous concern for me. Oh! Madam, did you but know him as I do; had you seen him in poverty and in sorrow; how patient, how resigned, of injuries how forgiving, in dangers how brave, in nature how benevolent; oh! Madam, you would not wonder if a girl like me had loved him to distraction."

"Indeed, my good girl," said the amiable Isabella, blushing as she spoke, "there is all the reason in the world for loving him, and I do not wonder at you; every body that knows him must love him."—"That's what I say," resumed she; "but lackaday! as for this young madam that is so hot upon it, what is her love? mere outside love; the love of the eye; that will never make its way with him; I am certain that my Mr. Henry will never be her man, no, not if she had a thousand pounds where she has one."—"Indeed, Susan," replied Isabella, "I agree with you that fortune will never be Henry's motive for making love; and though Miss Claypole is a handsome girl, I should doubt if her manners are to his taste; nay, I own to you, it would very much sink him in my opinion, was he to place his regards there; and I think I may venture to answer for him that he will not."—"Answer for him!" cried Susan, "I will swear it, Madam: no, no; his heart is otherwise bestowed, his affections are more worthily placed; and if ever he swerves from the lovely

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lovely object he adores, to trifle and disgrace himself with that vain wanton flirting Miss Claypole, if ever he does that, I will, I will." "Come, come, Susan," said Isabella, interposing, "there is no fear of him; I should be forced to hate him if he did, and that would make me wretched; but no more of this at present: get you to bed; we shall have a stormy night, and upon those occasions I always sit up till it is over."

CHAPTER VII.

The Hero of our History is brought to Shame.

THERE was a gallery in this quarter of the house, which had a communication with several of the apartments, and amongst others with that which Fanny Claypole occupied. Here she was met by Henry, as she was going to her chamber some time after her conference with Isabella. We confess it does not set off the gallantry of our hero, that he would fain have contented himself with civilly bidding her good night, and so have passed onwards to his bed-room, which also opened into the aforesaid gallery. There were other modes of disposing of time, to Fanny's mind in its present state, more grateful than that of devoting it to solitude and sleep. She contrived to hold him in parley some few minutes, and in that short space of time the storm foreseen by Isabella took place; the winds began to howl, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder rolled.

Fanny's gentle spirits instantly took alarm; her terrors deprived her of the power of stirring from
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the spot on which she stood; she clung close to Henry, clasping him with both arms, and seeming to supplicate protection in the most piteous manner. It was in vain he encouraged her to lay aside her fears, that the burst was over, and the storm had spent its fury; she was sure there would be more of it; she did not dare to move; and she implored him not to leave her; thunder had always such an effect upon her, that it would throw her into fits if she had not somebody to support her, and as for her own servant, (whom he offered to call to her assistance) she was to the full as mere a coward as herself, and totally helpless. What could he do, but cheer the frightened fair one, who resorted to his courage for protection in this extremity? Another burst succeeded, the thunder louder and the flash more vivid. Fanny's arms now strained him closer than before; she dropt her head upon his neck, and hid her face; she shook in every limb, and murmuring cried—Support me, or I shall drop!—When the senses are possessed by fear, all reserve ceases, nay, even delicacy itself; we cling to the most loathsome object that gives us shelter from the face of danger. If Fanny's terrors were proportionable to the eagerness with which she embraced her supporter, they were strong indeed. Henry was not sorry to see a couch conveniently within reach, on which he could deposit his fair burthen, which now indeed was become a very pressing and importunate concern; her knees seemed sinking under her, and as she hung upon his neck with her whole weight, he began to think the fit she had predicted was actually upon her; he took her in his arms, and placed her carefully, and with all due delicacy, on the couch; as she still kept her hold upon him, of necessity he was drawn down upon the seat beside her.

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The storm went on, the pitiless elements relaxed not of their fury, and poor affrighted Fanny, trembling more than ever, faintly whispered, sighing the whilst most movingly—"Dearest of men, what will become of me? shelter me, I beseech you, from this scene of terror."—As the flitting wheatear huddles herself under the turf whilst the gathering clouds hang threatening over her head, and cast a gloom upon the earth, so did the like timorous damsel, under the protection of her courageous defender, gazing on him with uplifted eyes that prayed for pity on her disconsolate condition, and encircling him in her arms, whilst she softly murmured "Oh, Henry! let the lightning strike me now; within your arms I die content."

"Oh Henry!" honour also cried, "awake and be yourself! whither are you rushing? break from her hold; escape from her snares; they are spread for your destruction; the moment is on the wing that wasts you to perpetual disgrace. Rash, heated youth! accursed power of wine, that thus inflames the blood and blinds the eye of reason: can you not see these terrors are but counterfeit, panders to passion? the storm that you should dread is in your veins, not in the elements; awake, and save yourself!"

What, shall we say? Must we break Nature's mould, and fashion an imaginary hero of purer matter than of earthly clay, setting up a phantom of perfection, without speck or blemish, for enthusiastic ignorance to wonder at? Is it to shew man as he is, or only as he ought to be, that we compose this history? Surely as he is; we make not men by working in our closets, but take them ready made from the world's mighty warehouse, and present them as we found them; therefore, as the hand of nature guides my pen, so do I write,
and

and here consign my hero to as much disgrace as impurity in meditation, not in act, may in the judgment of my candid readers seem to merit: virtue had lost its hold upon his heart; honour's appeal was silenced, and modesty had turned away her face from the suspicious scene, when in the very moment as he hovered on the brink of ruin, a sudden scream from Isabella's chamber snatched him from his fate; her door flew open, and behold the very form of loveliness in fear's most striking attitude! Swift as the lightning's glance our hero started from the couch, shook off the embrace that bound him like a spell, and, deaf to Fanny's scream, flew to the rescue of the trembling Isabella.

Fear had not so far robbed her of her senses, but that she had sufficient faculties to note the situation of the parties, whom her presence had so critically broken in upon. Instant aversion seized her heart, and superseded the less urgent sense even of fear itself: she was at once indignant and composed; so that when Henry, in a faltering voice, begged to know what alarmed her, she turned disdainfully away, and in a tone that pierced him to the heart, bade him pay his attentions where they were more wanted and more welcome, then hastily returned into her chamber, and locked the door.

A long and dismal silence ensued between the parties in the gallery. Fanny remained seated on the couch, her dress disordered, her looks wild, and her attitude that of a Sybil in her phrensy. Henry stood motionless, confounded, the very statue of despair and horror.—“I am undone!” cried Fanny, “Isabella has discovered us; she has the eyes of a lynx, and nothing now remains to

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save me from disgrace and ruin, but boldly to join hands this moment, and defy the world."—Miss Claypole," said Henry, "I hold myself in honour bound to make you every reparation that you can require; I only wish you to consider, if the mode you point at is not desperate in the extreme: I am but what I am, and that is, nothing; in this house I will not pass another day; worlds would not tempt me to encounter the chaste eyes of that offended lady; before you make so rash a sacrifice, therefore, recollect it is only to appearances you would make it, and that your conscience does not plead to facts, thank Heaven!"—"Thank Heaven for what?" she eagerly demanded; "not for the interruption that her jealousy occasioned; not for the shock that she has given to my tortured nerves: it is not that I blush at what has passed, or any thing that might have passed, but only that she knows it. No, Henry, when I took you in my arms, I bound my heart to you by vows as sacred as if pledged before the altar; favours bestowed on you I never can regret; they are sanctified by honour; they are endearments snatched by opportunity from the cold lingering forms of law; the overflowings of a heart that doats upon you, whose pride it is to give you proofs of boundless confidence:—Here is my hand, take it, Henry, and with it take a husband's right in all that this fond heart and devoted person can bestow; we do but borrow a few hours from time."

"Not so," cried Henry, stepping back; not in this tumult of your mind will I avail myself of an extorted sacrifice, and take your hand. I do most resolutely bar the agreement till the event is seen. Mark what Miss Manstock does; our fate is in her hands alone; if by her means (which I am
 slow

slow to suspect) the story gets abroad, and that your fame requires it, I shall be at hand; and here I solemnly engage my honour to come forth upon your summons, whether it be to confute falsehood and exaggeration at the risk of my person, or to repair your injuries by marriage, if this you shall require; and from this promise no temptation, be it what it may, shall make me swerve."

With these words he departed, leaving her to bewail her disappointment, and murmur out reproaches for his coldness, amidst tears, and sighs, and sleepless tossings in a solitary bed. As for his mind, it felt a stab in every thought; one fatal lapse had sunk him in his own esteem; and in the promise he had made to Fanny, every hope that could aspire to Isabella was for ever buried. Not daring to enquire the cause of her alarm, he conjectured that it must have been created by the storm, and saw, with some degree of consolation, that it now was past. Captain Cary was to return to his ship by the very first of the morning, and had kept his chaise and post-horses waiting for that purpose; and as immediate retreat from Manstock House was Henry's fixt resolve, the opportunity was fair for taking him and his baggage off at once, before the family was stirring. Their road fortunately laid through Crowbery, which was something more than half way; it was possible, therefore, that Cary's time might allow of a short call at Ezekiel's or Zachary's house, where some information might be gained of Lady Crowbery's destination, and if that should turn out to be for Lisbon, all was so far well, if his new friend would stand to his offer of transporting him thither. It was necessary, however, to take a proper leave of Sir Roger; and for this purpose he immediately

wrote

wrote the following letter, addressed to that worthy personage:—

"Sir, I am greatly obliged to you for the favour which you have done me in sending me your letter. I am impressed with a sense of your favours, which no time can obliterate, I beg leave to inform you, that I have embraced Captain Cary's kind offer of a cruize, and hope you will consider it with your usual candour, both as an excuse for the abruptness of my departure, and a pardonable ambition to attach myself, though at humble distance, to the fortunes of so brave a commander."

"I have the honour to, be, Sir, your most obliged, and ever devoted Servant, HENRY."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Visitor appears at Manstock House, who brings Intelligence of an unexpected Sort.

THOUGH Cary's chaise was ordered to the door by break of day, yet such of the domestics as had notice of it were ready waiting to make tender of their services and farewells at his departure; so one of these Henry delivered his letter for Sir Roger; and from the same person he had the satisfaction to hear that Isabella's alarm, which proceeded from the sudden burst of one of her window shutters, shivered by a stroke of lightning, had passed off without any further ill consequences; but what was his surprise when he found himself

himself accosted by his friend Susan May at this early hour, who drew him aside, and in a whisper eagerly demanded—"What in the name of madness can possess you to be running away from your good fortune at the very moment when my lovely mistress is dropping into your arms? Oh! if you had but heard what she said of you last night!"—"Tell it not to me," he exclaimed, "I have undone myself with her for ever!"—Then recollecting that he was on the point of betraying Fanny Claypole, he checked himself, and grasping both her hands in his—"Susan!" he cried, "I conjure you, by the love you once had for me, never name me to your angelic mistress; I am going to shake off this loathsome existence, and my last breath will expire in prayers for her."—This said, he turned away, and sprung into the chaise, where his companion was waiting for him.

And now, as we can well believe the better part of our readers are by this time become indifferent to the fate of our worthy hero, we will leave him, without regret, to pursue his journey, and for the present confine our attention to the house of Manstock.

As soon as Fanny Claypole was dressed, she presented herself at the door of Isabella's chamber, and was instantly admitted. Without any embarrassment, she began her enquiries as to the alarm she had suffered in the storm; and when that was explained, and the shattered window shutter referred to, Fanny, in her turn, undertook a plausible account of her being thrown into a fit by the violence of her fright, and of Henry's great attention in conveying her to the couch, and protecting her in her distress, with so much tenderness, that she verily believed she owed her life to his care.—"I am sure," added she, "I shall never forget his kind

kind assiduity so long as I live; and though I dare say my situation, stretched at my length, and helpless as I was, might appear to you a little equivocal, yet I can truly assert that the dear man was as delicate in his treatment of me as if he had been one of our own sex."—"I promise you," replied Isabella, "I should very unwillingly suppose to the contrary; only I could wish, if you have any more fits, it may literally be one of our own sex, and not Mr. Henry, that will fetch you out of them."—"Humph!" said Fanny, "I assure you I shall not be ashamed to thank him before all the company, when I see him in the breakfast-room."—Upon this they separated.

Susan had been so observant of Henry's injunctions, that she had not named him to her mistress, and that young lady being equally silent, his departure was as much a secret to her as to Fanny. Isabella had passed a wretched night; her dread of meeting Henry was extreme; she gave little ear to Fanny's palliating account; and, with a mind agonized between love and resentment, she came trembling down the stairs; at the foot of them Susan was standing, her eyes drenched with tears, and a paper in her hand, that had just been delivered to her by the servant who generally attended upon Henry; Isabella demanded a sight of it, and before the girl had time to recollect herself, it was in her hands, and she read these words:

"Give this inclosed trifle to your worthy mother, being a small return of gratitude from that wretched creature, whom her charity once harboured. You can need nothing, being under the protection of an angel. Farewel for ever!"

"HENRY."

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The contents were a bank bill for twenty pounds.—“Is he then gone?” cried Isabella, “gone for ever! Oh my God!”—Then with a sigh fell lifeless into Susan’s arms.

At that moment Sir Roger came out of his dressing-room, and ran with agony to demand what ailed his darling. Susan, with admirable presence of mind, slipped the letter out of sight, and answered, that her lady had been extremely frightened by the storm, had passed a sleepless night, and had fainted through mere weakness and fatigue;—“But all will soon be well,” said she; “you see she is recovering,” (which was true) and then she recounted the accident of the shutter in Isabella’s hearing, to convince her that no discovery had been made of any other cause. Sir Roger led his daughter into his own apartment, and sent Susan for hartshorn and water. Isabella repeated the account of her fright exactly as Susan had given it, and soon declared herself sufficiently recovered to attend upon the company at breakfast.—“You will find our party,” said Sir Roger, “has suffered a loss that I dare say you will regret as much as I do: my nephew Jack has stolen away our young Henry from us; here is his letter.”—This he delivered to Isabella, and she read what we have before recited. She returned it to him with a mournful look, and was silent; in truth she was not at that moment enough composed to venture an attempt at words.

“My dear child,” cried Sir Roger, observing her turn paler than before, “I hope you are not ill again.”—Isabella answered, that she was not quite recovered, but begged him not to be alarmed, for it would soon pass off.—“I suspect,” said the good man, holding the letter in his hand, “this will be bad news for Fanny Claypole, for she

she seems to be very fond of the young man, and if we bring it out upon her unawares it may create some confusion, and distress her. I think it will be better for me to whisper it to her uncle, and let him break it to her after we are out of the way; we may easily devise some excuse for his not being at breakfast. But does not this look like a pretence of Henry's for getting away from her? I suspect that Fanny has not played her cards well, and comes on rather faster than he approves of. I protest it seems to me to be all up with her, by the purport of this letter."—"I should think a woman risks a great deal by such forward advances," replied Isabella; "but I suppose she knows her man, and probably they understand each other."—"Why so she told her uncle last night," said Sir Roger, "now you bring it to my recollection, and he believes that every thing goes on to her heart's content."—"I don't doubt it," cried Isabella.—"And I can assure you," added Sir Roger, "Claypole himself is very well inclined to the match."—"Then I dare say the match will take place," said Isabella, somewhat pettishly; "for Mr. Claypole is very apt to succeed in his undertakings; but let us not meddle with it, for I think it is no concern of ours."—This being concluded, they went into the breakfast-room.

As the company were sitting down to the table, and before any notice had been taken of the absence of Henry, the porter's bell announced an arrival, and Mr. L—— was ushered into the room; he took his seat by Sir Roger, and all eyes were eagerly directed towards him, expecting, yet dreading, the result of his intelligence. He soon relieved their anxiety, by saying he had left Lady Crowbery preparing to undertake the journey he had advised; she was to set out the next day, and
proceed

proceed by easy stages to London.—“I have no doubt,” he said, “that an English winter must by all means be avoided, and that Lisbon will be her ultimate destination; but as I should be loth to take the sole responsibility of so valuable a life on myself, we are to have a consultation of physicians when she arrives in town, and my advice will then either have the sanction of the faculty, or better opinions will direct her otherwise.”—Sir Roger made a civil remark upon this, and Mr. L— proceeded to say, that he flattered himself she had gained strength within the last few days, and that her spirits were greatly relieved from that dejected state in which he found them; he had prevailed upon my Lord to reinstate the gentleman she had been so long used to in his attendance upon her; he had fully communicated with Mr. Cawdle on her case, and discussed with him the whole process he was to follow, both as to medicine and regimen, till they met in London; and concluded by informing Sir Roger, to his utter surprise, that his niece would repose herself at his house the very next day, and make that the first stage of her journey.

Sir Roger started, struck his hands together with more than usual energy, and fixing his eyes upon his visitor, seemed to be surveying him with that sort of curiosity and surprise as a conjurer excites in his spectators, when he has almost persuaded them that he has the devil in his circle. How did he bring Lord Crowbery to consent to this, was the question from more than one quarter?—“I perceive,” said this excellent person in reply, “I need not disguise from this company, that I had some prejudices to overcome; but few dispositions are so naturally obstinate as to hold out against truth and reason: Lady Crowbery’s very
serious

serious indisposition made it my duty to scrutinize into causes, and I saw so much of mental distress combined with bodily, that I perceived she would be irretrievably lost, unless some instant relaxation was provided for her; in this part of my investigation I had great assistance from Mr. Cawdle? I found him possessed of every thing that could throw light upon the case, much attached to the person of the Lady, and sufficiently intelligent in his line for all the purposes I had in meditation for her relief. I found it necessary to be very explicit in my statement with my Lord; I told him that I had discovered, in my patient's case, wounds deep and out of sight, which were beyond my art to cure without his assistance, I must therefore condition for full confidence and concurrence, or immediate dismissal: this brought matters to an issue, and I must do his Lordship the justice to say, he was not long in deciding upon the alternative. —“These,” said he, addressing himself to the worthy Baronet, “are all the means that I have used for inducing Lord Crowbery to consent to his Lady making your house her first place of rest, and to permit her to be attended through the whole journey by Mr. Cawdle, who, with great zeal and alacrity, very much to his honour, embraced the undertaking at the very first word. —“God bless him for it!” cried Sir Roger, “I’ll engage he will be no loser by it. Permit me to say, Sir, you have effected wonders.”

Several enquiries were now made as to Lady Crowbery’s mode of travelling, what servants were to attend upon her, and whether my Lord would accompany her to Mansstock or elsewhere. Full information was obtained upon all these points, and Lord Crowbery did not propose to go any part of the way with her; he was waiting the event of

Mr. Blachford's death, which was almost hourly to be looked for.—“What had he to do with that?” was the question from Mr. Claypole; “Did his Lordship expect to be benefited by that gentleman's decease?”—“If he does,” replied Mr. L——, “I have reason to believe his expectations will be defeated altogether: I met the heir of Mr. Blachford this morning, within a mile of his house.”—All ears were instantly, as it were, erect for the news; he proceeded,—“As Mr. Blachford does not wish to keep the disposition of his property a secret, I have no scruple to say, that I was myself a witness to his will, and commissioned by him to seek for the young gentleman in this house, who is to inherit under it; but, as I said before, I luckily fell in with him, in company with a sea-officer, who, I understand, is your nephew, Sir, and in a situation by which I not only fortunately came to the knowledge of him, but had an opportunity of being in some further degree of use to him.

Here the agitation of more persons than one became so conspicuous, that Mr. L—— found it necessary to be very quick in assuring his audience, that no manner of mischief had ensued. A fracas, indeed, had taken place between the heir aforesaid and Captain Crowbery, who, in consequence, had turned out by the road side, with the pistols which the sea-officer had in his chaise, to settle their difference; one had been fired without effect by the young gentleman, whom he only knew by the name of Henry, and Captain Crowbery had discharged the other in the air, upon which the quarrel was made up, and the parties, before he left them, perfectly reconciled to each other.

“Heaven

"Heaven be praised!"—cried Isabella, her face as pale as ashes. "How horrible it is," said Mr. Claypole, "that such a practice as duelling should exist in a Christian country!"—"Horrible do you call it?" said Fanny, "I honour Henry for his spirit; I adore him for it; would you have a gentleman put up with such an insult as he received from that nasty Captain? for my part I am only sorry he let him off so easily."

If a tea cup had not, as this instant, dropt from the fair hand of Isabella, by some chance or other, and drawn the attention of the company to the accident, it is to be presumed the Reverend Mr. Claypole would not have suffered doctrine so adverse to his own to have been advanced by his niece without an answer; but as every body seemed interested about Isabella, he let the matter pass off, and contented himself with conveying his dissent, by the vehicle of a reproving look.

The conversation was now resumed, and many enquiries made as to Blachford's extraordinary bequests: was he sufficiently in his senses to dictate a will? and had they taken such precautions as would prevent a future litigation?—To this it was answered by Mr. L——, that himself, Zachary Cawdle, and Alexander Kinloch, were witnesses not to the will only, but to the capacity and sound senses of the will-maker.—"Was it not, however," Mr. Claypole demanded, "the most singular and unexpected event that ever came to pass? and what could have moved Blachford's heart so on a sudden to bestow his whole fortune upon one, whose life he had attempted to take away?"—To this question Mr. L—— calmly replied, that he presumed there could be little difficulty in ac-

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counting for what had been done by Mr. Blachford in the young person's favour, if it was admitted that the heart of a dying man was capable of being touched by repentance, and a desire of atoning for the crimes he had committed; and that it was so, he believed the will itself would clearly evince, as it spoke very plainly to the motives of the testator. "There was," added he, "a good creature, by name Ezekiel Daw, very much about him (too much perhaps for his body's health) who certainly co-operated with the terrors of death in bringing this about, which appears to you so extraordinary an act: the man, it must be owned, is something of an enthusiast, and for some time I kept him from my patient; but when it became a lost case, and the penitent on his death-bed eagerly demanded his return, I no longer opposed it; he was, undoubtedly, the great instrument of moving him to repentance, and to him I consider this young gentleman much indebted for the very ample atonement he will receive at Mr. Blachford's decease: I understand there is something mysterious in his history, but, from the reception he has met in this family, I can't doubt but he well deserves the good fortune that has befallen him."

Here Sir Roger Manstock broke silence, and in terms strong, though concise, gave his hearty testimony to the merits and good qualities of our hero. When the worthy Baronet had ceased speaking, Mr. L—— expressed himself well pleased that his pre-possessions in this instance had not misled him.—"For I profess to you," said he, addressing himself to Sir Roger, "I did never in my life feel a stronger impression from the person and countenance of any man than in the instance of
this

this youth, and his conduct in the affair with Captain Crowbery was exactly such as was best calculated to confirm it."

Sir Roger, with a smile of approbation, gave sign of his assent; Fanny Claypole said, she believed there could be but one opinion in the case; and the Reverend Mr. Claypole, straying a little from the subject in hand, observed, that Henry would now find himself a very rich and happy man, glancing a look at the same time towards his niece.—"That is as it may be," said Sir Roger, "as to his riches; Mr. Blachford, perhaps, has poor relations left behind him, and my friend Henry has a worthy spirit of his own."—Claypole's countenance fell, but Mr. L—— relieved him from his embarrassment, by saying, he could speak upon that subject from the authority of Blachford himself, who had told him that he had not a single relation in existence, who could have a claim upon him; confessing that he was the son of a certain planter in Jamaica, long since dead, by a Mulatto wench, who was his property, and that he was entirely the founder of his own fortune, which, if certain circumstances had not occurred, was once, as he was given to understand, bequeathed to the Lord Viscount Crowbery.—"Mark that," said Mr. Claypole; "the cunning man is caught in his own trap: how just are the ways of Providence!"

But now time pressed with Mr. L—— for his departure; the carriage was called to the door, and the friend of human misery hastened away to soothe the pains of other sufferers, anxiously expecting their relief from his hands; it was a parting much regretted by Sir Roger—"Well," cried he,

he, "if I live to go to London, sick or well I will cultivate the acquaintance of that amiable gentleman.

CHAPTER IX.

Bold Measures boldly avowed.

THE Reverend Mr. Claypole having duly pondered these extraordinary occurrences in his mind, found himself not the less attracted towards Henry on the score of his good fortune; for in that gentleman's estimate of his character, prosperity was regarded as no contemptible recommendation; and he very justly considered, that Mr. Blachford's great property would not make him one whit the worse husband to his niece, or his niece the less affectionate wife to him. Still the circumstance of his hasty departure with Captain Cary, and the wild idea of volunteering with him, as stated in his letter to Sir Roger Manstock, seemed to augur so ill for Fanny, that he much doubted if that good understanding between them, of which she had so confidently boasted, subsisted any where but in her sanguine imagination; neither could he with all his sagacity discover more than one reason for a young man's running away from the woman that made love to him, and that reason was not very compatible with Fanny's report

port aforesaid : as soon therefore as he could find a fair opportunity of drawing her into private conference, he began to open upon the subject of her attachment ; he stated to her what, upon common report, the property of Mr. Blachford was supposed to amount to ; which, upon the most moderate calculation, he guessed could not be less than twice as much as her own.—“ I care little about that,” cried Fanny, “ the man is my object.”—This was very candidly admitted as the first but not the only point to be considered in a connection for life : they could certainly, with proper discretion, live very comfortably upon their joint means, not losing sight in the mean time of future contingencies from Lady Crowbery, whose life, he observed with great regret, could not but be very precarious, as change of climate was generally the last desperate resource for constitutions, like her’s, in deep decay.

Here Fanny again put him by, declaring, that she looked to no prospects but the prospect of possessing the dear man of her heart. Mr. Claypole’s candour again admitted, that all this was quite natural, and bespoke a very sincere affection ; but he could not exactly see the necessity why it should be altogether so disinterested.—“ Because,” replied that generous young lady, “ if he was the veriest beggar upon earth I would marry him ; nay, I must marry him.”—“ Must,” repeated Claypole inquisitively ; “ is there a necessity in the case ?”—“ To be sure there is,” cried Fanny, nothing abashed, “ after what has passed between us ; after all his faithful promises, all the rapturous caresses he lavished upon me, when my fears and swoonings in the storm last night threw me in his power,

power, and exposed me to the prying eyes of Miss Manstock, whilst I was locked in his embraces. What would she say of me? what would the world, what would yourself pronounce upon my reputation, were I not to be his wife?"

"You alarm me," cried Mr. Claypole, "has the villain dared——" "Villain do you call him!" exclaimed the angry fair one,— "he is no villain; but the most honourable, the most lovely and adorable of mankind. Do you think him capable of exposing me to the malice of this family, where I will not stay another night, though I travel hence on foot to seek a lodging?"—"Indeed, child, you terrify me," repeated he; "by this vehemence of expression I should almost fear that you have been betrayed into dangerous and improper concessions, through excess of love operating on the natural weakness of your sex, and conspiring with the temptations of opportunity. Let me know the worst at once, that I may obtain that instant reparation, which your character and my honour demand of the seducer. Your unsuspecting nature is not aware of the danger you are in; you trust to promises often lavished in the heat of passion, and as often violated in the coolness of reflection. You are yet to learn, that this young gentleman has written to Sir Roger Manstock a farewell letter, in which he tells him he is going out to sea with Captain Cary. Is that a proof of love? Is that consistent with his promises? Can a secession like this be reconciled to honour? And where is your hope of a speedy union with a man who is flying from you and his country?"

"Ridiculous alarm!" exclaimed the indignant damsel; "who tells you all this idle tale? Henry
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is only doing what I myself shall do; flying from this odious house, where Isabella's jealous eyes would look him out of countenance, as they would fain do by me; but I defy such feeble spite, for I have Henry fast as vows can bind him: he fly from me and his country! No, were he not too honourable he is too wise for that, too fond, too much a friend to himself. As for what he writes to Sir Roger Manstock, 'tis a mere blind, a concerted matter between us; he said last night he would not pass another day in Manstock house; he has fulfilled his word, and this contrivance extricates him from an uneasy situation, and gives no offence. I understand it all, and if you'll only help to place me somewhere within his reach and out of their's, from whose intrusion he escapes, my life upon it I will lure him back."

A confidence so strongly vouched seemed to have due effect upon the good man, whose tender feelings for his niece had given him such alarm; his countenance cleared up, and having ruminated a while upon the case, he took a more placid tone, and said—"Well, niece, I have turned it over in my thoughts, and do agree with you, that 'twill be better for you to remove from hence, especially as the Lady Crowbery is expected, with whom you have little or no acquaintance, and therefore the best plea in the world for civilly stepping out of the way from a family meeting of so interesting and melancholy a sort. I, who have not the same excuse, will remain where I am, and you shall have my parsonage house to yourself in the meanwhile; there are servants in it, and all things ready to receive you. You know, my dear, how greatly it concerns me to avoid any chance of a misunder-

standing with my worthy friend Sir Roger; therefore you must be content to let me state matters to him in such a light as may make a merit of your going; and this corresponds not only with my regard to him, but also with my views as to myself, for I am not out of hope, through his interest with the Lady Patroness, to obtain the nomination to Ratcliffe's valuable living, which is yet undisposed of."

"I know nothing about that," replied Fanny, with a careless air; "but if I can have the parsonage to myself, with no jealous Miss to overlook me, I desire nothing more; I will be answerable for all the rest."—"It shall be so then," said this compliant uncle; "the house shall be your own; and may success attend your laudable and virtuous endeavours: for in truth, my dear, if I was not fully persuaded, that this worthy young man would make you an excellent husband, especially since this unexpected good fortune has fallen upon him, I would be the last man living to do what I do for the promotion of the match. I am a great friend to young people, and make all the allowances in reason for those pardonable weaknesses that proceed from mutual fondness for each other. I have felt the force of love myself in former days, and remember what it was; I am therefore doubly urged to be active in your cause, both from zeal to forward your wishes and real approbation of the object they point at. With this view it strikes me as a proper measure to step over to Crowbery tomorrow, where I can hardly fail of meeting our young friend the heir, and at the same time that I can impart any message or letter you may wish to send, I can avail myself of the opportunity for
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paying my respects to Lady Crowbery, and attending her upon her way to Manstock House, if that is found acceptable."

"I approve of the proposal much," replied the Lady, "and will write to Henry: if he remains an hour at Crowbery, after he has received my letter, he is not the man I take him for."

These measures being so agreed, Mr. Claypole's next business was to seek his friend Sir Roger, whom he very opportunely met, taking a solitary walk in the grove. Claypole's thoughts were ready arranged, and it was without difficulty he found words for them, and proper address to make his proposal of removing Fanny acceptable to his friend Sir Roger; nay, he was so explicit in stating particulars, and so little sparing of his niece's reputation, in the account he gave of her nightly interview with our hero in the gallery, that the worthy Baronet drew exactly those conclusions which Claypole wished to lead him to, saw and acknowledged the propriety of removing Fanny out of the house, and expressed himself much indebted to his candid friend for the delicacy of the measure. At the same time he was not wanting in all due sensibility on behalf of that friend, and just resentment against Henry for his share in the transaction. If he did not inveigh against him quite so bitterly on this occasion, as his conduct might seem to merit, it was because he did not see it in the light of an absolute seduction, having been a witness to Fanny's flippant behaviour towards our hero, and being conscious moreover, that he had something to accuse himself of for the conversation he had held with Henry in the chaise, which possibly might have inspired him with the first idea of assailing a virtue,

virtue, that, according to his own report of it, had no right to be greatly respected, much less to be considered as absolutely impregnable.

These reflections, which in some degree caused his anger to abate, did not however prevent him from considering Henry's conduct in its true light, and resenting it as a breach of that decorum, which he had a right to expect from a young man admitted into his family under such circumstances. He still found himself called upon, by all the laws of friendship and hospitality, to co-operate in every measure that Claypole could propose for obtaining reparation for the indignity, and when he understood that marriage was the point in view, he declared himself determined to enforce justice, if it became necessary, by resorting to his niece Lady Crowbery, and employing her authority over Henry, in aid of his own, for that purpose. This Mr. Claypole begged might be suspended for a while, and at the same time took occasion to open his scheme of going over to Crowbery the next morning, in search of the young man.—“And so you shall, cried the good man, “and my chaise shall be at your service, with every thing else that you can say on my part, to convince him of the sense I entertain of his conduct, and to further your appeal for justice to your niece. If he has still the hardiness to withstand you, and shall attempt to run out to sea with my nephew Cary, I warrant I have that influence with Jack as will not suffer him to escape us by that channel at least.”—“I don't pretend to justify my niece in all particulars,” said Claypole; “but a lady's honour is not to be sported with, and he has certainly made her a firm promise of marriage; but then, I must observe,

observe, it was a promise made upon the spur of passion, and (which is more alarming) made when her fortune was a greater object to him than it has now eventually become."—"In that particular," cried Sir Roger, "I do not agree with you. Henry, amongst all his failings, is not a mercenary lover; and I must believe that Miss Claypole's fortune is neither more nor less in his thoughts, for any thing that has happened to him; and if I am not greatly mistaken in his character, he is an honourable lad, and will not go back from any promise he has given. If miss Claypole makes a true report, and he has passed his word to her, I think the marriage is secure; if it is not a case of honour, but of choice, I hold it to be doubtful."

Here the dialogue ended, and the friends separated, Sir Roger to prolong his walk, Claypole to resume his meditations.

CHAPTER X.

More bad Tidings of our degraded Hero.

IT is time now to attend upon my hero, who, though degraded in character, is in train to be so advanced in fortune's favour, that he has one claim at least upon my attention, which does not pass for nothing with the world at large.

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The chaise, in which he was conveyed with his friend Cary from those once happy scenes, now forfeited and forsaken, made such rapid progress, that he soon found himself within sight of Crowbery Castle, proudly towering over its dependant village, which spread itself along the vale. Here in a narrow lane, our travellers were encountered by a gentleman on horse-back, who had a fowling-piece in his hand, and was followed by a brace of pointers. The pass was so strait that civility required the gentlemen in the carriage to stop their drivers. Whilst Cary was giving these orders, he discovered the person of Captain Crowbery, and instantly addressed him by his name. Henry had recognized him at the same instant, and determined to let him know he was informed of his design, eagerly cried out,—“When you are at leisure, Captain Crowbery, I shall be glad to have a word with you.”

The chaise had stopt opposite to a gate, which led to a field, and made a recess in the lane, where Crowbery had taken post for the convenience of passing. He knew the person of our hero, and this abrupt salutation was answered by a demand upon Henry to explain himself; this explanation was immediately given in terms that required no further illustration, and with a degree of heat that Cary vainly attempted to moderate. Want of spirit was not amongst Crowbery's defects; and in the hearing of the Captain, to whom all the particulars were so fully known, it would have been in vain for him, had he been so disposed, to have disavowed the plot he had projected against the person of our hero. This he did not attempt, but on the contrary retorted upon Henry with expressions

pressions not less hostile than those he had made use of.—“Dismount,” cried Henry; “I have pistols in the chaise:” immediately the door was flung open, and he was upon his feet with the weapons in his hand. Crowbery made no delay; the word was given to follow, and they rushed into the adjoining field together. Cary raised his voice to no purpose, exclaiming,—“Gentlemen, you are too hasty; this matter may be explained; suffer me to interpose.” By this time they had taken their distance, and each with a pistol in his hand had levelled at his opponent, Crowbery calling out to fire: Henry gave fire at the instant, and the ball passed through Crowbery’s coat, which was unbuttoned.—“You have missed me,” he cried, and immediately discharged his pistol in the air.—“Now I am ready,” added he, “to express my regret for what I have done, if that will satisfy you; if not, we will repeat the operation till the offence is cancelled: I would have made atonement at first; but the honour of a soldier will not permit him to apologize to any one, who with a weapon in his hand calls him out for satisfaction, and precludes an explanation.”

“’Tis enough,” cried Cary; “your behaviour, Captain Crowbery, does honour to yourself and your corps: I am sure my friend is perfectly satisfied.”—“With every thing but myself,” replied Henry; “but that I have aimed at Captain Crowbery’s life without exposing my own to the same danger is a painful reflection, that I shall not easily get rid of.”—At this moment Mr. L—— came up, and his chaise being entangled in the same defile, he got out upon the report of the pistol, and ran with all speed to the place of action. As
soon

soon as he had seen a reconciliation between the parties perfectly effected, he drew Henry aside, and communicated to him the intelligence he had in charge from Blachford, of which the reader is already informed.

Henry stood rapt in deep attention, pondering upon an event so strange and unlooked for, till Mr. L——, having clearly detailed the whole account, with all particulars leading to it, ceased from speaking. Henry now perceived it was expected of him to reply, and began by returning thanks to Mr. L—— for the communication he had given him, which, he observed, was of a sort so extraordinary, that if he had received it from authority less respectable, he should scarce have given credit to it, considering it only as the vapour of a delirium, to which no rationality could be affixed, and of course he should have treated the deed as nugatory and illegal—"But to you, Sir," added he, "and to the other gentlemen, who attest his capacity, I must give perfect credit. Certain it is that Mr. Blachford, in his dealings with me, has something to repent of; but it is as certain I needed not to be stimulated to forgiveness by any other bribe than the satisfaction of giving ease to the compunctious feelings of a dying man, as you describe him to be: I shall instantly attend upon him according to his desire, and to the conclusions I may draw from that interview I must refer my final resolution."

This said, they parted, Mr. L—— proceeding on his way towards Manstock House, Henry to the cottage of his friend Ezekiel, where Captain Cary set him down, and pursued his journey.

It

It was still early morning; Ezekiel however was up and alone, and had just saluted the nostrils of Aurora with his morning pipe; the smoke that curled round his head did not prevent him from recognizing the face of his friend; he drew the tube from his mouth, and greeted him with his usual welcome: he began immediately upon the business of Blachford, in which Henry gave him no interruption, though the detail was sufficiently verbose and circumstantial, in the course of which he did not forget to interweave many pious calls and admonitions to a worthy use of the great and unexpected good fortune that had befallen him.

When Henry had heard him to an end, he made a very proper acknowledgment of the obligations he was under to him for his zealous and kind services. In this part of his discourse, he expressed himself with warmth and animation; but when he came to speak of his own immediate interest in Blachford's intended bequest, the reflections he had brought with him from Manstock House weighed so heavy on his spirits, that his language sunk below indifference. This was matter of surprise to honest Daw, who knew not that his friend had to lament a loss, by the forfeiture of Isabella's esteem, which no worldly wealth or prosperity could compensate; he was therefore instant with him not to put on an assumed contempt for the good things of this life, which were only then to be despised when they were unworthily employed; moderation, he observed, was much to be commended, but insensibility was a degradation of our nature. To a remark so little applicable to his case, Henry made no reply, but grasping the hand of the good man, who was sitting

ting beside him, and watching his countenance at this moment, he exclaimed—"By my soul, Ezekiel, thou hast the kindest, best, and worthiest heart in nature, and when hard fate shall separate us, as soon it will, by Heavens! the parting from you will make a woman of me, so much do I love and honour you."

Ezekiel stared wildly at him for a moment, then drew the pipe full smoking from his mouth, whiffed away what he had drawn from it with an indignant air, and dashed it on the hearth to atoms.—"Parting!" he exclaimed; "by the life of Pharaoh, I will never part from thee!"—Then rising suddenly from his seat, and stretching himself up upon his insteps, he assumed a posture so militarily perpendicular, and at the same time pursed his brow into a frown that marked such determined resolution, that our hero, gazing with astonishment upon a figure at once so enthusiastic and so grotesque, waited in suspense till the oracle should utter his definitive response.—"Set forward," at length cried Ezekiel, "set forward, I say, young man, when thou wilt, with the blessing of the Lord, I am ready to accompany thee."

Ezekiel's mind was not made to embrace more than one object at a time, if that was an interesting one; in friendship more especially his ideas were too ardent to be at leisure for any other subject collaterally, so that he had just now consigned Blachford and his legacy to absolute oblivion; neither did he keep his offer back till enquiry could be made of Henry, whither he was going, and why he was going at all, but having quitted his wicker chair, and disposed of his tobacco pipe, by shivering it into fragments, he strode to the corner
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of the kitchen, where he seized hold of his faithful crabstock, and brandishing it with a gallant air, declared himself forthwith ready to begin his march.—“Hold,” cried Henry, smiling, “have patience, my good friend; our’s is no short trip, and methinks you are not equipt for a long one.”—“That’s true, that’s true,” replied Ezekiel, “I protest to you my apparel had escaped me.”—And indeed, unless an old black and white stuff night gown, with a woollen cap on his head, and worn-out shoes cut into slippers on his feet, might be called the proper trim of a traveller, honest Ezekiel was at this moment no otherwise provided.

“But you forget,” said Henry, “Mr. Blachford and his business.”—“Ods my life,” quoth Daw, “as sure as can be it had slipt my memory, and now it comes into my mind that I should have asked you whither it is that you are going, and how it comes to pass that you are posting away just when fortune is dropping into your lap: these, do you see, friend Henry, are very natural questions, and my only wonder is, how it came about that they did not occur to me before.”—“’Tis all in good time,” quoth Henry, “for, if I can prevail, you shall not set a foot without these doors on my account. With the officer who accompanied me hither in the chaise, I am going out of England.”—“Well, well,” resumed the good man, “if thou art going in a good cause, were it to circumnavigate the globe, I’ll not flinch from my word. Dost think, because I am a man of peace, I am therefore not a man of spirit? But whither art thou bound? Is it to fight the enemies of our country? Be it so! The danger thou can’st face I shall

shall not fly from."—"I know I may depend upon your secrecy," said Henry, "therefore I shall not disguise from you my intentions: Lady Crowbery is ordered to Lisbon."—"And dost thou think of going with her?" cried Ezekiel.—"Not so," replied Henry, "for I shall take my passage by another conveyance."

Here the preacher shook his head, which, being noticed by our hero—"Banish all these horrid notions," he cried; "banish them for ever! Let it not enter into your heart to conceive that my motives are not pious, and my duties sacred. You would have followed me to prison, being a stranger to you and a culprit; she is a guiltless sufferer, my friend and benefactress; shall I do less for her, and be a monster of ingratitude?"—"Thou shalt not," quoth honest Daw; "if gratitude be thy motive; I will travel with a grateful man to the world's utmost limit, nay, beyond it, for I pronounce, that gratitude is a lovely virtue, it is, it is—but I have now no time to tell thee what it is; I will speak more fully of it on another occasion. But hark thee, friend of mine, thou must also be regardful of thine interests in this Blachford: he is a dying man, and should'st thou not be present when he breathes his last, the harpies may lay hold of his effects, and thou may'st be defrauded of some part at least of that property, which is lawfully to devolve to thee."—"Whatever may be the consequence," replied Henry, "I shall not put interest in the balance against conscience. I must perform my duty to Lady Crowbery; and if you will remain here, and act on my behalf upon the spot, all will be well; and, in fact, my friend, as you have been the moving cause of all this un-
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looked for good fortune, I have a claim upon your kind offices, for completing what you have begun."

—"Very well, replied Daw, "we shall see what is to be done after you have visited the sick man; in the mean time I will go and apparel myself for the day."

CHAPTER XI.

A Death-bed Dialogue, in which some Readers will think there is much Folly, others much Honour, on the Part of our Hero.

WHILST Ezekiel Daw was ascending to his cock-loft, and before Henry had set out upon his visit to Blachford, Doctor Zachary Cawdle, returning from his patient at the next door, entered the cottage. As soon as he espied our hero—"Welcome, welcome," he exclaimed, "thou child of good fortune; sure the skies rain gold for you; here's a chance, and a change! Marry, the times are strangely altered, Henry, since you and I first met. Why this justice of our's is indeed a justice at last, and honest Ezekiel the preacher has once in his life preached to some purpose; I have only made a hole in the head of my patient, he has opened his heart. And so you are now the 'Squire of Crowbery, heir to his whole fortune, a few legacies excepted, one of which I

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am sure you will not regret, a small bequest to Susan May, to balance old accompts: but what gratifies me above all is, that he has entirely cut this good-for-nothing Peer out of his will, who stood heir to his whole property, before this blow upon his scull brought my patient to a better recollection. Death and Ezekiel together have wrought a wonderful reformation."

When Zachary had rambled on in this strain for some time, Henry, who had paid little or no attention to what he had been saying, demanded if it was now a proper time for him to pay his visit to Mr. Blachford? Zachary replied, that he had just then been dressing his wound, and would recommend him to wait a few minutes before he presented himself for admission.—"Sit down then," cried Henry, "if you please, and satisfy my anxious curiosity on a subject infinitely more interesting to me, than all my expectations from Mr. Blachford, had he the wealth of the Indies to bestow." He then began a course of enquiries relative to his mother, which, with Zachary's circumstantial answers, and certain occasional digressions, into which his professional vanity betrayed him, held on the conversation till it was time for him to repair to Blachford. He had, however, in the course of this conversation, commissioned Zachary to report to his mother every thing that he wished her to be informed of, respecting the time he should pass in attendance upon Blachford, and the resolution he had taken of repairing to Lisbon, in the hope of paying his duty to her there: he was very particular in guarding against mistakes, and repeated his instructions so frequently, and with such precision, that Zachary, who

did

did not just then call to mind all the reasons for his caution, began to feel offended at his manner, and asked him if he could not trust his memory for conveying a simple message?—"I should have thought so," replied Henry, "if you had not, most unfortunately for me, let it fall you in the matter of the little packet, which you was to deliver to me from my mother."—He then proceeded to explain to him the importance of that paper, the opportunity he had lost by not possessing it in time, and the fatal consequences that had nearly ensued upon his altercation with the person it alluded to. Zachary heard all this with astonishment, and after bestowing upon himself a very plentiful proportion of blockheads and boobies, promised that he would spare no pains to atone for his mistake, by enquiring out Mr. Delapoer, when he should arrive in London with Lady Crowbery; and he despaired not but intelligence could there be obtained of him, if he was actually in England, as Lady Crowbery supposed, of which, however, he declared for his part, he took leave to doubt. And now the time being come when the Doctor judged his patient might be accessible, he asked Henry if he had set his thoughts in order for an interview; and being answered that he was ready to accompany him, he rose from his seat, when Henry, recollecting himself on a sudden, stopt, and taking him by the button, said—"One word more if you please before we part: I think you said there was a legacy bequeathed to Susan May, and that it was to balance old accompts: I prythee, my good friend, tell me, if it is no inviolable secret, what those old accompts are which Blachford has to balance."—"Humph!" quoth the

the accoucheur, "it was an account of about nine months standing, and such a one as sometimes falls into my hands to audit; if you can guess at it you may, but we reveal no secrets of this sort, 'tis against the freemasonry of our order."—"Well then," said Henry, I know it, but you did not tell me. Blachford, we will suppose, seduced Susan May, and had a child by her; is it not so?"—"I must confess," replied the Doctor, "there is as fine a boy now alive, of somebody's producing, as ever I ushered into the world, yourself not excepted, and, to the best of my belief, his worship has the honour of being the father of it; 'tis but right, therefore, you see, that some provision should be made for its maintenance, and, if I am not mistaken, it is to the exact amount of forty pounds a year, charged upon the estate, which I dare say you will not think unreasonable."

Here Zachary made a pause; but Henry remaining silent, he proceeded—"You will hear this from Blachford himself, in which case I shall be acquitted of the secret; but, as we have kept it close hitherto, I am persuaded you will not let it go out, to the prejudice of the poor girl in her place, for I think she will hardly be so foolish as to throw that up voluntarily on account of this legacy."—Henry asked if this was all Blachford had done for the mother and child? Zachary assured him, that to the best of his remembrance, there was no other incumbrance on their account; it was a case of conscience, he observed, and though he believed they had been upon no terms of intimacy for some time past, yet for his own part he should have given very little credit to Blachford's reformation,

reformation, if he had gone out of the world, and taken no notice of a poor girl, whom he had reason to suspect was trepanned into the scrape by very unfair practices; and though perhaps she was somewhat of the wildest afterwards, as Henry himself probably could witness, yet whom had she to thank for it but her seducer?

" 'Tis enough," cried Henry; "I am ready to attend you to Mr. Blachford's."

After waiting a few minutes in a lower room, whilst the Doctor went up stairs to announce his arrival, our hero was admitted to the sick man's chamber: he was lying on his couch, supported by pillows, and upon Henry's entering, Zachary and the nurse retired. One small ray of light was let into the room, which served to guide the steps of our hero through the gloom, who had been desired to tread with great caution, and to speak low, as the least jar was intolerable to the aching brain of the wounded man. A chair was placed close to the couch, at the right hand of Blachford, who made a sign to his visitor to seat himself in it. This he accordingly did, treading lightly and with care as he moved towards it.

A silence for some time was observed by both parties, Blachford holding his handkerchief to his eyes the whilst. At last, speaking in a feeble tone, he said—"I am afraid and ashamed to look upon you; I fear it is not possible you can forgive me, and, if you could, how can I hope——" Here something seemed to choak his speech, and he broke off. Henry waited awhile in compassionate attention, but finding him relapsing into his former debility, with his handkerchief again held to his eyes, he thought it time to speak, and address-

sed him as follows;—"Mr. Blachford, I do beseech you to believe, that what I am about to say to you is not dictated by any interested motives, but springs freely and voluntarily from my heart, influenced only by an unfeigned commiseration for the state in which I find you, and a firm reliance on the sincerity of your contrition. For whatever you have done or meditated against me, I do most entirely and from my soul forgive you."

"You are infinitely kind and compassionate," said Blachford, faintly; "but I have been the cruellest of monsters towards you, not only in the dark business that has brought me to this condition, but in the matter of the trial, where I would fain have suppressed the evidence that so clearly acquitted you: but this is not all; it was I who set Lord Crowbery upon you; I was the tale-bearer from that wretched woman Mrs. Cawdle, that made him furious against you and his unhappy lady, who, I dare say, was falsely slandered and unjustly persecuted through my means; I have all her sufferings on my conscience; I am weighed down by offences. Alas! what will become of me? and what atonement can I now make to you in the first place? what to that injured Lady, whose health, fame, happiness, have been sacrificed to my malice? for it was the very demons of malice, envy and jealousy, that possessed me against you, and through you against her. All that I can do is all too little; yet what I can I have done. I know I can expect no mercy from Heaven, if I do not strive to repair the wrongs I have done upon earth. Justice demands that I should do my best to make that life happy, which I have attempted to destroy: Heaven grant that my endeavours may succeed!

succeed! Poverty at least you need no longer dread; by this deed you are heir to all I am possessed of, and, be assured, most excellent young man, that if conscience did not force me to the act, choice and opinion in your favour would now lead me to it freely and voluntarily, for I am confident you deserve it, and long, long may you enjoy it!"

"If I am to receive this," said Henry, (taking the will that Blachford tendered to him) "as an act of justice and atonement, which your conscience impels you to discharge, I certainly shall not oppose myself to your will and pleasure; but before I acquiesce in a deed that accumulates all your atonement upon me alone, I should know, and be convinced, there are no other injured persons who have better claims upon it; nay, give me leave to say, who have any claims. You well observed just now, that you could expect no mercy from Heaven, if you did not strive to repair the wrongs you have done upon earth; it was a becoming sentiment, and I believe I repeat it nearly, if not correctly, in your own words; suffer me, therefore, I conjure you, by your hope in Heaven, to put it closely to your conscience, whether you have repaired all wrongs committed against others as fully and sufficiently as you have those committed against me?"

The sick man paused, as one employed in recollection; at last he said, he thought he could reply with a safe conscience, that he had made proportionable restitution to all claimants on the score of injuries.—"One of that description," said he, "you will find remembered in my will; an acquaintance of your own, Susan May by name;

I have burthened you with a provision of forty pounds a year for her life."

"And why have you so done? said Henry. "Because—because," replied Blachford, "I have extorted favours from her she did not voluntarily grant, and thereby encumbered her with difficulties and expences which this annuity will amply satisfy. Ah! my dear Sir!" added he, "this was the severest tug of all I had to struggle with; for that girl has been the cruel cause of all my misery. I was infatuated with her charms, I doated upon her to distraction; but as soon as she set her eyes on you, she turned them from me with loathing and abhorrence. This was horror to my heart: this it was that made me furious to revenge myself on you: 'twas jealousy, outrageous jealousy, that inspired me to attempt your life: judge, therefore, what I had to combat, before I could presume myself to make atonement to one, whom in reason I regarded as rather bound to atone to me, for all the pains and sorrows that have embittered my sad cup, and brought me to this lamentable state of body and of mind."

"You have an infant son by her," said Henry. —"You know it then, it seems," replied the sick man; "I have a son by her; at least I think he is my son; and in that persuasion nature had it's share of influence for softening my resentment, and inducing me to make provision for a helpless innocent."

"What must that nature be," cried Henry, "which does not feel this influence? but you have used the word resentment; I pray you Sir, inform me rightly of your cause of resentment against this young woman; Did she seduce you, or you her?"

"You

"You know her well, I dare say, Sir," said Blachford; "you must have had possession of her frequently."

"Never, I take Heaven to witness; never, by all that's sacred," exclaimed Henry, elevating his voice rather above the pitch proper for his situation.

"You astonish me, said the other; may I indeed believe you?"

"As confidently as you believe in Heaven. She is innocent for me; I should be happy for your conscience sake could you say as much with the same truth; for yet you have not answered to the question of seduction, on which, as I conceive the whole of your responsibility must turn, and by that you ought to measure and proportion your atonement.

"Then I will answer you," returned Blachford, sighing, "and discharge my troubled conscience by confession of the whole proceeding. Seduction base as hell was practised by my agent to submit her to by desires; my housekeeper, a woman corrupted to my purposes, invited this girl, then sixteen years of age, and lovely as an angel, to her room in my house; there she caressed her, treated her with dainties, such as she, poor thing, had never tasted, gave her rich cordials, persuading her of their harmless quality, and so, in fine, intoxicated her by surprise: that moment was her ruin: devil as I was, in that state of insensibility I accomplished my vile purpose. The intoxication passed off, and the recovery of her senses disclosed the injury she had suffered; her agonies were strong, and her reproaches vehement; but soothing, presents, promises were lavishly

lavishly bestowed, and in conclusion took effect: she was poor, and vain of her fair person; I was not wanting to profit of that vanity, and I gave her means to deck herself out in a style that put down all her rivals in the village. The good dame, her mother, it is true, was alarmed; but I took means to lull her suspicions, and she lived rent-free in her cottage: I don't say she accommodated me in my intrigue, but she was credulous in the extreme, and my professions, jointly with my favours, blinded her effectually. Susan recovered her spirits, and I, by a collusion with that sorry jade, whom honest Cawdle is condemned to call wife, put Susan into her service, removing her from under the eye of her mother and that worthy soul Ezekiel Daw, who lived with her. Here I had free access; but dearly paid by occasional civilities to that disgustful sot her mistress. At nine months end from my first knowledge of her she bore this boy; Zachary brought him into the world, and the affair was secretly so managed as to create no suspicion, even in her mother. It is a lovely boy, and I put him out to nurse, providing for his maintenance; and frequently visiting him. Here then you have my full confession: let Susan therefore enjoy her annuity, which I can well believe you think she fully deserves; and suffer me to hope you will protect and be a father to my helpless child."

"Hear me!" cried Henry, "and let me implore you to have regard for your departing soul: I am myself, like your poor innocent, a son of nature, born out of marriage, thrown upon the world without inheritance, and unacknowledged by the laws of man; yet I have found a friend
that

that leaves me nothing to regret, when I decline your bounty, which here I solemnly declare, calling my God to witness, I peremptorily renounce in favour of your son. Bequeath not your own child to a stranger; make not me your intermediate instrument of justice, but plead your own atonement at the throne of mercy, and delay not for a moment to mitigate the wrath of that just judge, who will not spare the parent that abandons his own offspring."

"Oh horrible!" cried Blachford, "you tear my heart asunder."

"Not so," Henry answered, lowering his voice; "I'll heal it, soften it, comfort it. You shall live happily, or die in peace; and never will I quit this place till you consent to what I ask. 'Tis for your sake I intercede; it is to awaken nature in your heart, and reconcile you to your God, that I thus earnestly conjure you to strike out my name from this mistaken paper, and adopt your son."

"Mysterious, wonderful young man!" cried Blachford; "I do not know your name; the blanks are left for you to fill."

"Then fill them with the name that naturally should fill them. Send for your infant and his mother; I'll be your messenger. Enjoy the gratifying sight of those whom you make happy, and let me be not your heir, but the executor of your will, and the guardian of your son; then I will call you just; then and only then I will honour your memory, and record you as my friend and benefactor."

"Do with me as you will, cried Blachford; "your generosity overcomes me; I sicken and am faint; language fails me: I commit myself to your disposal."

Our

Our hero said no more; his suit was granted; joy swelled his benevolent heart; he rose from his seat, cast a look of pity on the dying man and departed.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.